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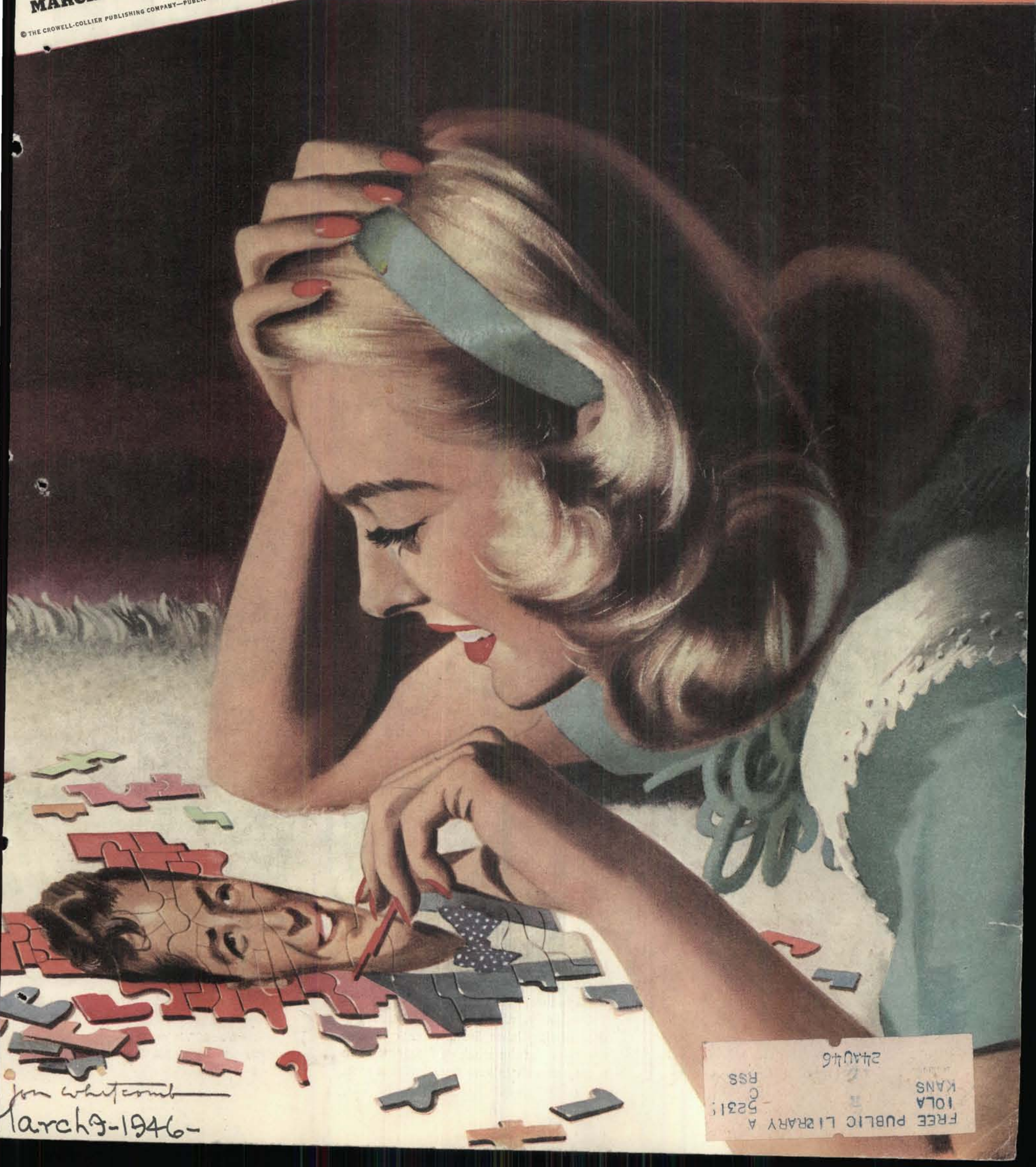
BEGINNING

DANGEROUS LADY

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

The Story of a Deadly Intrigue PAGE 11



Jon Whitcomb

March 9-1946-

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Anthony Schick watches alertly as his son, Ferris Schick, handles an exacting heat-treating operation in Studebaker's chassis division tool department. The young man is 20—the father 53. There are many such family teams in the Studebaker factories.

Many a boy learns fine craftsmanship from his own father in the Studebaker plants

Dean Knepp served overseas for 13 months before returning to his Studebaker job after medical discharge from the Army. His father, Raymond J. Knepp, seen seated in the above picture, tutors many apprentices, has been a Studebaker craftsman over 23 years.

Plenty of staunch young exponents uphold Studebaker's ideals of quality

SOMEONE once said, "They get 'em young and train 'em right at Studebaker"—and there's a world of truth in that explanation of the consistent high quality of Studebaker workmanship.

A good many of the older men in the Studebaker factories are proud to have their own sons or younger relatives as their apprentices. In fact, not a few of the craftsmen who have grown old in Studebaker service followed fathers—and, in some cases, grandfathers—into places in these famous vehicle-building plants.

Obviously, all the fine craftsmanship that distinguishes Studebaker cars and trucks is not the work of father-and-son teams. But there's no question that most of it is the proud achievement of men who have made a lifetime career of their service under the flag of Studebaker.

A tradition nine decades strong

The story of Studebaker quality goes back over 94 years now, through generations of home-loving, home-owning craftsmen who settled in South Bend and made it one of America's strongholds of expert workmanship.

There is family pride, community pride as well as organization pride in the painstaking care which puts long-lasting performance into every car and truck that carries the trustworthy Studebaker name.

Studebaker

South Bend 27, Indiana, U.S.A.

BUILDER OF CARS WORTHY
OF AMERICA'S HOMES

Why the funny hat, Pal?

"Sure, I may look silly. But I'd rather be silly than sorry... sorry about picking up a case of infectious dandruff. When a big dermatologist says wearing a night-cap is a swell precaution against germs, that's good enough for me."

If you won't wear a night-cap—and the chances are you won't—you will find Listerine Antiseptic and massage a superb alternative. It has helped others wonderfully. Why not you?

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

If you have the slightest symptom such as flakes, scales, or itching, don't try to laugh it off . . . you may be in for real trouble. Get started at once with Listerine Antiseptic and rotary, finger-tip massage. It's so easy, so simple, so delightful; no mess, no greasy salves or lotions.

Listerine Antiseptic really goes to work on infectious dandruff. It gives hair and scalp a cool and stimulating antiseptic bath that kills millions of the "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum Ovale). This stubborn, tough germ is looked upon, by many dermatologists, as a causative agent of this annoying condition.

The Tested Treatment

If you don't see quick improvement, repeat the treatment twice a day. Surely, a method that has helped so many may help you.

Just remember: the Listerine Antiseptic treatment within 30 days brought complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff to 76% of the men and women who used it in a clinical test.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

The TREATMENT

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic. **MEN:** Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine Antiseptic massage once a week to guard against infection.

Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "bottle bacillus" regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

At the first sign of Infectious Dandruff... **Listerine Antiseptic**—*Quick!*

Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1946"

IN TECHNICOLOR

Frankly, we went to the premiere showing of M-G-M's "Ziegfeld Follies of 1946" fully prepared to look askance at the idea that any modern producer could hope to re-create the spectacular glitter and the glamour and the breath-takingly beautiful pageantry that had been the essence of every exciting musical-revue by Florenz Ziegfeld, America's beloved Master Showman.

But—we came, we saw, and we were conquered! This magnificent motion picture is the revue of revues! It has captured all of the Great Showman's magical art of blending enchanting beauty, captivating comedy and songsational music, and at the same time proved that a glamorously glorious musical-revue can be "tops" among top-flight motion-picture entertainment!

Just as Broadway's gala "Follies," as staged by the incomparable Ziegfeld, gave us the biggest stars of Yesterday, so this motion picture "Ziegfeld Follies of 1946" gives us the most scintillating stars of Today. Reading A to Ziegfeld, this roster of toppers includes: Fred Astaire, Lucille Ball, Lucille Bremer, Fanny Brice, Judy Garland, Kathryn Grayson, Lena Horne, Gene Kelly, James Melton, Victor Moore, Red Skelton, Esther Williams, and William Powell! Just read right-off-the-reel like that, they sound mighty impressive in themselves. But when you add up all the tremendous theatrical talent embodied in those top-notchers, you get some idea of the wealth of Entertainment waiting for you in "Ziegfeld Follies of 1946."

Glamorous as they are, in their Technicolorful songs and skits and sketches, these twelve stars, surrounded by film favorites like Edward Arnold, Marion Bell, Hume Cronyn, Virginia O'Brien and Keenan Wynn, who add to our enjoyment.

Much credit must go to Director Vincente Minnelli and to Producer Arthur Freed, who have built a musical-revue that is a thing of beauty, and a joy forever!

And we've saved our mightiest hallelujah and hosanna for the thrilling Technicolor that brought an aura of sheer, incredible beauty and charm to every scene in this spectacular picture. The greatest folly of your life would be to miss M-G-M's "Ziegfeld Follies of 1946."

These four pictures of "Ziegfeld Follies" Girls by Petty —in 8" x 10" pin-up size and in full color—can be yours for only 25¢! Use coupon below—and use it fast!

M-G-M, BOX 943, Grand Central Annex
New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me full-color pin-up pictures of the famous "Ziegfeld Follies" Girls by Petty as advertised. I enclose 25¢ for all four.

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any week

"I GET up in the morning feeling pretty good," says Mr. Matthew K. Pepper of Chicago, Illinois. "Then I read the papers. Then I ain't feeling so good. The most cheerful news is on the obituary page. Things have got so bad that my wife don't even bother to bawl me out any more if I come home with a skinful, which I don't do anyway feeling so bad after reading the papers."

PERSONALLY we're bearing up remarkably well. But that's because we took the advice of Mrs. R. W. Trenchame of Lawrence, Massachusetts. She said: "When you've about decided that the end of everything worth while has arrived, go to the library and read the newspapers of 1919 and 1920." So we did and you'd be surprised. Today's world is a really flourishing place. Try it.

AND Mr. Brian Boru Dunne of Santa Fe, New Mexico, reports that he recently boarded a transcontinental plane and was immediately informed that there'd be no charge for breast-fed babies or babies held in lap. Furthermore that travelers would be permitted to converse with strangers. Also gum chewing was encouraged. Mr. Dunne asked the hostess if it were all right if he didn't have any babies, didn't talk to strangers and didn't chew gum. "Oh, that's all right, too," she said. "All our rules are drawn up by expert lawyers."

LORNA is back cooking in the house of a friend of ours. In 1943, after eight years in our friend's kitchen, Lorna quit to work in a munitions plant at fifty a week. Our friend was struggling at the kitchen stove the other night when she sensed the presence of another person. It was Lorna, all dressed up. "Why, Lorna," said her former employer, "I'm so glad to see you. Isn't it nice of you to drop in. How are

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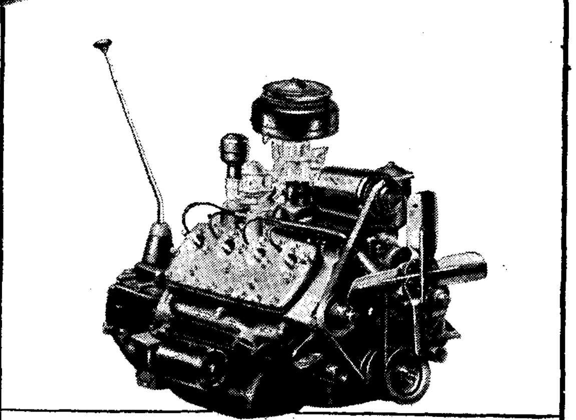
LUGGING A LOAD A LONG WAY FAST

100 V-8 HORSEPOWER really "Talks Torque"!

In highway traffic, trucks must move fast to earn a profit for their operators. With its high horsepower and sustained high torque (torque is simply horsepower *at work*), the Ford V-8 engine *really* performs in inter-city heavy duty hauling service.

That's *one* of the important reasons why Ford Trucks are first-choice in so many inter-city fleets. They *put out* at traffic road-speeds. Consistent low ton-mile costs . . . long, trouble-free life . . . low cost of repairs . . . mean more money saved—and more money earned.

It's Ford all-round truck engineering, of course—in frames, springs, axles, clutches, transmissions and steering—that provides much of this endurance and economy. But the long-pull load-lugging ability for which Ford Trucks are so widely preferred, has its beginning in the Ford V-8 truck engine—an engine such as no other truck can provide. Fourteen years of service history the world over, in millions of vehicles—fourteen years of unceasing engineering advancement—make the Ford V-8 one of the most thoroughly service-proved engines in existence.



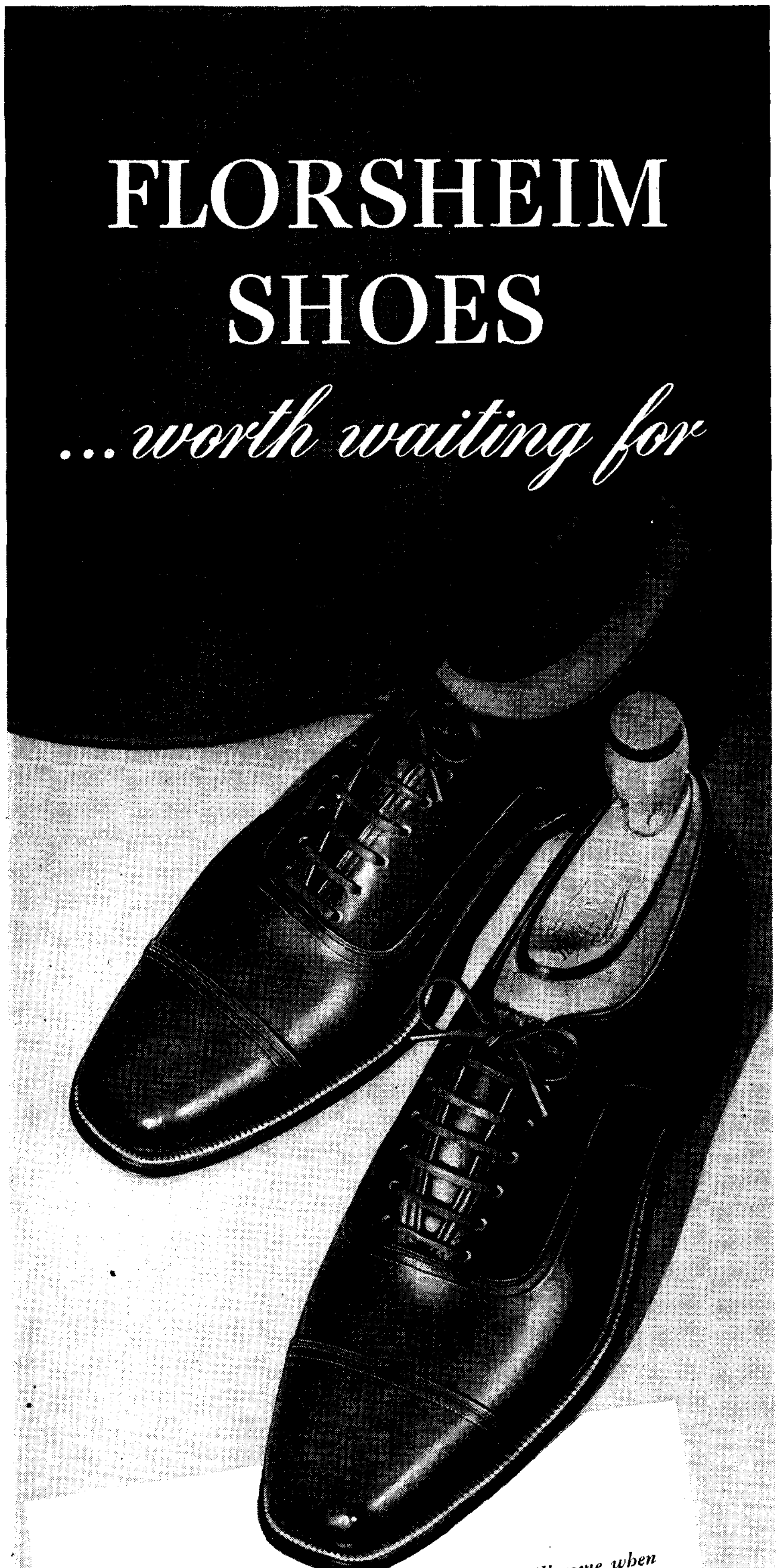
90° L-head. Compression ratio 6.75 to 1. Bore 3.187 inches. Stroke 3.75 inches. Piston displacement 239 cubic inches.

THE FORD V-8 ENGINE

A **big** engine, developing 100 horsepower, and 180 pounds-feet maximum torque. A **capable** engine, with generously large coolant and lubricant capacity for long, hard, hot-weather pulling. A **tough** engine, with new Ford steel-cored Silvaloy rod-bearings, more than twice as enduring as former types of bearings; with *all* valves seating in hard alloy steel inserts, and with tappets precision-set to permanent proper adjustment. A **thrifty** engine, with new cam-ground lightweight 4-ring pistons providing excellent oil economy and long-lasting good compression; with advanced-type balanced dual carburetion and automatic control of intake manifold temperature and spark-advance. An **efficient** engine, because of compact, space-saving V-8 design, with its short fuel-intake travel. An **ideal type** of engine for inter-city heavy duty hauling because, (in contrast to most engines of fewer cylinders but of comparable size), the torque of the V-8 holds at relatively high levels throughout the speed range most used on the open road. This V-8 advantage means you can carry *more load*, or carry the same load at *higher speed*, or keep an extra power reserve available for head-winds, grades, quick acceleration and heavier going. This fact has much to do with the superior overall performance consistently reported by owners.

FORD TRUCKS

MORE FORD TRUCKS ON THE ROAD • ON MORE JOBS • FOR MORE GOOD REASONS



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...worth waiting for

SOONER than you may think, the day will come when you can have all the Florsheim Shoes you want—in new styles, leathers, patterns galore. Meanwhile, if you have to wait a few days for your size, please be patient; Florsheim finer quality is worth waiting for.

Most Styles $10^{50} and $11

Florsheim Shoes

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Keep up with the world

AL ROSS

The 17,000,000 persons who bet a total of $1,306,000,000 at the race tracks of this country in 1945 had some $1,150,000,000 of it returned in winnings.

Only four state legislatures meet annually and only four of the 44 which meet biennially convene in even years. Thus, the 40 which met biennially in 1945, ending their regular sessions before V-J Day, are not scheduled to meet again until 1947.

Two of the oddest musical instruments are the nose flute of certain Malayan tribes, which is played by blowing through the stronger nostril, and the trumpetlike nyastaranga of India that is played—in pairs—by placing the smaller ends against each side of the throat over the vocal chords and faintly humming a song which causes the membranes in the "mouthpieces" to reproduce the melody.

All but one of the 110 U-boats surrendered by the Nazis to Britain were sunk intact last November by the Royal Navy in Rockall Deep, a 6,000-foot depression in the Atlantic 100 miles off Northern Ireland. One submarine broke away at night from the vessel that was towing it out to sea. Although a score of destroyers and planes searched an area of 400 square miles the following day, no trace of this unmanned submarine was found.

The public opinion polls conducted during the last decade among large cross sections of the American public—rich and poor, old and young, educated and uneducated—disclose that an average of 11.4 per cent of the answers was, "Don't know," even to questions on vital current events affecting everybody. For example, in a Roper poll made four months before V-E Day, 58 out of every 1,000 persons answered "Don't know" when asked if Germany should be made to pay for destruction she caused in other countries.

One of the finest examples of a marble bust being made more realistic by depicting various parts in different-colored marble is the life-sized sculpture of "Great-grandmother" by Chester Beach, American sculptor. Flesh-colored marble is used for her face, white for her hair, pearl for her cap and grayish-green for the shawl around her shoulders.

The use of opium was confined to medicine for some 900 years before the Chinese began to smoke it for pleasure in the late 18th century. Although many attempts have since been made to suppress the world-wide illicit traffic in the drug and its derivatives, the first effective measure to control it was adopted at an international convention in 1931 and ratified by 67 nations. As late as 1929, it was estimated that 400,000,000 persons were habitual users of opium as a stimulant and that stocks on hand and production that year amounted to 10,000 tons, or 25 times the annual medical requirements of the world.

Of the 22 questions asked in India's 1941 census, the most difficult for the majority to answer concerned their age, owing to illiteracy and the widespread neglect of birth registration. Therefore, the ages of approximately 75 per cent of the 389,000,000 persons counted had to be estimated by the enumerators with the aid of a list of important events dating back 80 years. For example, a citizen who could remember the death of Queen Victoria in 1901, but not a local famine in 1898, was considered to have been born in 1895.

An outstanding development of modern times has been the tremendous increase in the consumption of milk since it was made available in large quantities to urban populations by the introduction of railroads about 1840. Although small amounts from city-kept cows were sold on the streets of New York and London before that time, virtually all milk produced on farms was made into butter and cheese.

Sometimes a female rat has two litters in 42 days, having conceived the second one on the same day the first one was born. . . . Between 1920 and 1945, the number of crematories in the United States increased from 25 to 150, while the number of cremations increased from 10,000 to 50,000 annually.

by Freling Foster

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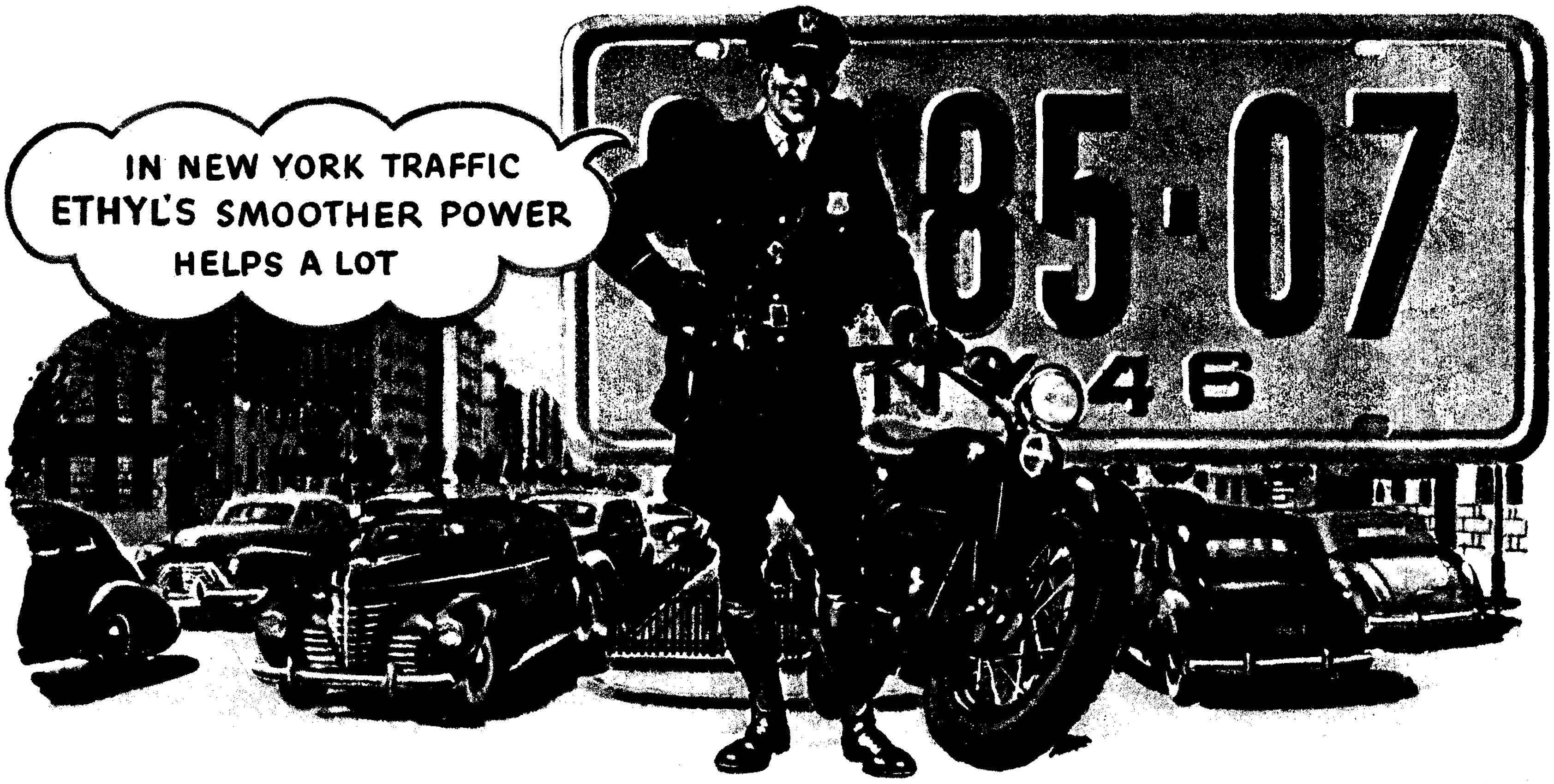
IN NEW YORK TRAFFIC ETHYL'S SMOOTHER POWER HELPS A LOT
85-07
N.Y. 46

TRAFFIC! SAY, DID YOU EVER DRIVE IN CHICAGO ?— THAT'S WHY ETHYL GOES BIG OUT HERE, TOO
30
ILLINOIS

For power and smooth performance—

ask for ETHYL

LOOK FOR THE
ETHYL TRADE MARK

Guess He's Too Old To Learn New Tricks!
NOW LOOK! I WANT TO KNOW WHY THE CHILL, JILL! SO SPEAK UP! NAME IT!
NOT ME! IT'S TOO GRIM, JIM! BUT YOUR DENTIST WOULD NAME IT—AND TELL YOU WHAT TO DO!
YOU MEAN I'M A BAD BREATH BENNY? WOW! WELL, 'BYE NOW—SEE YOU WHEN I'VE SEEN MY DENTIST!
JIM SEES HIS DENTIST!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
GUESS I WAS WRONG ABOUT THAT GUY! HE SURE HAS LEARNED A TRICK OR TWO!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Tune In! KAY KYSER Wednesday Night—NBC Network

Wing Talk

EDITED BY
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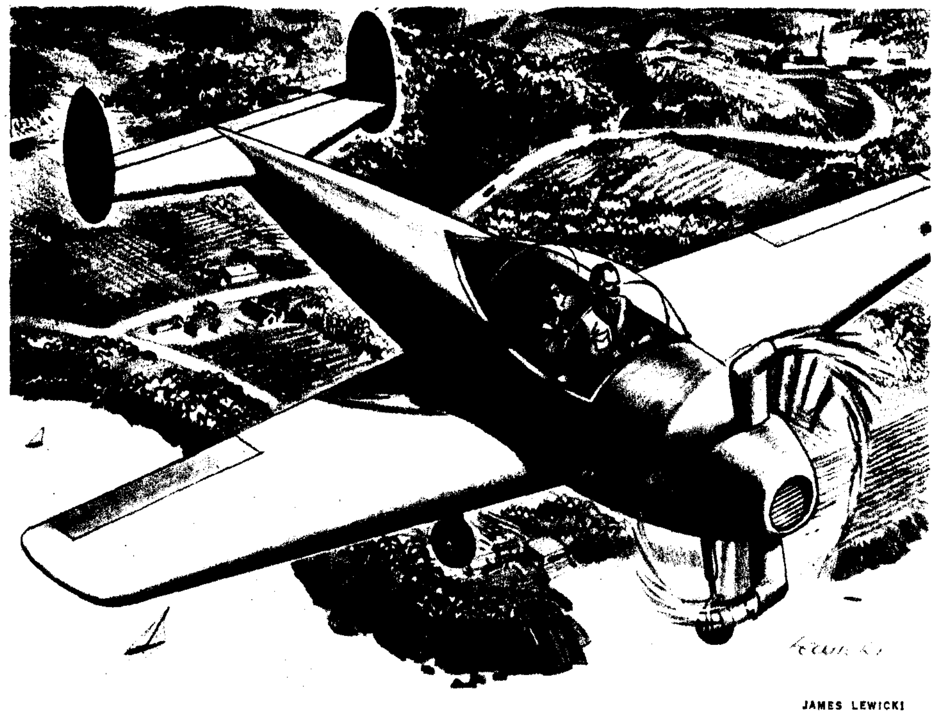


JAMES LEWICKI

Suggested by engineers at the Aircraft Engine Research Laboratory, NACA, in Cleveland, the value of a combined jet and propeller is being studied

SINCE October 1, 1942, when Bell Aircraft's kerosene-burning XP-59A fighter achieved the distinction of being the first jet-propulsion airplane to fly in America, the science of whooshing aircraft through the skies by blasts of hot air has moved at a terrific pace and with terrific results. In that short time, jet-propelled airplanes have established a new world's maximum speed record (606 miles an hour, by the British Gloster Meteor) and a new American transcontinental nonstop record (4 hours and 13 minutes, California to New York, averaging 584 miles an hour, by the American Army Lockheed P-80 Shooting Star). The Army Air Forces and Lockheed are planning an assault on the British-held world record for this month or early April.

All this is fine for two great nations whose great air forces swept the Axis from the skies, but when is the Little Man with the Little Plane going to get cut in on jet propulsion?

In the great laboratories of the government and industrial corporations and educational institutions and in an unknown number of private-home workshops, this problem is being tackled. And two of the most promising power-plant projects are modeled after the Fourth-of-July pin wheel and the common rotary lawn sprinkler.

The fireworks pin wheel, nailed to a tree and ignited, looks like an airplane propeller as it is spun by the escaping heat from the burning powder in its spokes or blades. The lawn sprinkler arms, resembling helicopter blades in motion, turn continuously as long as water is forced out of the tips. Jet-driven propellers and jet-driven helicopters really are two very old ideas, tinkered with long before the advent of jet-propulsion aircraft by a number of farsighted people who were doubtless labeled "nut inventors" at the time. They didn't get far with these ideas, because the things they needed, chiefly heat-resistant metals, hadn't reached today's advanced development.

The jet-driven propeller is on the official schedule of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, our government scientific agency charged with fundamental aeronautical research. The actual work is being done at the NACA's mammoth Cleveland engine research laboratory and the results will be turned over to the public, the armed forces and the aviation industry for application to specific planes. The Cleveland laboratory is not a production plant and it has nothing for sale, so please don't try to buy jet-driven propellers there. They exist only in model form, from one foot to eight feet in diameter; just ordinary-looking propeller blades with a nozzle on each prop tip.

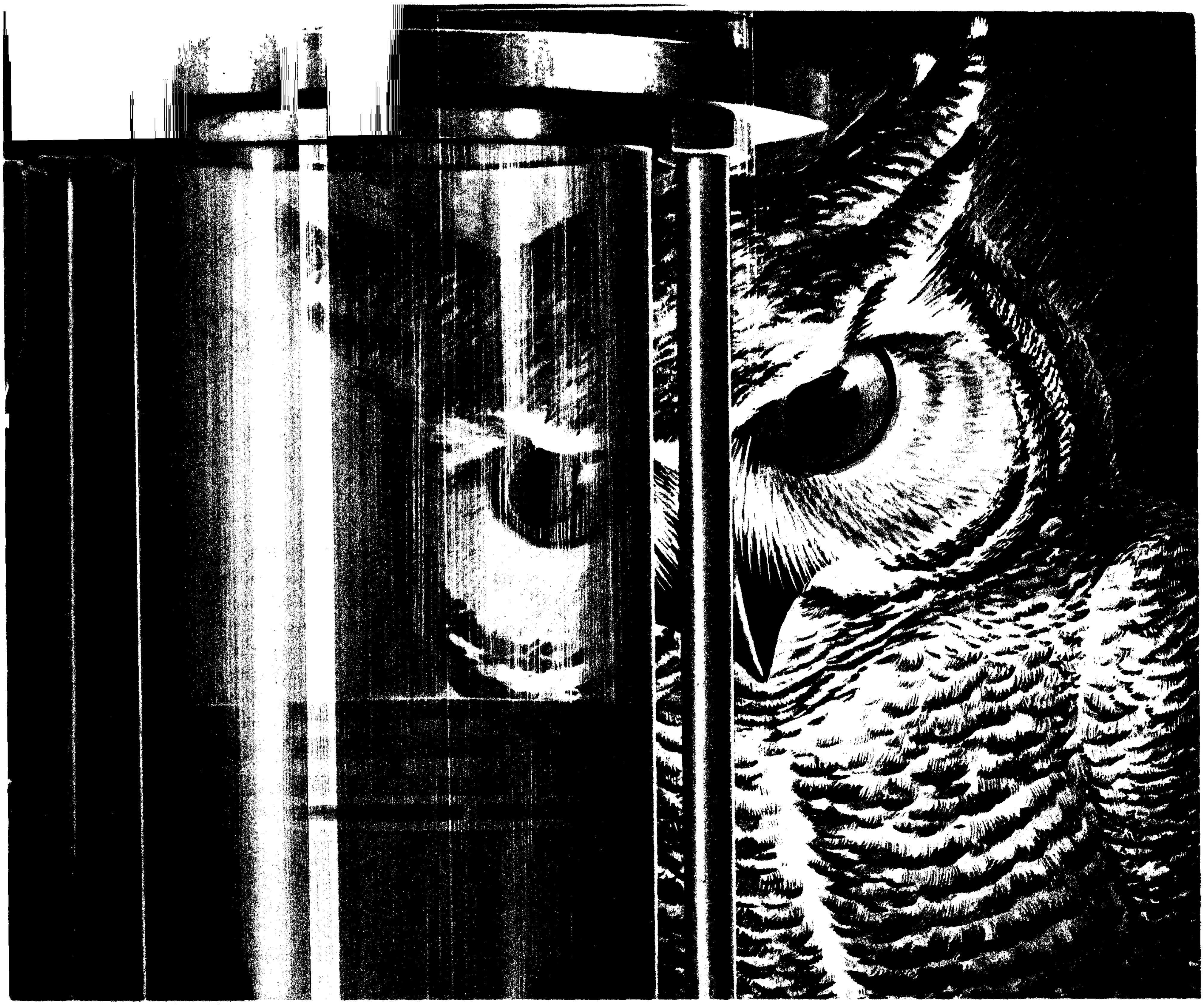
Several arrangements for spinning the blades by jet propulsion are being studied, but the simplest one is that which sucks air in at the propeller hub. The air is then compressed by the centrifugal action of the spinning, hollow blades. Fuel, in the form of kerosene, is injected in small combustion chambers near the tips and the mixture is ignited. The rapidly expanding hot gases roar out through the propeller-tip nozzles and, like the pin wheel, spin the blades. An auxiliary starter, of course, is needed.

THREE NACA power-plant engineers, Abe Silverstein and twin brothers John and Newell Sanders, toyed with the idea of jet-driven propellers in their off hours and finally reached such a stage of encouragement that they took it to the topside people who allocate problems to be investigated and got it on the schedule. In true scientific fashion, they make no predictions when it will be ready for adaption to an airplane for actual flight tests. But they've aimed their development at the Little Man with the Little Plane and believe it may be possible to give him the advantages of jet propulsion such as: light weight, simplicity, cheaper fuel, lower first cost, lower lubricating cost and easy upkeep.

As for jet-driven helicopters, Georgia Tech's Professor Don Dutton, director of the Guggenheim School of Aeronautics there, has received recognition for his work thus far. Originally the development of Professor Montgomery Knight and begun 10 years ago, it was taken over by Professor Dutton after Professor Knight's death in 1943. Large-blade tests have been made and a model helicopter, jet-driven, built and flown. Hot gases rush through the hollow blades and escape at the tips, just like the water under pressure in the rotary lawn sprinkler.

Perhaps the most enthusiastic believer in the jet-driven helicopter is Lockheed's vice-president and chief engineer, Hall Hibbard. Such a helicopter, he says, "can be operated simply and safely; cruising speed will be in the neighborhood of 200 miles an hour and its range will be roughly 500 miles. It will land and take off with no forward motion whatever. Should an engine failure occur, the ship can be brought gently to a landing with no power. It will be sold for the price of an automobile.

"But," cautions Mr. Hibbard, "don't look for this helicopter this year or five years from now. It will be at least 10 years before the problems are worked out." ★★★



Glass Engine --- 2000 r.p.m.

WHEN you bang your shin on a chair in a dark room—you've located the chair. But that's learning the hard way.

How much simpler to have owl's eyes—or turn on the light—and *see* where you're going . . .

Research scientists have improved lubricating oils for your automobile engine—working the hard way. It's mighty dark inside an engine cylinder! . . .

Now scientists at Shell's research laboratories have turned on the light—designed and built an engine with a cylinder entirely of GLASS . . . which lets them SEE where the oil is, and just how it stands up to its job in your car.

The cylinder is heat-resistant glass, precision bored to a tolerance of 2/1000 inch. It took some "doing" to produce a glass cylinder that would stand the explosions . . . the pressures . . . the tornado of flame burning at 3000° Fahrenheit!

A stroboscopic light is timed to flash at any desired point of the piston's stroke. This has the effect of "stopping motion" . . . the piston *seems* to stand still . . . you see the action and movement of the rings while the engine races at 2000 r.p.m. You see oil droplets leap from ring to ring under the impulse of a force 200 or more times gravity.

It's something to watch . . . and realize what a magnificent job of co-ordination has been done by oil scientists and engine designers—working in the dark.

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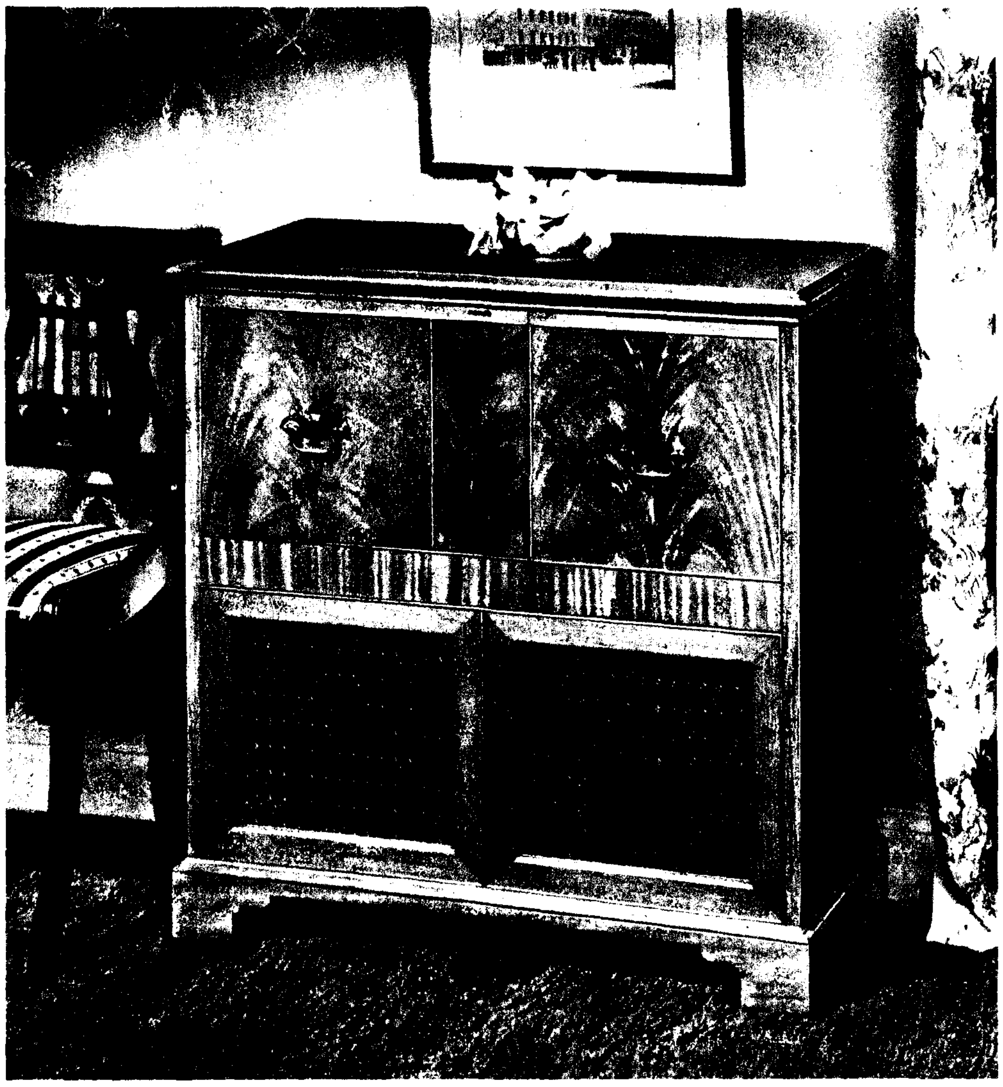

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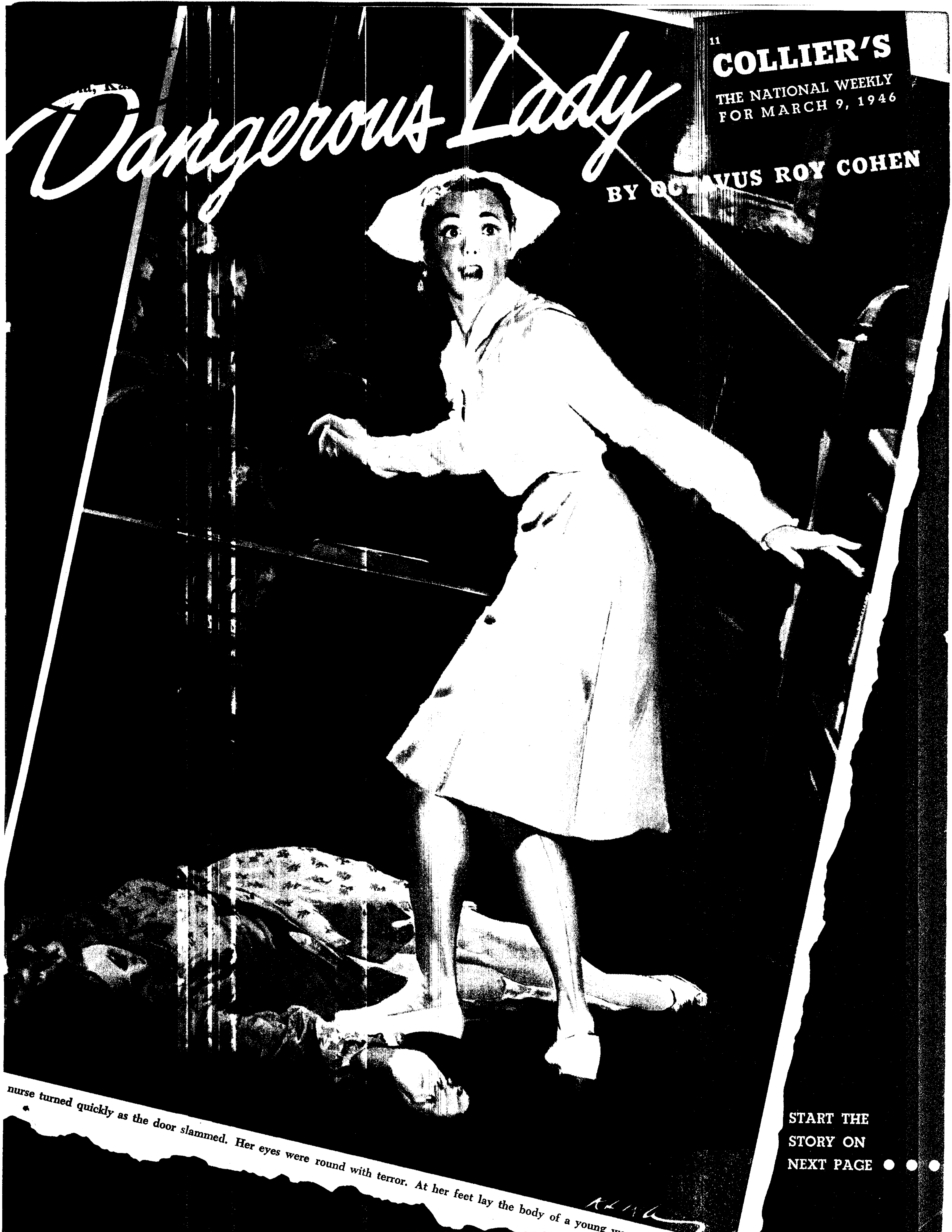
COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR MARCH 9, 1946

Dangerous Lady

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN



nurse turned quickly as the door slammed. Her eyes were round with terror. At her feet lay the body of a young woman

START THE
STORY ON
NEXT PAGE ● ● ●

Gail Barrie had too many secrets. Her obscure Cuban background was one. Her million dollars was another. Scott Henderson refused to believe her guilty of murder, but he couldn't ignore the evidence. The beginning of a drama of conflict between love and suspicion

AFTER thirty years of emotional independence, Scott Henderson was in love. He was so much in love that he stayed awake nights thinking about it, which wasn't so good for a healthy young citizen like Scott. Of course, the thoughts were all on the pleasant side, and well worth staying awake for, but that didn't make him any less heavy-eyed the next morning.

There was no reason Scott shouldn't have experienced romance many years before. He was a personable young man, a potential leading citizen, an ex-Army officer who had done a good job for a couple of years, and junior partner in the highly reputable and successful firm of Mathews, Henderson & Company, Investment Bankers. He had a compact figure, a nice face, and the esteem of his 212,000 fellow citizens in the flourishing industrial city of Cherokee.

He stood now in the midst of the Saturday-night crowd at the Cherokee Country Club and stared gloomily at an attractive young lady who was obviously absorbed in a gentleman who was taller, handsomer and definitely more sure of himself than Scott Henderson ever hoped to be.

Beside Scott stood Paul Innes, the thirty-five-year-old manager of the Cherokee Country Club. Paul was tall, slender and inclined to be sardonic. He looked at Scott and followed the direction of Scott's eyes. He said, "You've really gone off the deep end, haven't you?"

Young Mr. Henderson looked up. He was surprised—and slightly indignant—that his emotions should be so apparent. And then, because the desire to share his happiness and his misery was greater than his reticence, he nodded.

"You said it, Paul. But what chance have I got? Give a look."

The girl was standing on the veranda which overlooked the vast emerald expanse of the 36-hole golf course. She had been gazing off into the soft Southern moonlight, but now she turned so that her face was visible to those inside the ballroom.

Gail Barrie was young. Her twenty-first birthday was six weeks away, which made Scott feel like an old man.

She was wearing a simple white dress which did her figure no injustice. She had dark brown hair flecked with red, a clear skin that was almost blond, and gray eyes that could be thoughtful or full of laughter, as the occasion demanded. She was a few inches more than five feet in height and she weighed about 115 pounds, all of which—in the eyes of Scott Henderson—added up to perfection.

Gail was neither alone nor bored. Beside her stood a young man who was so handsome it hurt. Tony Kinkaid looked like the dream of a Hollywood producer. He had everything, and he inspired in Mr. Henderson a ghastly feeling of inadequacy.

Scott said miserably to Paul Innes, "What chance have I got against that?"

Paul was unimpressed. He said, "Kinkaid isn't Gail's type."

"No? I suppose she's allergic to handsome men."

"It isn't that." Paul was trying to be patient with young love. "They simply don't belong together."

"She probably despises him," said Scott, though with very little conviction. "She's just being nice to him because it's socially correct. Actually, she's pining for me." Mr. Henderson made a most inelegant noise, and followed it with the single word, "Nuts!"

Scott's life had been serene and untroubled until the day Miss Gail Barrie had moved in on him. Unheralded, she had arrived from Cuba with three suitcases and a personality which he found irresistible. A home-town girl who had lived for sixteen years in Latin America, she moved into the home of his benefactor and business partner, Fletcher Mathews, shook hands with Scott before dinner that night, looked once into his eyes and had him hog-tied in one minute flat. That had been two months before and nothing had happened since then to make him change his mind about her.

He sought some small measure of comfort from Paul Innes. He said, "You know her better than anybody else in Cherokee. Tell me more."

Paul spoke slowly, "I don't know how well I know her, really."

"Didn't you work for her old man in Cuba for a year?"

"Yes. In a godforsaken little town in Matanzas Province. I practically lived at their house. But she was just a kid then, and I didn't pay too much attention. All I could see was that she was a neat number who was almost as much Cuban as she was American. That's why I'm surprised at what has happened to you—because I can't think of her as grown up."

"Did she have any heart interest in Cuba?"

"Not that I know of. There wasn't much chance in Miramonte. Nothing but tired palm trees and stifling heat. There wasn't an eligible single man closer than Havana, and Havana was 175 miles away. She was crazy about her father, and she had a girl named Margaret Allen living with her, an American resident of Cuba whom she had met in school. If there was anything else in her life, I didn't notice it. I hated the place and everything about it. I got out as soon as my year's contract was up. And until Gail came to Cherokee two months ago, I hadn't seen her since." He put a cigarette between his thin lips and lighted it. "Of course, she looks beautiful," he remarked. "A million dollars usually does."

Scott Henderson looked at him sharply. Then he smiled. "I'd still love her if she was worth twice as much," he said.

"Okay, son. Then why not move in? This Kinkaid is small potatoes."

SCOTT'S private opinion was that Paul Innes had grossly underestimated the gentleman who was hovering over Gail. But Paul's advice gave him some small measure of confidence. He moved across the crowded dance floor, said hello to a dozen young folks whom he had known since babyhood and stepped hesitantly onto the veranda.

Some of the older people relaxed in easy chairs, most of them sipping cool drinks. Young couples appeared from the ballroom and vanished hand-in-hand toward the automobile parking space, or walked in the direction of the little grove of trees between the tennis courts and the swimming pool. The air was fragrant with the odor of roses and fresh-cut grass. It was all very idyllic for a young man in love—provided he was getting a little co-operation.

A more egotistical person than Scott might have detected a gleam of welcome in Gail's eyes as he horned in. He might also have observed a sign of irritation in Kinkaid's manner, and have taken heart from it. All Scott actually saw was that Gail moved a few inches, making a place for him beside her, and that the very elegant Mr. Kinkaid seemed annoyed by the intrusion.

The conversation of the next few minutes was anything but scintillating. They discussed the younger people and the good time they seemed to be having. Scott did not ask Gail to dance because he knew what her answer would be. Just a little more than two months before, her father had been killed in action on Okinawa.

And so they talked idly about the young grownups who had been babies in Cherokee when Gail herself was a baby and had lived there, but who were like strangers now despite the warmth of the welcome they had given her. Their conversation appeared to have very little interest to Kinkaid, who had been a resident of Cherokee less than a year, and after a while he walked off to mingle with the crowd in the ballroom. For the first time that evening, Scott was happy.

He looked after the tall, rangy figure of Kinkaid and said, "He's the handsomest man I ever saw."

Gail looked at him peculiarly. "Why do you say that?"

"I'm only stating a fact. If I were a girl . . ."

"Don't say it. You probably wouldn't. Tony is too handsome, too sure of himself. Girls don't usually like that. Only sometimes."

"Are you a sometime?"

She said sharply, "Most definitely, no!"

THEY turned their backs on the brilliantly lighted windows. They looked out over the golf course toward the pin points of light which marked the homes in the swank Brookside section. There was a lot of moon, a lot of summer, a lot of inducement to romance. Scott wished he dared move a little closer—just close enough to touch. She startled him with a sudden question:

"How would you like to slip off with me for a while?"

His reaction wasn't very quick. This was better than anything he had hoped for. He wondered what had happened to his repertoire of snappy retorts; he wondered why this girl always left him floundering. All he said was, "Would I?"—which wasn't brilliant, but was the best he could think of at the moment.

"Have you got your car here?"

"What's left of it."

She laughed, but beneath the laughter there was an undercurrent of urgency. She asked, "Do you know where the Treadways live?"

"Sure." He gestured toward the dark eminence which was known as The Ridge.

"Can you drive me there?"

"Of course. It's a lovely, lonely road. But why?"

"I want to have a little talk with Doris. I understand she arrived this afternoon from Los Angeles."

"Her mother's pretty sick," he said casually. "But why the interest? Why tonight?"

Again came that unmistakable urgency in her voice. "It's important. I thought she might be here tonight. That's why I came. I've got to see her."

"I thought you didn't know anybody in Cherokee."

"I don't, really. I don't even know Doris. But we lived next door to each other when we were babies. I was three and she was six. I haven't seen her since I left here when I was four."

He said, "Why should I argue against something that gives me a break? I'll show you the view from the top of The Ridge. I'll take a long time showing it to you."

She said, "Let's go casually. I'd rather nobody saw me leaving."

Scott and Gail froze as Bernie came into the room with the gun in his hand. "Look what I found in the brook, Sarge!" Bernie cried. "Nice work," said Sergeant Peterson

He found his car, and thanked his luck that it hadn't been hedged in. "The crate," he said. "Climb in, and we'll get going."

They rolled along the tree-lined, curving driveway and turned south toward The Ridge. They moved slowly through Brookside, past homes that were dark and homes that were bright. The houses were all expensive, and some of them were beautiful. They had lawns with trees on them, and well-tended beds of flowers, so that the air was rich with summer perfume.

Scott swung suddenly from the main road and braked to a stop in a little glade that looked down into the broad valley. He snapped off the ignition and light switches. "This," he said, with not too much confidence, "is the view I said I was going to show you."

Gail made no protest about his stopping. The night closed in on them. She looked down at the twinkling lights. She said, "Dad always told me it was beautiful. I think he was homesick for it—much as he loved Cuba."

They were silent for a while. Scott reached out his hand and let his fingers close over hers. She didn't draw away.

Somewhere he found a spark of courage. His voice wasn't quite steady as he said, "I'm going to do something, and then I'm going to ask a question. Ready?"

Her gray eyes looked into his. She didn't say anything or do anything. She just sat there, waiting.

His arm went around her. He drew her to him and bent his face over hers. Her lips parted, and for a few seconds she was rigid.

Then something happened which, to Scott, had all the power of an earthquake. Both arms went around his neck. Her body pressed against his. Her lips were eager. It was wonderful. Unbelievable. Fantastic.

They clung to each other, and time dropped away. There was no world beyond the windows of their car.

HER arms released him. With obvious reluctance, she drew away. He said, "Good Lord . . ." Then he went on, without looking at her, "That's the thing I was going to do, Gail. Now for what I intended to ask. Will you marry me?"

She turned so that she faced him. She said steadily, "I love you, Scott," and he knew that she meant it.

He said, "When? That's what I want to know. *When* will you marry me?"

She didn't answer. She didn't move. He watched her intently.

She was crying. And he knew that she wasn't crying because she was happy. It was the sort of crying that hurt. It hurt all the way through.

She caught him to her again and kissed him passionately. Then she drew away.

"I love you, Scott," she repeated. "Isn't that enough?"

He said, "No, it isn't enough. What I want . . ."

She said, "I won't marry you, Scott."

He asked dazedly, "Why?"

"Because I can't. Because it's impossible. Because . . ."

And that was as far as she went. She broke down then and cried in his arms. As though from a distance he heard her voice. She said, "I can't marry you, Scott. And you mustn't ask me why."

Scott tried to figure it out. He said, half to himself and half to Gail, "So I'm the guy you love and yet you won't marry me. It doesn't make sense."

She said, "Isn't this enough for now?"

"Couldn't be better. But it's the distant future I'm thinking of."

She smiled and pressed his hand. "If I ever marry anyone, sweetheart, I'll marry you. But, believe me, Scott, that's as much as I can promise. I can't even explain now. But someday . . ."

She glanced at her wrist watch and sat up straight. "Scott! It's horribly late. We've got to get going."

"Aw, no, Gail. I'm happy here," he told her. "And this is a lot better than talking to Doris."

"I think so, too. But I've got to see her. Right away."

"It can't wait until tomorrow?" he asked.

"No."

"Okay, honey. If that's what you want . . ." He started the motor, backed into the main highway and started moving forward slowly toward the Treadway home. He recognized a brick wall when he encountered one. She had her reasons and he credited them with being good ones. And after what had just happened, nothing seemed of any importance.

SO, AS he drove as slowly as the car would move along the fringes of the fashionable Brookside residential area, he tried to explain to her how happy he was. He confessed that he'd been pretty jealous when he had observed Tony Kinkaid hanging around her at the Country Club all evening. "He's got it," said Scott. "I figured that if he was moving in, I'd have to move out before I ever got started."

She said, without looking at him, "How much do you know about Tony?"

"Nothing. He flashed into town about a year ago. I think he represents some big electrical supply firm. Somebody put him up at the club, and he was elected. He's a queer bird. He looks like Country Club and acts like Country Club, and yet . . ."

"Yet what?"

"I don't know. This doesn't seem to be the proper time to take a rap at an unfortunate rival."

"He's not a rival, sweetheart."

"Say that again. The sweetheart part."

She smiled. "Sweetheart," she repeated. "Anyway, I don't like him. Not even a little bit."

"Anyway, what I was driving at is this: I've never figured out whether Tony belonged with our crowd or with the gang that runs Valley View."

"Valley View? What's that?"

He smiled. "I keep thinking of you as a native of this town. I forget you've never even visited here since you were a baby. Valley View, my sweet, is a joint just beyond the city limits where a melancholy gentleman named Sax Bailey operates what he calls a cabaret. He serves dinners and puts on a show featuring an exceedingly hot torch singer named Fern Meredith. Downstairs he has a complete gambling layout: roulette, dice, blackjack and what-have-you. I more than suspect that his apparatus is rigged, and that the suckers haven't got a chance. But the society crowd rush out there in droves to be taken. Tony goes there quite often. He . . ." Scott fumbled for a cigarette and stopped talking.

"Go ahead," she insisted. "This could be important."

He couldn't see why. How in the world could the private life of Tony Kinkaid be of any importance to Gail? He said, "You know how Cherokee is—or do you? People gossip. Tony is handsome. Fern Meredith is supposed to be the boss' gal friend. So there you have what might, or might not, be a cute little triangle. And I feel like a heel for mentioning it."

She listened without comment. That surprised him, because he had thought she was going to press the subject. But apparently she had heard all she needed to know. Just another thing he couldn't understand, another topic he felt had been carried as far as she wanted it carried.

They crossed The Ridge. The countryside was still beautiful, still bathed in rich, mellow moonlight. But the houses were more widely separated. Some of them achieved the dignity of estates. Scott stopped under a pair of magnificent oak trees in front of a wide driveway.

The house was set far back from the road, screened by trees and heavy shrubbery. There was a walkway between neatly trimmed hedges. There was a lawn, smooth as velvet. There were flowers in profusion. There was a background of rolling countryside, cut through by a tiny silver stream.

(Continued on page 34)

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

A famous flier reveals for the first time what happened in Sweden during the war. Though officially neutral, Sweden actually co-operated with the Allies, supplying flying fields and in many ways helping the Americans and British send supplies to the Norwegian underground

Colonel Balchen had much to do with changing Swedish neutrality from "an uneasy desire to help" to active co-operation

OUR SECRET WAR IN SCANDINAVIA

BY COLONEL BERNT BALCHEN U.S. Army Air Forces

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF-PIX

I

THE part that Sweden played in the war has never been fully explained in this country. Officially, of course, Sweden was neutral, but as the war went on, the attitude of the Swedes changed from an uneasy desire to help to active support of the Allied cause. As I was constantly flying in and out of Sweden during the last year and a half of the war, I not only saw this change take place but had a part in bringing it about. Through the co-operation of the Swedish people and officials we were able, eventually, to use Sweden as a base for our operations against the Germans in Norway. At times we had so many activities going on in Sweden that it was difficult to keep track of them.

Most of these activities were connected with bombing in Norway and supplying the Norwegian underground. The latter were by far the most involved, and perhaps the most important. Some of the phases of this work nowadays seem incredible. For instance, it is amazing that the Germans never discovered the one sure way we had of getting men and materials into and out of Oslo, in Norway—by means of tank cars on the railroad running from Stockholm to Oslo.

If we wanted to send some guns or explosives to the Norwegian underground we could always arrange with Swedish engineers and trainmen to see that they were not discovered en route. More than one prominent figure traveled in the interior of an oil tank car. Jens Christian Hauge, now Norwegian Defense Minister and then the leader of the underground, made the trip several times.

Unorthodox Mode of Travel

Traveling in the interior of a tank car is not really as desperate an expedient as it might seem, although it is an uncomfortable way to get around. The tanks are always blown out with steam before being sent empty over the line, because a tank car full of fumes is as dangerous as a bomb. When cleaned out, one can breathe in them, and the only time a traveler had to be concealed in the interior was while at a station or going over the border. The rest of the time he could ride on the engine.

The most interesting trips these underground agents made were in the water tenders of the locomotives. Obviously, they couldn't get into the tenders without some sort of protection, or they would freeze to death; and the water could not be too high or they would drown. So they made the journey in diving suits, with the front of the helmet unscrewed so they could breathe. That was absolutely safe, and the Germans never suspected. At Oslo the train pulled out on a siding in the freight yard, and the traveler climbed out of the tender or tank car and went about his business.

The proof of the way the Swedes felt about the war was shown by the difference in their treatment of the Germans and the Allies, particularly during the latter part of the war. At one time Sweden was forced by German pressure to permit the transfer of a German division from Norway to Finland, but in 1944 Sweden refused to allow German soldiers on leave to travel from Norway to Germany by way of Sweden. This was because the Germans broke their agreement and tried to smuggle war materials through Sweden in sealed cars. And yet the Swedes permitted us during this same time to bring in tons of materials by air. We even landed explosives on the Stockholm airfield. While Swedish guards turned their backs the camouflaged boxes were loaded into trucks and driven to a place in Stockholm where they would be safe until shipped over the border.

When we first flew into Sweden—I am speaking of the United States Army Air Forces—we did so with unmarked planes and all uniforms carefully concealed. We might have been visitors from Mars so far as anything about us indicated our nationality. But before a year had passed there were American as well as British and Norwegian uniforms on Swedish military flying fields and we were using two fields openly and had arranged for the use of five more military fields if necessary. In some Swedish towns there were almost as many Allied fliers as there were Swedes.

The Swedes also transported explosives for us on their railroads, carried saboteurs and trained Norwegian troops. They went even further—when on maneuvers near the Norwegian border, Swedish troops would carry as equipment the guns and other matériel my men had flown into the country, and leave them for the Norwegians to carry into Norway to be used against the Germans. On one occasion, a Swedish police car transported to a northern base some detonators that were too dangerous to be moved by train.

Familiarity with Territory a Help

I was leader of a special flying mission. I became an American citizen some years before the war, but I was born in Norway and had served in the Norwegian navy and army. I had flown all over both Norway and Sweden, and had been manager of the Norwegian Air Lines before the war drove me out. As a result, I knew many Swedes in influential positions and had many friends in Norway. This was of some value in bringing about a much closer working arrangement with the Swedes. Eventually the Allies were able to do almost anything they wished in Sweden with the hearty, if secret, co-operation of Swedish officials.

Swedish flying operations by the American Air Forces began early in 1944. After leaving Greenland, where I had been commander of the most northern United States flying bases, I was sent to Washington for a short time; then I was ordered to London. About 2,000 Norwegians had been training in Sweden, partly under the direction of Swedish officers, and the Norwegian government wanted to get them to the Norwegian air training camp at Little Norway, near Toronto, Canada, for further training as air crews. Because of my experience in northern flying, and my knowledge of Norway and Sweden, General Carl Spaatz of the American Strategic Air Force apparently thought I was the one to do it, although there were some military fliers who thought it could not be done.

As we were to fly into a neutral country we obviously could not carry guns. The British had been flying unarmed through the Skagerrak, but had met such heavy flak and lost so many planes that they would no longer fly except during the long winter nights. The Skagerrak is the body of water between Denmark and Norway. Summer was coming, with it almost constant daylight, and the Skagerrak did not appeal to me, anyway.

My special missions group had a saying, "We do it," which because of my slight, if stubborn, Norwegian accent, was turned into "Vee do it," and we were proud of our record. So when General Spaatz asked me if I could fly between Sweden and England there was only one answer. "All right," said he, "go to it. It's your baby." Spaatz was like that. He knew what he wanted, never wasted words, and backed his men to the limit.

I asked for B-17s, because their flying characteristics are so good, but as SHAEF was preparing for the Normandy offensive a few months later, I was unable to get them. I was offered my choice of some war-weary Liberators, retired and disarmed, and picked the best of them for first flights. We were ready early in February. Our headquarters was at Leuchars, on the east Scottish coast, where the R.A.F. also had a station. But it seemed that we would never get started.

There is no way of proving it, but it seemed clear to me the British did not want Americans flying into Scandinavia, apparently because they feared that we might obtain a commercial foothold. This had been impressed upon me before the war, when I had tried to set up an airline between the United States and Norway. Despite the war, the British desire to keep Scandinavian flying territory for themselves had not changed. All sorts of opposition arose, although the British were to end their own flying operations into Sweden with transport planes on March 15th. By that time it would be too light for safety except for fast planes through the Skagerrak.

London Conference Called

But sometime in March there was a meeting in London between King Haakon of Norway, Prime Minister Churchill, British Foreign Minister Anthony Eden, and Norwegian Foreign Minister Trygve Lie, whom the Russians later supported for president of the United Nations Assembly. Mr. Lie brought up the matter, and asked Mr. Churchill why the British were so reluctant to grant permission for the American Air Forces to fly into Sweden to evacuate Norwegians and interned Allied fliers.

Apparently Churchill had not heard of our impasse, and was indignant about it, so much so that he told Mr. Eden to get the matter cleared up immediately. In the meantime, General Henry H. Arnold, head of the American Air Forces, had gone to President Roosevelt, who sent word to London to expedite the matter. So we finally got clearance papers.

Our first flight was on the night of March 31, 1944. With me were Lieutenant Colonel Keith Allen, a former airline pilot in this country and one of the best flying officers I have known; Captain David H. Schreiner, Captain Robert C. Durham, Captain David A. McWilliams, Captain C. H. Owsley, Lieutenant Robert Witherow, Technical Sergeant Albert L. Sage, Technical Sergeant Cecil F. Grove and Sergeant Ray E. Foy. We were all eager to get away. We had made our plans so carefully that we did not see how anything could go wrong.

The only condition I had made when I was asked how I intended to fly the dangerous route into Sweden was that I could pick my weather. And I wanted bad weather. What we always waited for, on this and later flights, was a warm front coming up the Atlantic that swerved into the Norwegian coast from the Shetland Islands, carrying with it clouds and rain. This sort of weather would conceal us until we were well into Norway, perhaps into Sweden, when the moisture would drop in the mountains and we were apt to find clear weather at Stockholm. In such weather we naturally flew blind, but with radar to help us, that did not matter.

When we reached a point in the Atlantic off the Norwegian coast about halfway between Sogne Fiord and Nord Fiord, we turned east and flew in over Norway. With radar we could pick up the coast, and plot our course to a Swedish radio beacon that led us on a radio corridor to Stockholm. When we got there on our first flight, the airport was fogbound, and we had to circle for two hours before landing.

And what an amusing landing! As our camouflaged plane, without a single identifying mark on it, came to a stop on the runway I climbed out through the bomb bay. Two Swedish transports were warming up to take off to Berlin with German passengers, and the first person I saw was a Dr. Grassmann, supposedly a German press attaché, but actually head of the Gestapo in Sweden. I had known him before the war as press attaché in Stockholm and Copenhagen.

If Dr. Grassmann had known what my orders were he would have been greatly perturbed. Although nominally attached to the Air Transport Command, my orders designated me "as the representative of the Commanding General, United States Strategic Air Forces in Europe, and as such (you) are authorized to render decisions on all matters pertinent to the conduct of this operation." That directive gave me quite a little leeway, and I was also operating under orders of the Office of Strategic Services, which were very secret indeed. So I smiled at Dr. Grassmann.

"Guten Tag," I said. *"Wie geht's."*

The German looked stunned. He stammered and walked away. Then the police and customs officials, old friends of mine from Norwegian flying days, came running up.

"Hello, hello," they called. "We haven't seen you for years. Welcome. How are you? Welcome."

I could not help looking at the retreating back of Dr. Grassmann and chuckling.

In the Hotel Stockholm I called up some more friends, Harry Söderman, chief of the Swedish Criminological Institute, and a very useful man to know; Lieutenant General Bengt Nordenskjold, head of the Swedish Air Force; Captain Carl Florman, head of the Swedish Air Lines; Per Norlin, managing director of the Swedish Intercontinental Airlines; Karl Ljungberg, director of Swedish Air Ministry, and Sven Grafstrom, secretary to the Foreign Minister. They had known I was coming and were very glad I was there. What could they do to help? They knew all about our plans to fly out 2,000 Norwegian flying cadets.

The first thing we had to do was to arrange with the Air Ministry for marks for our planes. We had no international markings. In the United States, planes carry the letters NC followed by numerals. Abroad, planes carry letters identifying the country they come from. Great Britain's planes, for instance, have the letters GB, but we did not want to use British letters. So we had to radio to Washington to have five NC numbers assigned to our unit, and these were registered with the Swedish Air Ministry. It was strictly illegal, for NC numbers are for civil planes, and we were using stripped bombers flying with overloads that no commercial line would countenance.

Identification Codes a Must

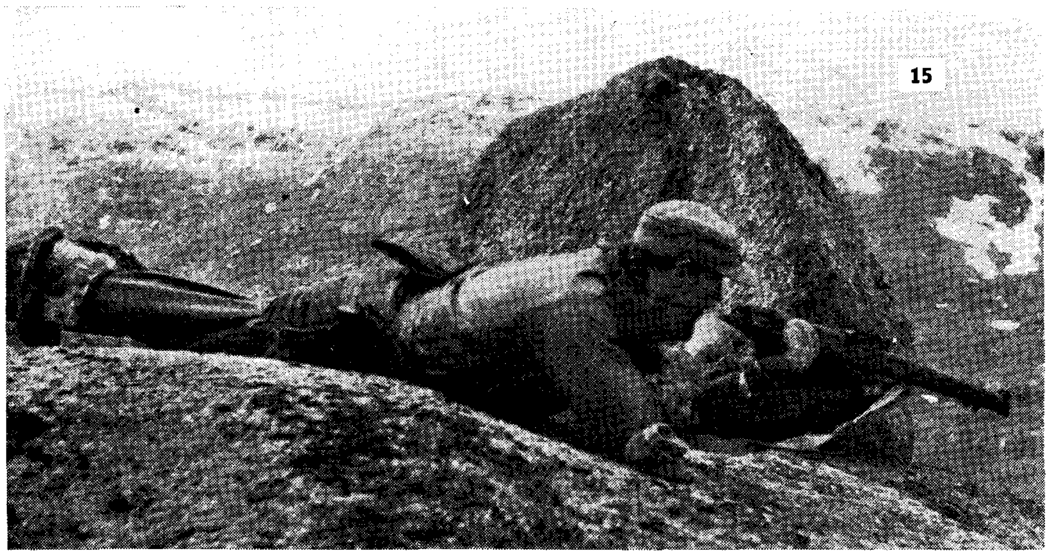
Then we had to set up an identification code for future use, and arrange for recognition at two points, one at Ytter-Malung, in west central Sweden, and the other at Göteborg, on the southern route. We had to fix radio frequencies, for identification purposes. We also arranged for warnings so as to dodge German interference. At 8 A.M. warnings were to be sent in code from Scotland to the American Legation in Sweden, and the Swedish General Staff would be informed what time we were expected at the border, so that antiaircraft batteries would not fire on us.

We also arranged with the Swedes to tell us when German border patrol fighters were up, and these patrols were always designated by a word which, when decoded, spelled "bandits." Also, any ship movement out of a Norwegian port was at once reported to Stockholm by Norwegian underground radio, and Stockholm relayed the information to London. So there wasn't a convoy or flak ship along the coast that we didn't know about before we started a flight.

As a matter of fact, the information for our special flight mission was so good that the other Intelligence officers came to us for information.

We knew where every gun was on the Norwegian coast, where every German division was stationed, how many planes there were

(Continued on page 56)



Many of the guns with which Norwegian snipers were armed were sent to Norway over Swedish railroads and in Swedish trucks with the full knowledge of the Swedes

Thousands of Norwegian troops, who helped drive the Germans out of northern Norway, were trained in Swedish camps under the direction of Swedish army officers

Behind the German lines in Norway were underground soldiers like this radio operator, who kept the Allies and Swedes informed about the activities of the Nazis

Nordal Bridge near the Swedish-Norwegian border, over which ore was shipped to the Germans during the winter. This photograph was taken shortly after the liberation

P.O. BOX 63

BY MIGNON G. EBERHART

ILLUSTRATED BY CAROLYN EDMUNDSON

She came to his side, and automatically his arm went around her. "You're so nice, Hiram," she said against his ear. "So—well, sort of normal and funny . . ."

In a situation like this a wise wife will be patient—but a patient wife can still be smart

HE WROTE the letter first. He wrote, in fact, two letters but the first one was the letter he had decided to write—an important letter, one that, carried to its logical conclusion, might change the whole set course of his life.

The debate in his mind, the struggle in his heart was in the past. It remained to write the letter. He took his pen and began:

Dear Franny:

I got home Monday a week ago; I went to a phone booth and wanted to call you, and then I passed a Western Union office and thought of wiring you. I didn't do either.

And then, I came home, up here in the country, and it's curious, Franny, how difficult it is to communicate with anybody in the special way I want to communicate with you. For instance, there's a phone here on my desk where I'm writing this. Yet if I leave it and call your number I'll get your house in town and somebody will say, "Who's calling, please?" and I'll have to say Hiram Banes. If you're out, and you're likely to be, the maid will say when you come in, "A Mr. Banes called long distance to talk to you." Or suppose people are with you, suppose anything—the slight small question records itself somehow. Mr. Banes is calling, Mr. Banes: Who is he? Why has he phoned? But mainly, why does he phone so often? Why does he phone and phone in the morning, at noon, at night, only to hear your voice—

But this would lead to things he did not intend to say here. Better not go overboard in the direction of Franny's voice (and Franny's eyes and mouth and all the charm and loveliness that was Franny) now; the letter alone was decision enough. He pulled himself up short and went on with bare but important facts.

And I can't send you telegrams—I don't know your husband; I only know he is your husband—

He stopped; again he had not meant to say just that; it was better not to mention Franny's husband at all. Yet he did not believe that she loved him.

And if it came to that, he had no certain belief that Franny loved him, Hiram. It was one of the reasons, of course, why he had to write this letter, why he had to know whether or not she would reply.

But whatever the framework was around Franny, a man—another man, her husband—dwelt within that framework, too; it also included specifically and practically a house, servants, friends—a domestic pattern of which he knew nothing.

He returned firmly to his letter, getting quickly to the point.

I don't know anything of the pattern of your life. But somehow I want us to be able to communicate with each other.

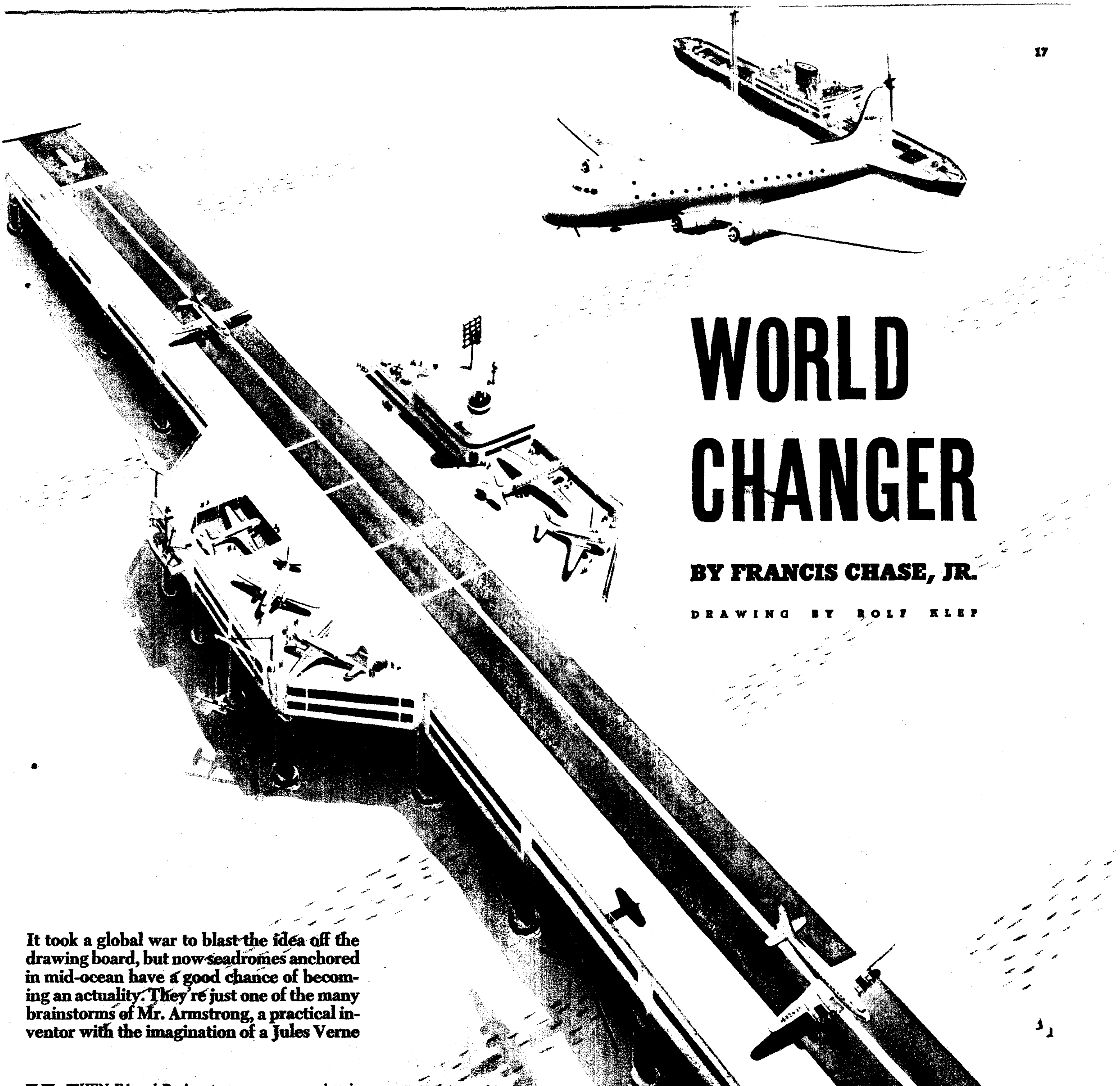
He leaned back in his chair and took a long breath. In spite of having thought it all out and knowing exactly what he intended to say, it had been extraordinarily difficult to get it down like that, in black and white.

But, of course, it was a very important thing. Franny would instantly comprehend its significance. How could she not? It was like a hand on the latch of a door, like a key to that door, like the passport which could conceivably lead to a new world.

He put down the pen and lighted a cigarette.

There was a wide window beside his desk, and beyond the window lay the clear, blue October day. There were a few brilliant white clouds; somebody somewhere was burning leaves. It was Saturday afternoon; Simonetta was out of the house, in the garden probably. He wanted to finish the letter before she came in and might, by chance, stroll to the desk and glance over his shoulder. Besides, when it was finished, he intended to drive to the village through the golden

(Continued on page 51)



WORLD CHANGER

BY FRANCIS CHASE, JR.

DRAWING BY ROLF KLEP

It took a global war to blast the idea off the drawing board, but now seadromes anchored in mid-ocean have a good chance of becoming an actuality. They're just one of the many brainstorms of Mr. Armstrong, a practical inventor with the imagination of a Jules Verne

WHEN Edward R. Armstrong was a young boy in Guleph, Ontario, some sixty years ago, his favorite author was Jules Verne. And of all Verne's stories, his favorite was Clipper of the Clouds, a fanciful—it seemed then—tale of a round-the-earth trip in a balloon.

"Verne," Armstrong will tell you today, "was a man who refused to accept geography. He was a world changer. Maybe he didn't build the balloons and airships and submarines he dreamed of—but he knew what ought to be done to overcome the deficiencies of geography."

As a disciple of Verne, Armstrong is no less amazing. He not only knows what ought to be done about geography; he has devoted his life to doing it. And as a practical engineer who does a little dreaming on the side, he has made seven-league strides toward doing a bit of world changing himself.

Take the case of air bases for transoceanic travel. Back in 1924, when he was working as chief of the Mechanical Research Department at Du Pont, Armstrong conceived a principle which, upon the drawing board at least, promised to make practical an old idea: That of anchoring floating airfields in the ocean as way stations for aircraft engaged in transoceanic trade.

There are few commercial airline companies which have not at one time or another considered similar projects. Always the buffeting of wave and wind, promising a short life for the floating drome, plus the impossibility of anchorage in water three or four (Continued on page 58)

Edward R. Armstrong, inventor of the floating seadrome (above), which is now ready for construction. A way station for transoceanic aircraft, it has four decks for hangar space, workshops, living quarters. Set on vertical floats, its 6,000-foot flight strip is safe from surface waves, storms

Hello,

BENNY ACTON was twenty-four years of age; he played the piano, and he had probably the most remarkable stomach in the entire music business. During the course of an evening, Benny would put away maybe three Martinis, a Daiquiri, a covey of Old-fashioneds, and maybe a Planter's Punch or two.

Only there was a catch to it.

Benny hated liquor. These drinks consisted entirely of colored water.

The thing was, he played piano in a bar, and there is an old tradition among a certain class of yucks that bar pianists are all tankers. These yucks are always requesting some sad and wistful song, and then they send over a drink. They do not, under any circumstances, inquire as to the taste of the musician. They send whatever they happen to be drinking.

Benny found out about the tradition the second night of his employment at the Purple Circle.

A yuck sent over a Manhattan, and Benny sent it away, and the man came over, picked Benny up by the necktie, lifted him over the piano and dropped him on the other side.

Benny immediately made arrangements with the gentlemen who served at the bar, and after that, it was easy. Colored water. Benny was probably the only heavy drinker on Manhattan Island who never touched the stuff. But one night he got hold of a real drink, a Martini with real gin, and it turned out to be opportunity knocking at the door.

He had just finished playing Sunday, Monday, and you-know-what for a flour miller from Minneapolis, Minn. When he leaned back in his chair, there stood Giuseppe Forcas, waiter number three, with a tray in his hand. On the tray was a Martini.

"Who sent it?"

Giuseppe indicated a lady in a near booth by lifting his eyebrows and making a small movement of the head.

Benny smiled at the lady, who was a blonde. She seemed to be alone. Benny showed his teeth and lifted the glass in a gesture of salute. He tilted back his head.

"Before you drink that," Giuseppe murmured, "maybe you—" Benny choked. He sat up straight in his chair. He took fire. He dropped the glass, and an olive rolled across the floor.

"I coulda told you," Giuseppe murmured, and slapped him vigorously on the back. "It's her own drink. 'Take it to the man,' she said. 'The man at the piano.'"

Benny clutched the edge of the keyboard and glared through watery eyes. "I will beat you to death with that tray," he said. "I will strangle you with the strings of your own apron."

"Straighten up and fly right," Giuseppe said. "You are disturbing the customers."

Benny turned around and, truly, some of the patrons were looking at him and then at their own drinks—apprehensively. Benny stood up. "It was diluted," he said, making a joke. "There was water in it. I liked to choked to death."

He dropped back on the white piano bench and began to play. The show must go on. He played the first thing that came into his head. He had been playing for maybe three minutes when a voice sounded in his ear.

"Beethoven," the voice said softly, "you're a liar."

It was the blond lady from the near booth. She wore a small round hat with a feather in it that stuck straight up. The feather was at least sixteen inches tall. It was dark green in color.

"The stuff was all right," she said. "I didn't taste it, but it was sent with the special compliments of the management."

Benny leaned over close to her, a cold light in his eyes. "I will tell you something," he said. "I am an undercover man for the W.C.T.U. A secret agent."

"Personally, I don't drink," she said. "They bring it to me and I give it away. Generally to sailors. Tonight, to you."

BENNY went on with his playing, looking moodily at the keyboard. He paid no attention to the blonde. He lowered his head and played louder, suddenly aware that his stomach was growing unhappy.

"You played that before," the girl said. "I like it, but I never heard it before. It's good."

Ordinarily, this would have been a tremendous moment for Benny because he was playing the rumba movement of a suite called Panama, a thing he had written himself, a thing which he had tried hopefully every night at the white piano in the Purple Circle. Nobody had ever bothered to listen. This was the customer he had been hungering for, the character with musical taste. But at the moment it didn't mean a damn' thing to Benny.

He improvised an ending and stood up hurriedly.

"I'll be back," he said to the nearest waiter. "I hope you choke," he said to the young lady with the feather in her hat, and made unsteadily for the dressing room. There he tried another door, and walked out into an alley.

The air in the alley was not entirely fresh and clean but at least it was cool, and it was outdoors. He walked up and down the alley, and he began to feel much better.

There was a coffee-and-doughnuts establishment, gleaming white and chrome and blue, at the end of the block. He walked briskly down the street, taking big swallows of the cool air.

A green-feathered female was sitting at the counter, eating chocolate doughnuts. Benny pushed past her, looking the other way, and sat at an undersized metal table by the window. A Filipino waiter whose fingers were covered with powdered sugar stopped and glared at him.

"Three cups of coffee," Benny said, holding up fingers for emphasis. "All at once. Three cups."

The green feather appeared, peering over the heads of the customers like a periscope, and moved in his direction. Benny sighed deeply and looked out the window.

"Look," the girl said, "I'm sorry."

"You still alone?" Benny said. "Ordinarily there's a lot of lonesome guys at the Purple Circle. Did you try hard?"

She laid her purse on the table, zipped a zipper, and fumbled inside. The purse was big enough to hold a set of golf clubs, but all she brought forth was a small white card. The card said that she was Wendell Evans, and that she worked for a morning newspaper of considerable size and reputation.

"People who like me," she said, "generally call me Dixie."

"Why?" Benny said

"Once I made a trip to Memphis, Tennessee. Maybe that's it."

Wendell Evans was a character that Benny knew about remotely. There was a column in the paper, reviewing clubs and restaurants and sometimes minor musical events. Wendell Evans.

"I thought it was a man," he said.

"So did my mother," the girl said. "How do you feel?"

"I'm all right."

The waiter laid the coffee on the table, splashing a little from cup to saucer each time. Benny took the nearest cup and drank eagerly. It burned his tongue, but it tasted fine.

"What did you say the name of it was? The thing with the funny figure in the bass?"

Benny looked at her morosely. His stomach was beginning to feel better. And she worked for a newspaper.

"It's the rumba movement from a suite called Panama. I wrote it. I was in Panama with the U. S. Army eighteen months. It's a rumba called Chala."

She leaned back in her chair and looked carefully at him. "I have conversed," she said, "with at least ten thousand piano players in at least ten thousand bars, and every-one of them has a great composition. To a man."

"Take it or leave it," Benny said, assaulting the second cup of coffee.

"Only when you ask them to play, it always turns out they left their music at home. And it turns out that they are playing a piano in a bar only because their little sister has to get through high school. Where's your little sister?"

"Look," Benny said, "I work at the Purple Circle because it means I can get a piano, free of charge, for six hours a day. I also get paid. In small amounts."

The girl reached over and took the other cup of coffee. She smiled at him over the top of the cup. She had gray eyes.

"Is it a piano suite?" She sounded as if she knew what a suite for piano might be.

Benny shook his head. "It's orchestra," he said. "I hope. I don't know much about orchestration. I try. Mostly I got ideas."

She took a couple of swallows of the coffee and then pushed the cup away. "How'd you like to meet Lansing O'Hara?" she said. "Tomorrow night, maybe?"

It was as simple as that.

She was waiting for him in a taxi when he finished work the following night. She pushed the door open and smiled at him and said, "Hello, Beethoven." He crawled in beside her. The inside of the cab had a pleasant smell, an odor of anonymous flowers.

"Is that you," Benny asked, "or does the driver burn incense?"

"That's me," she said. "It's called Consuming Fire. They try to keep it out of the hands of unscrupulous women."

THEY drove east on Forty-eighth Street, turned on Third Avenue, and moved downtown, in the shadow of the El. The town was almost quiet; it was 2:30 A.M. They could smell the river; and the smell wasn't exactly good.

"Maybe O'Hara lives down here so he can whip out for a quick swim," Benny said.

"He doesn't live here; he lives in a place in the Seventies, with pink zebras on the wall and a bed that's eight feet square. He just works down here."

They stopped in front of a delicatessen, with a blue light burning somewhere inside, and buzzed a bell at a side door, which immediately clicked open. They climbed a flight of splintered wooden steps, and Dixie knocked on the panels of a sagging door.

"He'll be asleep, or something," Benny said. Suddenly he felt self-conscious and almost afraid. "He won't let us in. Not this time of the morning."

"He doesn't get up until dark," Dixie said. "It's the middle of the day for Lansing O'Hara."

"Come in!" a large voice said through the door.

The room was maybe thirty by fifty feet, and there was no furniture in it except a green couch and the biggest piano Benny ever hoped to see. Nevertheless the room was almost overcrowded. It was full of Lansing O'Hara.

Mr. O'Hara, clad in a green bathrobe and white sweat socks, was sitting in the middle of

(Continued on page 27)

After he finished, Benny waited for somebody to say something. "You're a lousy pianist," Lansing O'Hara roared. "I couldn't tell much." Benny turned around to look at O'Hara on the floor and suddenly got mad

Beethoven

BY WILLIAM PORTER

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

One real Martini, a blond columnist, and a screwball composer might add up to either nightmare or success. Benny, being only a normal human being, had no way of knowing how

G.I. Family at Yale

BY WILLIAM R. SEARS

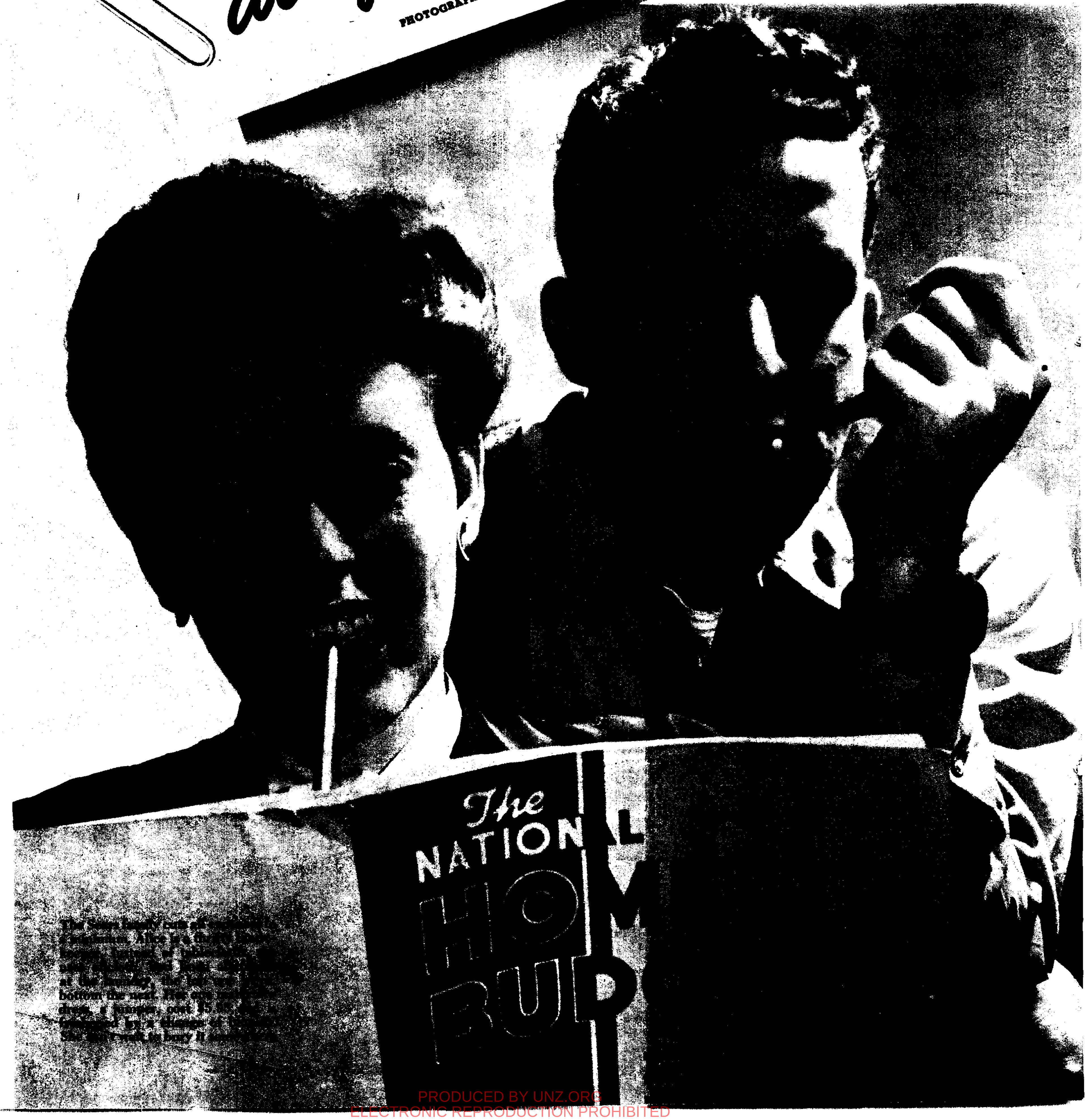
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HUSTON—PIX

IF HE'S ready to invest all his savings, hock his War Bonds and live on a shoestring, any married ex-serviceman, even one with a family, can go to college.

That's the conclusion to which my wife, Alice, and I have come after settling down to a routine which in two and a half years will give me a Master's degree in Oriental studies. Three hundred other married ex-servicemen at Yale, roughly half of whom have at least one child, agree.

Our routine, frankly, is very much like the day-to-day existence forced on many couples while the husband was in uniform, except that the many restrictions of service life are eliminated. Any Army wife who has done the circuit of tank towns and whistle stops near which most Army camps were located (where, incidentally, she got used to paying astronomical prices for rent and food) considers college life a snap in comparison.

Once we had decided that the time invest-



The Sears family's [illegible] bottom the next. [illegible] cost $5 [illegible] to buy it.

ment was worth while and the gamble of leaving the job market for college training was a good one, we took stock of our assets. We had a nest egg of War Bonds, some $400 in cash (mustering-out pay plus miscellaneous extras), a varied assortment of furniture, and the best wishes of everyone but my mother-in-law.

The bonds, we decided, would act as a security reserve in case of illness or other such emergency. The G.I. Bill of Rights (Public Law 346) would provide tuition, books and other college fees up to $500, which is ample.

Since I had been in the Army Specialized Training Program at Yale and planned to concentrate on Oriental studies, I applied at Old Eli, was admitted and we began to pack.

We estimated that the government stipend of $75 monthly for a married man would take care of the rent and part of the food bills. Thus, our first problem was to find a low-rent apartment and a part-time job for me. Alice, too, planned on some earnings by doing home typing.

In apartment-scarce New Haven we could find nothing in the desirable rent areas. After a long search, I stumbled across a three-room, 14-window affair on the second floor of a private house. About ten blocks from the campus, its monthly rental was $50, including utilities.

Part-Time Jobs and a Prayer

Although it was beyond our means, we took it in desperation and with a prayer. Like most other veterans, I discovered part-time jobs offered only from fifty to eighty cents an hour. Luckily, I found one which nets me about $10 a week. And another $3 a week.

Starting from scratch, like the other G.I. students who have never had a private corner they can call home, we started to shop for the necessities on our housefurnishing list.

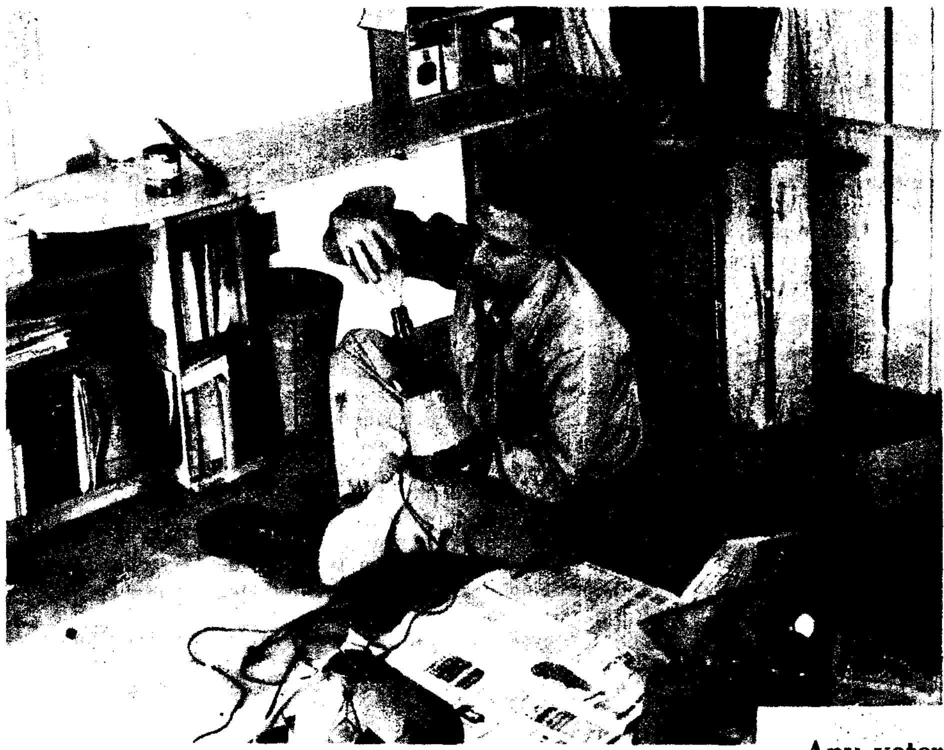
Comparative shopping, careful study of consumer publications and following "best buy" suggestions from disinterested surveys meant considerable savings. Watching the auctions, canvassing the "discontinued model" outlets and foot-searing shopping in a commodity-bare market finally brought our total home expense to $150. We bought, among other things, a brand-new 50-piece dinner set for $3, and a 24-piece set of stainless steel silverware for $5. We found good values in bed, kitchen and bath linen, 6 couch pillows, and a brand-new hair-mattress bed. The furniture was strictly makeshift.

To be sure, this was far from a page out of Brighter Homes and Stuff, but we comforted ourselves with the thought that we would have our plush home after I'd gotten my education. With moving expenses, plus an initial supply of groceries, we had spent $200 by the time I set out for my first class.

More economies followed through necessity of course, rather than through choice. We took stock of what clothes we had and what I'd bought on leaving the service. We'd dug down into home closets and old trunks and come up with wrinkled slacks, long-forgotten sweaters, plaid shirts, remnants from my Army uniform in the form of khaki shirts, slacks and G.I. shoes, plus long-stored summer wear—which on the campus comes under the heading of "collegiate."

Each garment's inspection brought forth the comment, "I can wear this in the rain . . . this'll go with your brown jacket. . . . I can wear this around the house . . ." Clothes had been the first casualty in the budget—we could simply buy no new ones and would patch up these when necessary. "Besides," we reasoned, "styles are changing, this is no time to buy clothes anyway. Prices are high, quality is low, etc."

(Continued on page 78)



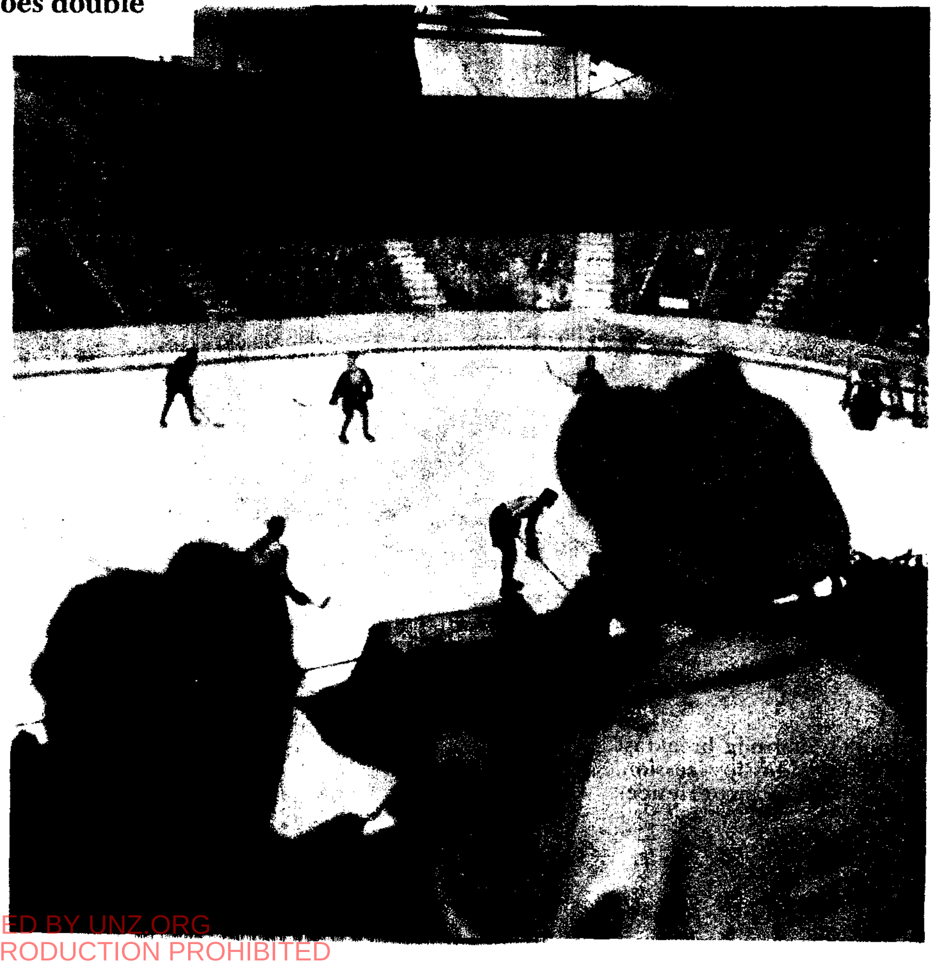
This is the room that Bill built. The bookcase is made of boards found in an empty lot. Scraped and varnished they rest on flower pots. A discarded surfboard nailed on two rebuilt orange crates painted gray, serves as a desk. The only major cost was $2.50 for lumber used in a radio cabinet and $3.50 for fixing the radio. Bill is a handy man around a house. Here he fixes a pot as a lamp base

Friends and relatives surprised them with outgrown baby clothes, diapers, blankets, booties, sheeting, a baby bunting and rompers. If it's a boy, he'll be dressed for a year. If a girl, Alice will make dresses out of rompers. Bill is working on a crib. He used the lid of a wooden barrel, cut diagonally in half, as rockers. On it will go a box. Total cost, painted, $1.50

Any veteran can get a G.I. education, but the first course on his list of subjects is Economy, with a capital E. And if he happens to be married, that goes double

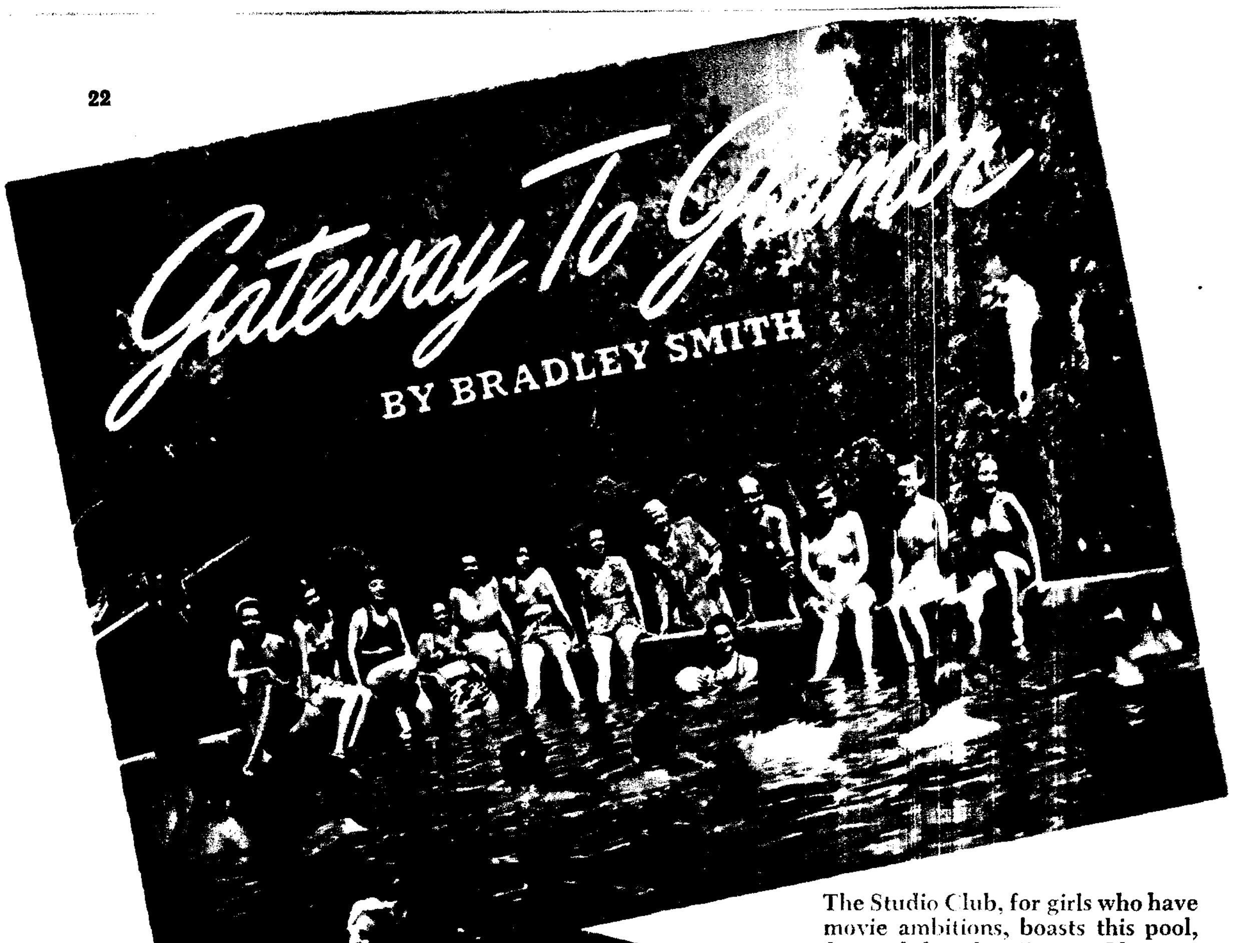
Bill budgets his time but not his energy. Full of zest he rushes home for his noonday meal. There are study and work hours ahead

Reporting local ice hockey for a wire service provides Bill with extra cash, Alice with a big night out and both of them with fun



Gateway To Glamor

BY BRADLEY SMITH



The Studio Club, for girls who have movie ambitions, boasts this pool, donated by the Jimmy Gleasons

If you think that movie-struck girls starve in $3-per-week rooms and despair at the casting director's gate, look at the Studio Club and then get pleasantly disillusioned

TAKE one hundred glamor girls, add sun decks, modern rooms, swimming pool and rehearsal facilities, a private theater, motion-picture studio contacts and you have the Studio Club, with more loveliness per square foot than a Hollywood musical in technicolor. This came about through a group of good English ladies who met in 1855 to found the Young Women's Christian Association. They decided that their new organization would "help young women dependent on their own exertions for support." It is a long way from the English factories of 1855 to the Hollywood of 1946, but everyone agrees that it was worth the 90-year struggle.

The Hollywood club was started in 1916. It began when a librarian noticed a group of ten girls meeting regularly to read Ibsen plays. She interested the "Y" in finding a better meeting place for them. Expansion of the club evolved from that point.

To solve the problem of low-cost housing for these young ladies and the extra girls that were pouring into the movie capital, the "Y" worked on the movie tycoons and raised enough money to erect the present Shangri-La for glamor girls.

They employed a woman architect and told her to make it the kind of place women would enjoy. It looks like an exclusive country club and makes each resident feel that she has what it takes to make a Hollywood impression.

The Studio Club is no longer just a home for movie extras. Applicants come from dramatic schools, universities, high schools and from 16 foreign countries. Most have had training in acting or dancing. Some are interested in careers in grand opera, classical music, the stage or radio. Many want to be writers. The majority, of course, expect to work in pictures. Some have made the grade.

For every girl who has succeeded, dozens have failed. Every girl admitted, gets a chance for three years. In that time she must go places or go home. There is an age limit of

The sun deck is warm winter and summer. Girl in foreground is Mary Jane Broderick, bit player

Most of the girls have their own sun lamps. Betty Cardwell, bit player, tries hers before retiring

Sunday morning breakfast is a long gossipy session. They swap experiences

18 to 35 years. This was necessary because applications were coming from movie-mad mothers on behalf of their 12-year-old daughters and from 75-year-old character actresses. There is always a waiting list of at least seventy-five applicants.

The rates at the club are amazingly low. Girls get a room and two meals a day for $8.00 to $15.00 per week. They also get laundry facilities and the finest telephone, mail and message service possible, at no extra charge. The telephone service is a very special feature because the management realizes how important a telephone call can be when both hopes and cash are getting low.

Contacts with the motion-picture studios are an important part of the club activities. Possible jobs are posted on the bulletin board and advice is available from a staff which has the "know-how" to help ambitious youngsters. Producers and scouts are invited to plays and auditions in the studio so that a girl can make the right impression at an audition. Life members who have contributed to the club are: Bette Davis, Joel McCrea, Jeanette MacDonald, Gregory La Cava, Jimmy Gleason and others. Motion-picture people including Mary Pickford, Mrs. Cecil B. de Mille and Lucille Gleason have served on the board of directors. Because these interested individuals know their Hollywood from the inside, the club has benefited greatly.

The greatest help the girls receive is from one another. When three girls were recently called for an audition and "didn't have a thing to wear," the loan fund stepped in and supplied money for their outfits. Girls arrive wearing the wrong clothes for their figures, using bad make-up and are always too fat or too thin. After a few weeks of exercise, sun baths and watching the other girls, they begin to resemble movie material.

Girls now living at the club who have "arrived" include Ann Richards, who starred in An American Romance; Margaret Mitchell, now in Janie Gets Married; Ginny Wells, who acted with Shirley Temple in Kiss and Tell, and Barbara Hale, who stars in First Yank Into Tokyo.

The club has no written rules. Girls are free to come in at 5 P.M. or 5 A.M. There are some unwritten rules: Don't snarl across the breakfast table, the other girls may feel lousy too; don't sing in the patio on Sunday morning; and one girl told me, "There is one unbreakable rule—no men above the first floor, but," she continued, "we always manage to keep a wolf at the front door—thank heaven!" ★★★

Exercise classes are held daily in the gym. This particular routine is designed to reduce hips and stomachs

Some of the girls want operatic careers. These three are auditioning for tryouts and contracts

The free phone always has a waiting line. Here, June Fraser goes into the yookitta yookitta routine while the others wait

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

These people are a normal day's contingent of constituents waiting to see their congressman, in this case, Maryland's Lansdale Sasscer. Suppliants such as these take up so much time that a representative has little left for legislating

Florida's J. Hardin Peterson is looking for a letter. All letters must be answered if a congressman wants to keep his job. Yet he has not enough money to hire sufficient help. Result: correspondence piles up into a small mountain

I COULDN'T AFFORD TO BE A CONGRESSMAN

BY ROBERT RAMSPECK

As told to JAMES C. DERIEUX

Congress spends less on itself than it does on Indian Affairs and is about as up to date as a surrey. An ex-congressman argues that if members' pay were raised and their staffs enlarged, the United States might get better legislation

For Representative and Mrs. William J. Gallagher, of Minnesota, this bleak hotel room is home. As for spaciousness, it's like trying to play a bull fiddle in a phone booth. But congressmen must have a home in Washington, D. C.

I AM now in my fifties, have served in public offices more than 30 years, 16 of them in Congress as representative of the Fifth Georgia District. In the course of these years I have worked as hard and as effectively as my strength and ability allowed, and without much thought of my own financial status. But it has not been possible for me to save anything out of my pay, my duties have been so heavy I could not supplement my income by private law practice, and there is no provision for retirement pay for members of Congress.

Under these conditions I looked ahead at my probable future if I remained in Congress—a dead-broke old age—and decided to resign, which I did with deep regrets but with no apologies. I have a right and a plain duty to consider my family's welfare. In my new position as executive vice-president of the Air Transport Association of America, I shall have plenty of opportunity to serve the public, and also some chance to lay by a little something against the time when my earning capacity will decline or fail.

The public should not expect a man to go on serving in Congress until his health breaks under the almost intolerable burden of work, or until he is thrown out to become an impecunious political has-been, hanging around his former colleagues in the hope that they will get a patronage job for him somewhere

A member of Congress can barely skin through on the $10,000 salary he gets. He must maintain two homes, one in his district, the other in Washington. He must pay most of his traveling expenses, part of his communication expenses, and every two years he must run for re-election if he is a member of the House; and running for office is not free exercise. My campaigns have cost me between $2,500 and $5,000.

Campaign Debts Hard to Erase

Many members, caught in hot contests, have borrowed heavily to avoid defeat, and then have scraped and skimped along for years trying to get even. Newspaper space and radio time must be bought, workers and automobiles hired, printing bills paid, travel costs met, luncheon and dinner checks picked up, and every candidate is an inevitable sucker for every money-raising campaign in his district.

One of my colleagues said recently that when he came to Congress he had several pieces of good property, but that he has sold one every two years to stay abreast of his obligations, and that he expects to do as I have done and get out after one more term, in order to build up his estate, if he can, to where it is adequate to take care of him and his wife. Another said his wealth, before politics got him, was three times what it is now.

I recall five men who have resigned from the House recently, and four of them, to my own knowledge, left because of the financial hazards of serving in Congress.

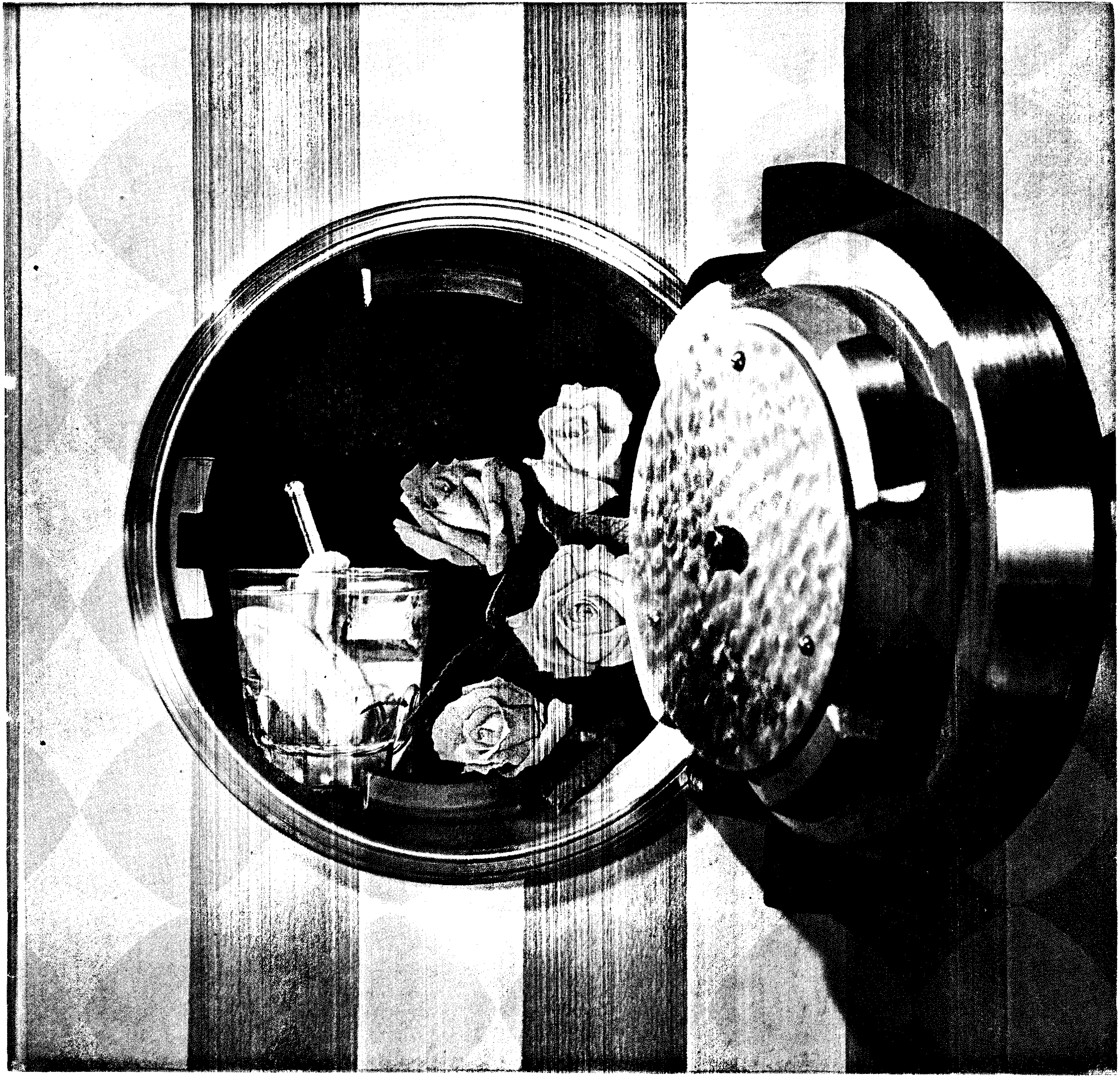
It is profoundly unfortunate that the public has not realized what it is doing to itself, to its form of government, when it insists that Congress be penurious toward itself. Congress is the people's branch of government. Every member is elected directly by the people, and is responsible directly to them. The people have a right to kick it around, of course, but if they do that too dumbly, this important democratic institution will deteriorate, and when a national legislative assembly caves in, liberty is likely to cave in too.

Three years ago I tried to do something from the inside to make service in Congress less hazardous financially. My proposal was modest. All I suggested was that members of Congress be eligible for retirement on the same terms that federal executive employees have been for many years. Under the proposal a member who paid $2,500 into the retirement fund and served 20 years, might retire on about $100 a month. If he paid in much more and served 35 years and up, it was possible that he might retire on about $400 a month, the maximum.

This puny proposal, in the form of an amendment, was passed without any expectation of extraordinary results. After all, federal judges may retire at 70 on full pay if they have served 10 years or more. Army and Navy men retire on pay. Many corporations and labor unions have retirement

(Continued on page 46)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT



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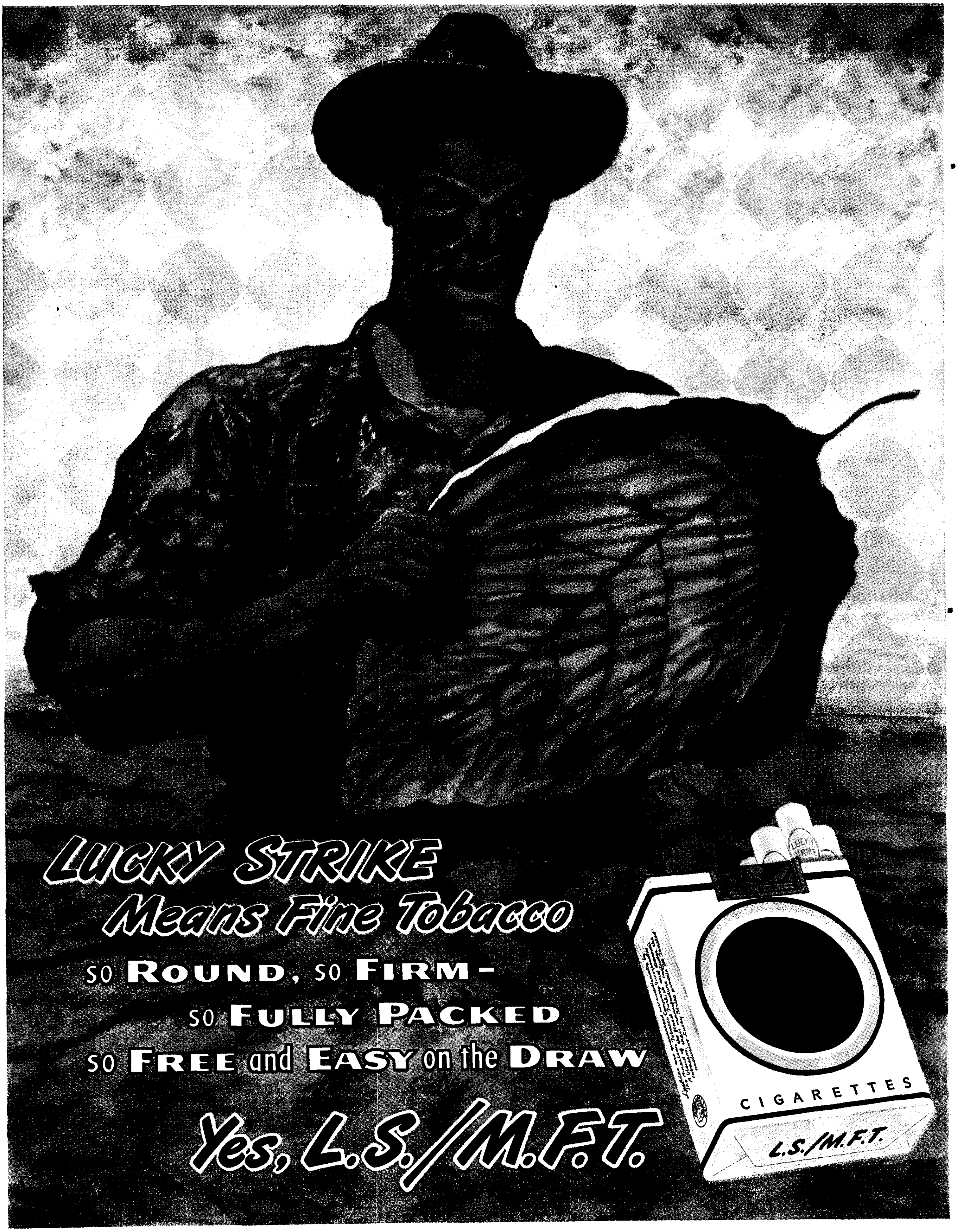
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CIGARETTES
L.S./M.F.T.

Hello, Beethoven

Continued from page 18

the floor. Spread in front of him was a white cloth and on the cloth, picnic fashion, was a roll of salami and a loaf of Vienna bread and several scattered crullers and a bottle of milk.

"Lunch," Mr. O'Hara said. "Help yourself."

"We just ate," Dixie said. "This is Benny. I told you over the phone."

"I hate people who write music," Mr. O'Hara said.

He was a big man; he was big enough to play tackle for Alabama, and he had red hair that was cut within a half inch of his scalp, a burnished ornamental fringe. His skin was the color of a lifeguard's in August.

"You may put in your paper," he said to Dixie, "that I expect to have my Ancient Mariner choral completed by the first of the month, and that I said no music group in America is capable of giving it an adequate performance."

"I'd be delighted," Dixie said, "if you'll listen to Benny. Two columns with a picture, maybe."

Mr. O'Hara grinned. "Public recognition," he said, "is the lifeblood of art." He held out an enormous hand for the brief case. "All right, let's see it."

"If it's all the same," Benny said, "I'd rather play it; it doesn't look so good. I mean, I don't know much about orches—"

He was interrupted by the telephone, a tremendous noise in the vacant, booming room. Mr. O'Hara climbed to his feet, pondered across the room, snatched the telephone, and roared into it.

"This is Lansing O'Hara; who the hell are you? . . . Max, I told you not to worry. All right, so it's for Friday. That's four days yet. I intend to get started tonight. . . . Listen, Rodzinski only had *one* day with the complete score of Number Three; what worries you?"

He flung the phone back on its cradle and came back to his lunch. He picked up a cruller and put it in his mouth. All of it. Benny looked at Dixie and shifted uncomfortably from one foot to the other.

"So if it's all the same to you, Mr. O'Hara," he said, "I'd rather play and you just listen—"

"Max is worried about the score," Lansing O'Hara said through the cruller. "I am doing the score for Miasma. It's a ballet."

COLLIER'S JOHN ART SIBLEY

"You mean you haven't even *started* yet?"

"Lots of time," Mr. O'Hara said. "Listen, do you know when Rodzinski got the final movement of my Symphony Number Three? Saturday morning—and it was scheduled for the same Saturday night!" He dusted powdered sugar off his hands. "It was a sensation."

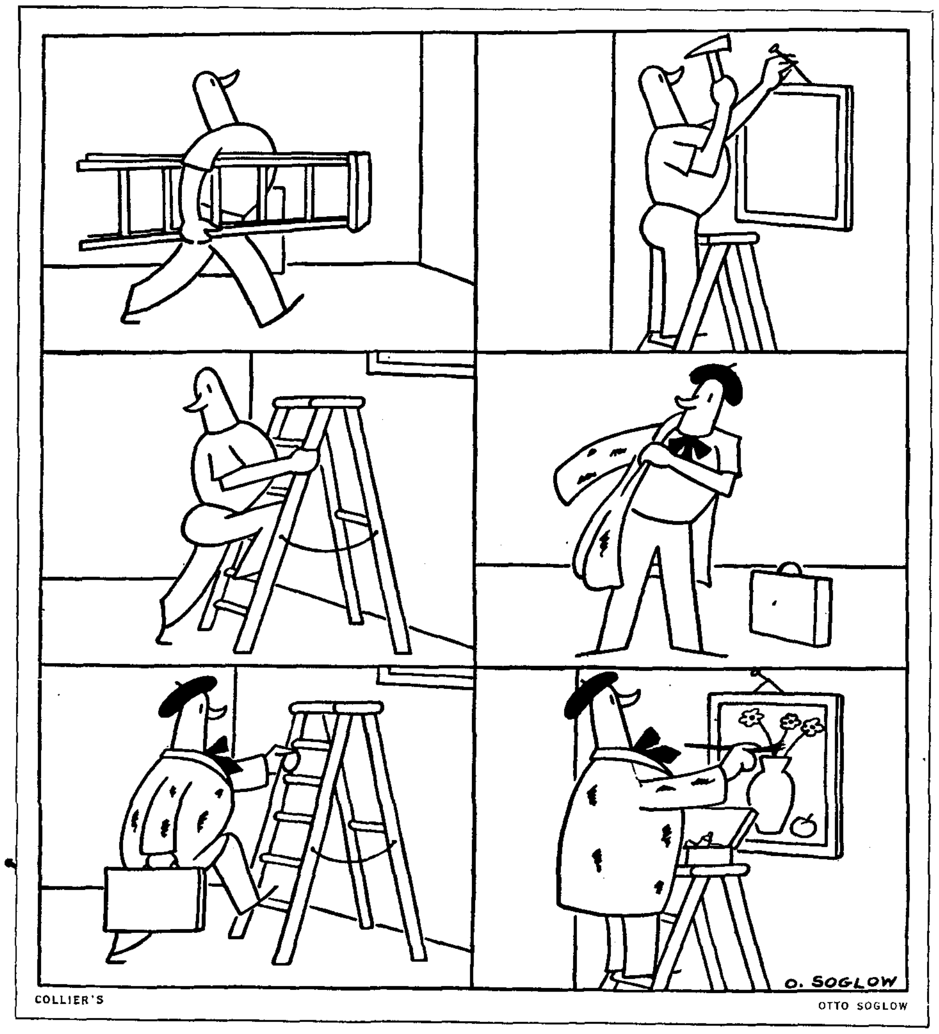
He stretched out on the floor on his stomach and laid his head on his crossed arms. He closed his eyes. After a while Benny concluded that the whiz kid of American Music had gone to sleep. Benny was getting sore.

"Well, what the hell are you waiting for?" Mr. O'Hara roared from the floor. "PLAY!"

"Look," Benny said, "I don't think you'll like it. You're a busy man. Maybe you could introduce me to George Hale—"

"What do you want to meet Hale for? You've met me. PLAY!"

Benny unpacked his music, summoned up his courage, and approached the piano. It looked bigger than ever. He put the music on the rack, and one of the center sheets fell out and fluttered to the floor; when he stooped to pick it up, his elbow got into the bass and made miscellaneous dissonances.



COLLIER'S OTTO SOGLOW

"Sounds like Stravinski," Mr. O'Hara said. "Got any ideas of your own?"

"That was my elbow," Benny said. He looked at Dixie appealingly. "Let's go home," he said.

She came over and took the music away from him; she held it behind her back. "Go ahead," she said.

So he closed his eyes and pretended he was in the Purple Circle, and he played. He played it pretty well, because by the time the rumba was finished and he was into the pavan, he was playing for himself, and it was a nice piece of music, strictly his own affair, nobody else listening to it at all. Well, there was the blonde. She could listen.

After he finished he didn't look up for a minute. He sat looking at the keys and waited for somebody to say something. After a long moment, somebody started applauding. He turned around to look, and Lansing O'Hara was still on his belly with his eyes closed; Dixie was smiling and beating her elegant patties together.

"Leave the score," O'Hara said from the floor. He opened one eye and looked at Dixie. "I could go for you," he said. The eye wandered to Benny. "It's got promise. Leave it and I'll have a look. You're a lousy pianist; I couldn't tell much."

Benny looked at Lansing O'Hara for a minute longer and got mad. He got up, snatched the music from Dixie's hand, and rammed it into the brief case. He got his hat from the top of the piano and started for the door.

Dixie grabbed the brief case and started to unpack it again. She put the sheets on top of the piano.

"What are you going to do with it?" Benny asked belligerently.

"Maybe I'll show it to Frank Black. Maybe Golschmann. Maybe Rodzinski. Maybe I'll build a fire with it. You'll hear from me."

"Listen," Benny said, "if you could get George Hale to look at it—"

"Never heard of him," Mr. O'Hara grunted.

THIS, of course, was a joke, except that there was nothing funny about it. George Hale was the man to whom newspapers and magazines invariably referred, tritely but accurately, as the Dean of American Composers. He was a hard man to see, but occasionally he took on a pupil, and Lansing O'Hara had been one of them. Mr. O'Hara had learned fast; he had made a million dollars, practically; he had made a splash. And now he lay on his stomach in the middle of the floor, announcing to the world that he had never heard of George Hale.

"When you are turning a grind organ," Benny said, "and being your own monkey, George Hale will still—" He choked with indignation and pointed a trembling finger to the manuscript on the piano. "Pack it up," he said.

"My dear boy," Lansing O'Hara said, closing his eyes, "surely you wouldn't give up your musical future in a fit of pique!"

"I don't even know what the hell a fit of pique is," Benny said. "You stink."

"Mr. Acton would be grateful for anything, I'm sure," Dixie said. There was molasses in her voice, but a threat burned from the corner of her eyes as she looked at Benny.

"I doubt it," Lansing O'Hara said, "but I am a generous man. Don't slam the door."

A cab was conveniently near by when they came downstairs, and Benny sat in silence during the long roll uptown to his place until Dixie tapped him on the shoulder with a finger tip.

"Forgive me," she said, "for giving you the chance of a lifetime."

"I don't like him, that's all," Benny said. "He made me feel like a little boy, asking favors. He stinks."

"What do you care?" Dixie said. She almost sounded angry. "What's the difference if he beats his poor old grandmother, if he can get you a hearing?"

"Principle, that's all," Benny said. "Just principle."

The cab braked to a stop in front of his rooming house. "And you didn't help me," Benny said. "Pushing and nudging and apologizing. I felt like a fool."

Dixie sighed. "Go upstairs, sensitive child,"

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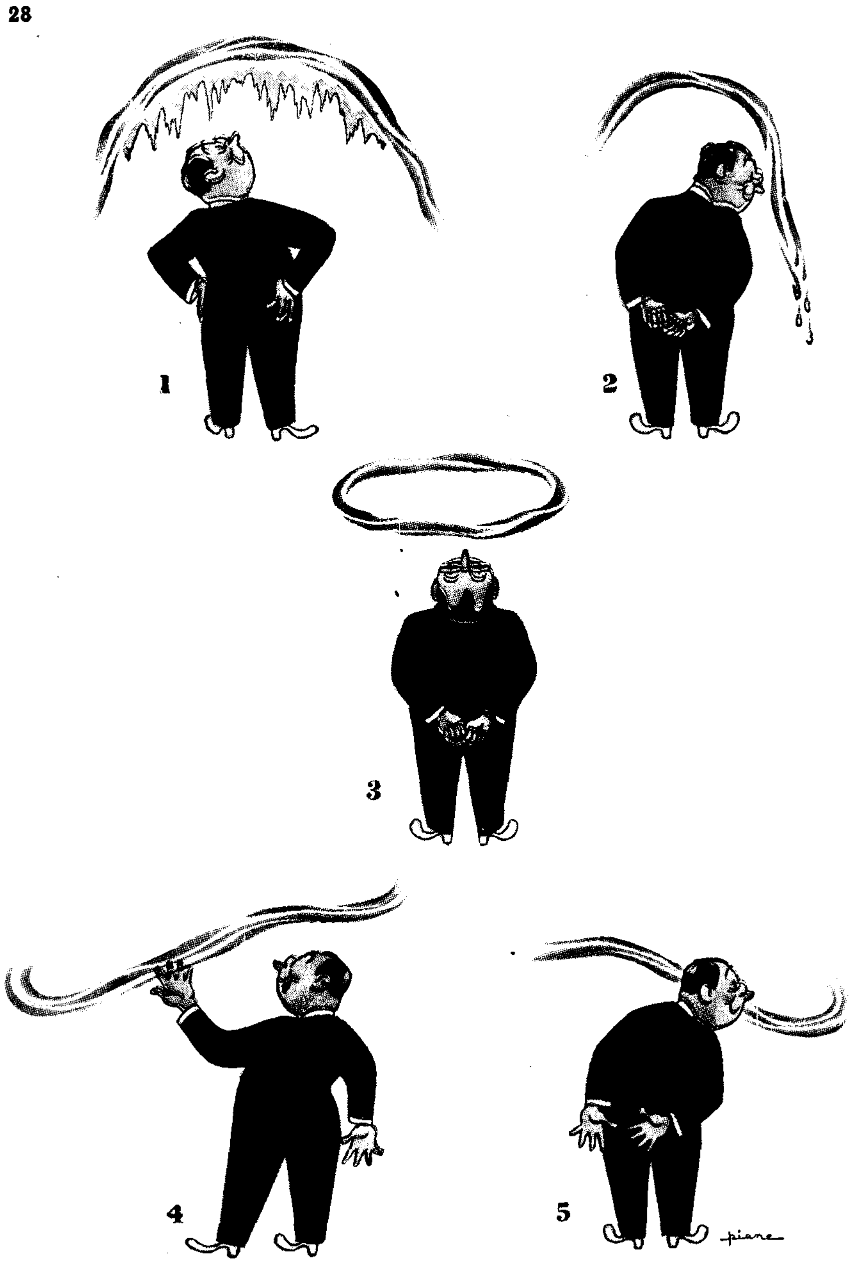

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she said. "Go to bed and dream of art, Beethoven."

Benny opened the door and crawled out. He closed the door and then leaned back through the window.

"I'm not going to bed," he said. "I'm taking a walk. I got to get the East River out of my nose."

He leaned through the window and waited for her to say something, but she only looked at him, her profile edged with light from the street lamp.

"Would you like to take a walk?" he said, almost humbly.

She laughed. Quietly, but warmly. She reached over and touched his cheek lightly with her fingers. "Not tonight," she said. "Good night, Beethoven."

The cab rolled away, and Benny watched its red taillights swing out of sight around the corner.

He was confused.

BENNY never was quite sure why he went to the opening night of the New Ballet Repertory Group. In the first place, the big event of the evening was the *première* of Miasma, score by Lansing O'Hara, choregraphy by somebody named Gustav Schlogober. In the second place, he'd lose an evening's work. In the third place he was convinced that he wasn't going to like it. But he went; the fact that Dixie asked him, and had two complimentary tickets, might have had something to do with it.

He headed for the men's lounge, where he could smoke a cigarette before the curtain. And when he turned the corner at the first landing he practically stepped on George Hale, the Dean of American composers.

Benny stopped and stared. "Mr. Hale!" he said.

Mr. Hale jumped a little, squinted at Benny through his thick glasses, and said, "Yes?"

"I—I saw you at the Philharmonic one time," Benny said. "Somebody pointed you out. It was on Sunday."

Mr. Hale was looking at him curiously, almost apprehensively. Somebody brushed between them, headed downstairs, and pushed them both against the opposite walls.

"I—I can only go on Sundays," Benny stuttered. "The rest of the time I work."

"Oh?" Mr. Hale said, not very helpfully.

Somebody stepped on Benny's foot and elbowed him against the wall again. Benny looked at Mr. Hale, and the Dean of American Composers looked back at him. Benny's collar was suddenly very tight. He clawed at it. He ran his fingers through his hair.

"Well," he said. "Well—see you again."

He bolted up the stairs and found Dixie waiting for him at the head of their aisle.

"What happened to you?" she said.

Benny sighed wearily. "Never mind," he said. "I hate myself."

They had two seats on the aisle in the eighth row, and by the time Dixie slid her arms out of the coat and her shoulders back in, the lights were going down. She fumbled with her hat in the artificial twilight.

"Here," she said, "hold this. And be careful."

Benny held it in his lap, and found that the tip of the feather came up to his nose. He tried several positions, and found the feather always in his face. Finally he spread his feet apart and leaned over.

"Suppose I just put it on the—"

"Don't you *dare!*" she hissed.

The first item performed by the New Ballet Repertory was called Elegy in a Country Churchyard, and Benny found himself dozing. The applause brought him back, although he was unable to applaud because he had a handful of hat. Mr. Lansing O'Hara's Miasma was next, the big event of the evening. Benny observed people straining forward in their seats with expressions of cultured eagerness on their faces. He snorted and settled lower, closing his eyes.

Thirty seconds later he was awake and indignant. The thing started with something called a prologue, a lean gentleman in green tights performing in the shade of an artificial tree. The music was slow and twitchy.

And it had been lifted right out of the pavan from Benny's Panama.

"Wait a minute!" he whispered hoarsely. "Wa-a-a-it a minute—"

People turned and looked, and Dixie punched him with her elbow.

"But that thing—"

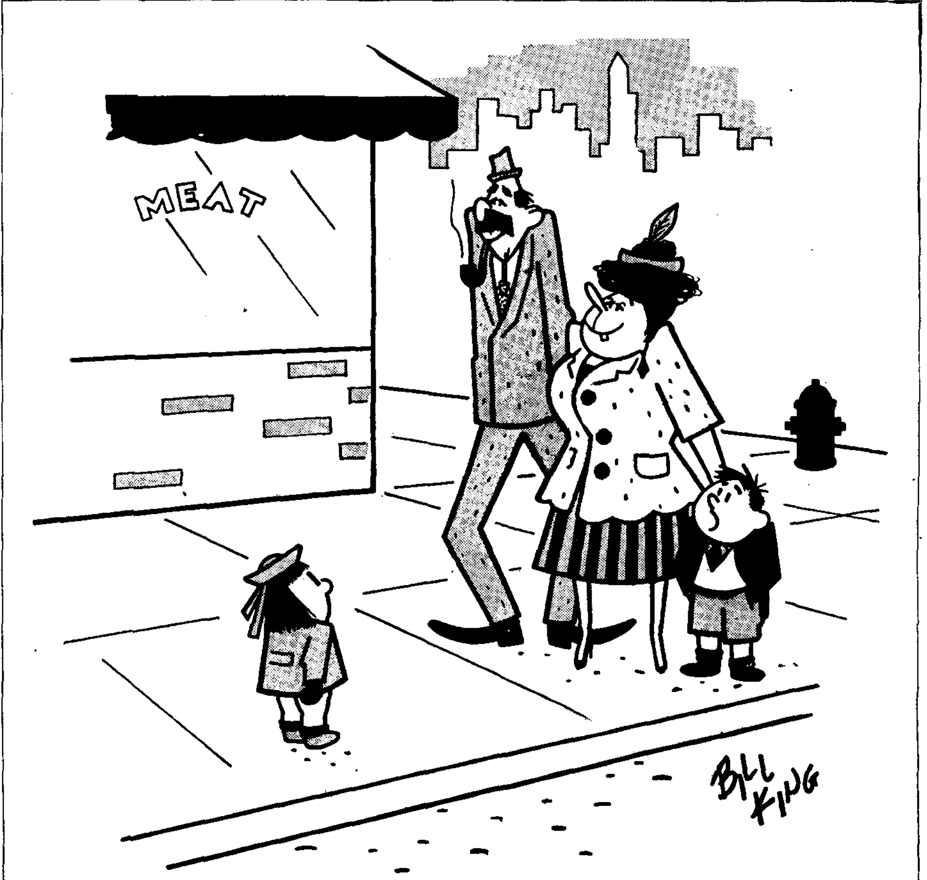
The feather punched him in the eye, and he swore. Dixie nicked him with her elbow again. He leaned back, growling. Mr. O'Hara had changed the tempo somewhat, but the music was Benny's.

"Listen," he whispered, "eight measures of that were lifted right out of—"

The feather got in his mouth, and Dixie glared at him. More dancers moved into the light; the music changed. It was a waltz, and it was good; it was original and bright, maybe brilliant. Benny listened in spite of himself, and after a while he stopped smoldering.

"It's good," he muttered. "Damn his eyes, it's tremendous."

And after all, he might be mistaken about that prologue. . . . After a while a princess



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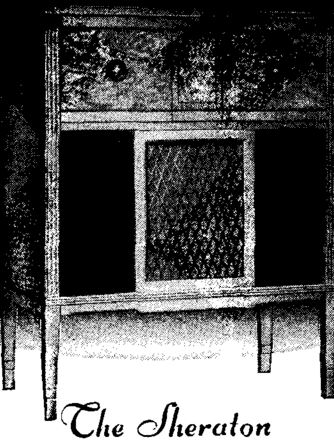

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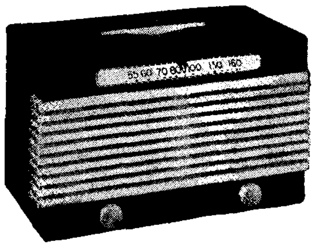

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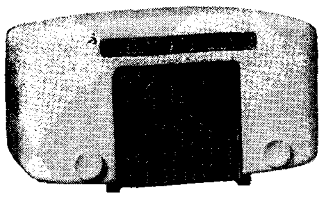

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came on, a female dressed in satin. The waltz melted into something else.

It was the pavan from Panama. It was Benny's second movement. Even the oboe solo had been included.

"Wait a minute!" Benny said. This time he didn't whisper.

Heads jerked in his direction; the string bass player in the pit stopped bowing and looked up. Dixie grabbed Benny's hand. The feather jabbed the corner of his eye. He threw the hat on the floor and stood up. He shook his fist.

"No wonder he writes 'em overnight!" he yelled. "Where is he? That's *my* music—"

He made considerable uproar. The conductor of the orchestra threw a startled look over his shoulder, and the music collapsed in random noises. The princess, decending from a high leap, tripped on the edge of her satin robe. She fell flat.

"He lifted it!" Benny yelled, informing the world. "Note by note! O'Hara, where the hell are you?"

THERE was a thickset gentleman hustling down the aisle, and Benny recognized him as the house manager. He was convoyed by two lobby ushers in gray-and-purple suits; the doorman brought up the rear.

"I'm staying right here," Benny roared, "until—"

"All right," the house manager said. "All right, all right."

He laid violent hands upon Benny's shoulders, and an usher assaulted him from either side. Benny swung freely with both fists. The music started again, ragged but fast and loud. It made a spirited background for Benny's removal. They took him across the front of the theater, past the front row toward a side door which had the inviting word EXIT above it in tall red letters. The music played louder and louder.

"Listen," Benny said. "You can't—"

He was catapulted through the emergency exit and the next thing he knew he was sitting in the middle of an alley, and the sounds of traffic on Forty-eighth Street beat dimly at his ears. He sat there for a moment, shaking his head. A pair of legs appeared in front of him. He recognized the legs.

"Well," Dixie said, "at least they didn't spoil your looks."

Benny got up slowly and deliberately, dusting off his pants. There was a rip in one knee. He said nothing at all.

There was a yellow sign on the other side of the alley, with a dim light above it, and an arrow pointing.

Stage Entrance, the sign said. Benny followed the arrow.

"Benny!" Dixie said, her spike heels beating on the concrete.

He waved her away with the classic gesture of a man who has important work to do. He found the stage door—it was painted green—and yanked it open.

He charged past the doorkeeper and two stagehands, circled a light tower, and found Lansing O'Hara standing in the wings. Mr. O'Hara, who wore an outsize suit of tweeds, was engrossed in serious conversation with a short fat man who wore glasses.

"Max," he was saying, "I give you my word of honor—"

He looked up and saw Benny. He dropped his eyelids to half-mast and smiled. "I was expecting you," he said. "If you'd just wait—"

BENNY didn't wait. He spread his feet apart. He swung upward from the waist, with all his weight behind it. His knuckles made a satisfying crunching sound against the kisser of the Whiz Kid of American Music. Mr. O'Hara started to fall. Benny caught him with a short left to the wind before he got all the way down.

Dixie was waiting at the stage door examining her hat unhappily; the green feather was bent almost double. Benny went past her without saying anything at all.

She caught up with him halfway down the block. He walked faster, and so did she. Finally he stopped in the shadow of an orange-juice emporium.

"You know what I want?" he said. "I want to be left alone. I got Swedish blood."

"I hope you feel better," she said.

"I feel fine," Benny said.

"If you intend to smell the Hudson River," she said, "I'd like to go."

"Wait here for a while," Benny said, "and you can probably pick up a sailor."

A cab stopped at the curb, and the door swung open. A smallish man with thick glasses looked out. He smiled vaguely.

"I was hoping I'd catch up," he said. There was a silence, and Benny stared in bewilderment. "I'm—I'm George Hale," the man said. "If you're going somewhere, could I take you?" The glasses swung toward Dixie. "Both of you?"

Benny looked bug-eyed.

"You remember," Mr. Hale said. "We—we saw each other at the Philharmonic once. Uh, on a Sunday." He moved over, and Benny felt himself being pushed from behind.

"My name's Evans," Dixie said, "and this is Mr. Acton. Mr. Benjamin Acton. I apologize for his lack of manners."

MR. Hale shook hands with both of them. The light snapped and they whipped into the traffic uptown, dodging a cross-town bus in the process.

"Mr. Acton," the Dean of American Composers said, "would you care to study composition with me?"

"Say that again," Benny said.

Mr. Hale said it again.

"He'd love to," Dixie said.

"Keep out of it," Benny said. "You got nothing to do with it. Listen, I know how it is with you, Dixie. I know what you were after."

"You mean a story?" she said. "You mean a scoop?" She laughed at him. "Beethoven, do you honestly think reporters do what I've done for you to get a story? You go to the movies, I suppose."

"I think you wanted to feel nice and noble. I think you want a warm glow, picking a poor but honest youth out of a low dive to give him a chance. I don't think you give a damn about—"

"Are you sure?" she said.

She put her hands on the sides of his head and pulled his face over. She kissed him lingeringly.

"That's how it is, you meathead," she said.

"I'd be delighted to have you, Mr. Acton," George Hale said. He sounded a little embarrassed. "You obviously have talent. I was impressed."

"Listen," Benny said fiercely, "it *was* my music. We took the score up there and—so help me, note for note!—honestly, I—"

"I know," Mr. Hale said placidly. "I believe you. Nobody else did, you know. Probably they all thought you were drunk."

"Why should you believe it, then?" Benny said. "You don't even know me."

"But I know Lansing OHara," Mr. Hale said. "I discovered him, you remember. I know how it is."

"So?" Benny said.

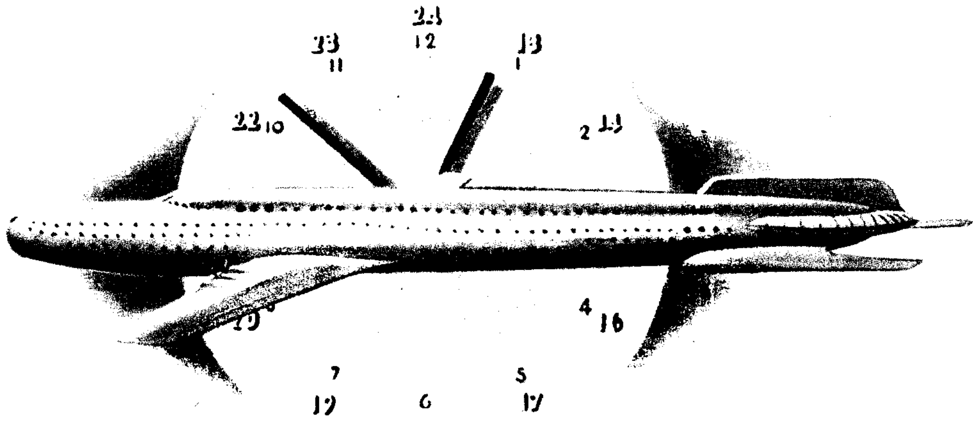
"I'm the man he stole the waltz from," Mr. Hale said. "Mr. Acton, we really do have a good deal in common."

So they all shook hands again.

THE END

"And now that the war's over and our missionaries have returned they find they have a lot of reconverting to do with natives who were pretty well converted"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN



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Six Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

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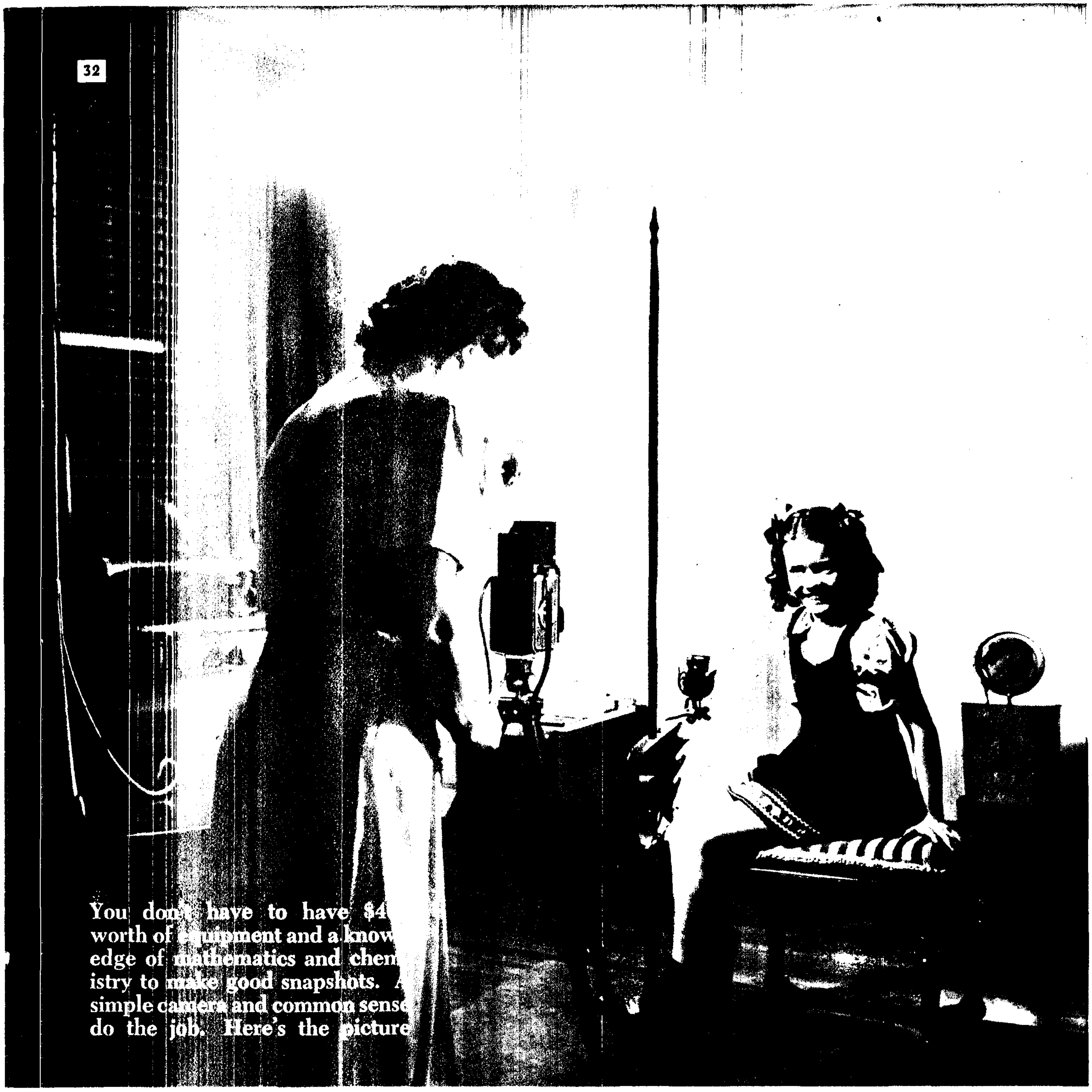
CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND....OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES



The author and Miss Miriam Quinn show position of camera, subject and lighting. Pie tin reflects backlight on wall

**You don't have to have $4
worth of equipment and a know
edge of mathematics and chem
istry to make good snapshots. A
simple camera and common sense
do the job. Here's the picture**

IF YOU sometimes sigh, "I'd like to go in for photography, but it costs so much; and as for learning all that chemistry and mathematics—" then you have been scared by a gadgeteer. You have met a guy dripping with photographic equipment like a one-man band.

If his $400 cameras and gadgets didn't demolish you, he gave you a blast of science—"This film has a rating of 26° Scheiner or 16/10° DIN, and I'll develop it to Gamma 8.92¼." That must have put the old Indian sign on you. After one eyeful and earful of this stuff, you decided that you weren't geared financially or intellectually to take up photography.

Now, passing lightly over those enemy aliens, Scheiner and DIN, let us get down to American brass tacks.

Even with the simplest box camera, the point-and-shoot kind, you can have a lot of fun and make pictures the whole family will gloat over. You can, indeed, make pictures that will startle the photographic world.

Consider the case of John O. Bowman of Mayville, New York. He is the undisputed box-camera champion of the universe. Some years ago he won a box camera for 75 cents on a punchboard deal. At first he tried to stay within his 75-cent budget, but he finally broke down and put out another 50 cents for a yellow filter to slip over his lens. This filter darkened the blue skies, so the white clouds would stand out handsomely.

John Bowman now has a file of more than 3,000 pictures. He had a one-man show of 100 prints at the New York World's Fair, and he sells his pictures occasionally for real folding money. Undoubtedly he has picture sense deep in his bones, and maybe you will never equal Bowman. But if not, you can't say it's because he has a better camera than you can afford.

Now, since I endorse the lowly box camera with such fervor, you may well ask why anybody ever buys a costlier and fancier one. Bowman would tell you he sticks to his box camera because it lets him concentrate on the *picture*. You won't take better pictures with a "better" camera, unless you can take good pictures with a simple one. If any old image, lighted any old way, with any old composition, will satisfy you, then never buy anything but a box camera. The awful pictures you will make with a $400 job will be no improvement over the atrocities you create with a two-dollar outfit.

Limited on Action Pics

Suppose you have a box camera, and are pretty good with it. You did fine on shots of your house, your church, scenery, family groups. But when Janie tap-danced or Jim romped with the pup, you got just blurs. Reason: your camera's shutter speed was only 1/25 of a second.

So you go to a camera store. You see Argus and Kodak minicams (using 35-millimeter movie film); twin lens reflexes such as Argoflex; Graflex single lens reflexes; Kodak folding hand cameras; and bellows cameras with rising and falling fronts. On the edge of the lens you see mystic numerals: 4, 5.6, 8, 11, 16, 22, and also T, B, 1, 2, 5, 10, 25, 50, 100, 200. Here we come with the smelling salts and the explanation.

While gazing into beautiful big blue eyes, you have noticed that outdoors in the sun the pupils close down small, while in the house, in dim light, the pupils open up big. A lens is the eye of a camera, and it has a diaphragm which can wax and wane like an eye pupil.

All that 4, 5.6 business refers to the "stops," the various sizes of pupil, or aperture, at which you set the diaphragm. They are called the F numbers, and if anyone tries to tell you how they are calculated, just don't listen. Simply remember this: F/4 is twice as big a hole as F/5.6, and F/5.6 is twice as big a hole as F/8 and so on. If light shines through a big hole it can make a picture in less time on photographic film than it can when it shines through a little hole. Of course. So you use a faster shutter speed with larger apertures. Go buy a ten-cent exposure guide at the camera store and you'll be smart at combining F's with shutter speeds.

Let's consider cameras. Most beginners want a 35-mm. "candid" camera because they say it is little and it "takes pictures anywhere in any light." The only minicams that shoot in a poor light have a costly lens and are complicated. They make a beginner miserable. Wait till you know something about photography before picking the hardest camera of all to operate well.

The folding hand camera that uses roll film? Very good for the after-box-camera stage. Millions of people have been made happy shutterbugs by these cameras. They're medium priced. The only minor objections are: You usually have to focus by guessing distance from lens to subject matter, and the finder (the jigger that shows you what you are photographing) is small.

The fancy folding camera with bellows and rack-and-pinion and movements, with ground-glass back and coupled range finder and things? Professional photographers have to use them frequently. Many crazy amateurs buy them and become crazier.

The single lens reflex? Pretty good, but pretty heavy to carry. This camera is called a reflex because it contains a mirror which reflects the image up onto a ground glass in the top of the camera. There you see exactly what you are photographing, in full negative size, and you focus it by observing whether the image looks sharp. Easier than guessing distance.

Now we come to the twin lens reflex, and here is where I become lyrical. This is essentially a camera on top of a camera. The top camera shows, via mirror, what you are getting, the bottom camera takes the picture. Top lens at full opening, F/3.5 or F/2.8, nice big hole, bright image. Bottom lens closed down to wherever you want it.

These cameras use size 120 film and make a picture 2¼ x 2¼ inches. That size negative is very practical. This type of camera works easily and rapidly, and is the best all-around camera for the average fan. The imported ones cost too much right now, but American manufacturers are coming right along with excellent twin lenses.

How about film? You hear the fans talk about "pan" and "ortho." They mean panchromatic and orthochromatic. Like white and whole wheat bread, both are bread. Pan film is sensitive to all colors of light, ortho to all but red. So don't photograph your redheaded girl friend with ortho, because freckles will come out very black and speckly.

Become Familiar with Your Outfit

Ortho films have names ending in "chrome": Verichrome, Plenachrome. Films also have different speeds, and the easiest rating to remember is the Weston. A film of 24 Weston is half as fast as 50 Weston and a fourth as fast as 100 Weston. Pan film of 50 Weston is good all-around film. Use the faster pans in poor light, or to stop very fast action. But stick to just one speed, one brand, for one year, so you'll become familiar with it.

Buy a medium yellow filter, double your exposure (open up one stop on the diaphragm of the lens) when you use it, and never read a filter factor chart—it will only confuse you.

So far we have talked equipment, not pictures, and John Bowman is quite rightly disgusted. Get a simple camera, read up a little, become deft with your outfit, and then think about picture ideas, light, faces, landscapes, lovely lines and patterns in this interesting world. That's where all the fun comes in.

Work outdoors at first. Try a number of pictures of the same thing. Only a greenhorn makes just one shot and then moves along. Don't tackle fast motion at first. The kids playing games, chasing the pup—sure, they're the most interesting. But pick a handsome building, a fine scene, material that can't run away while you're something less than smooth with those F's and that focusing.

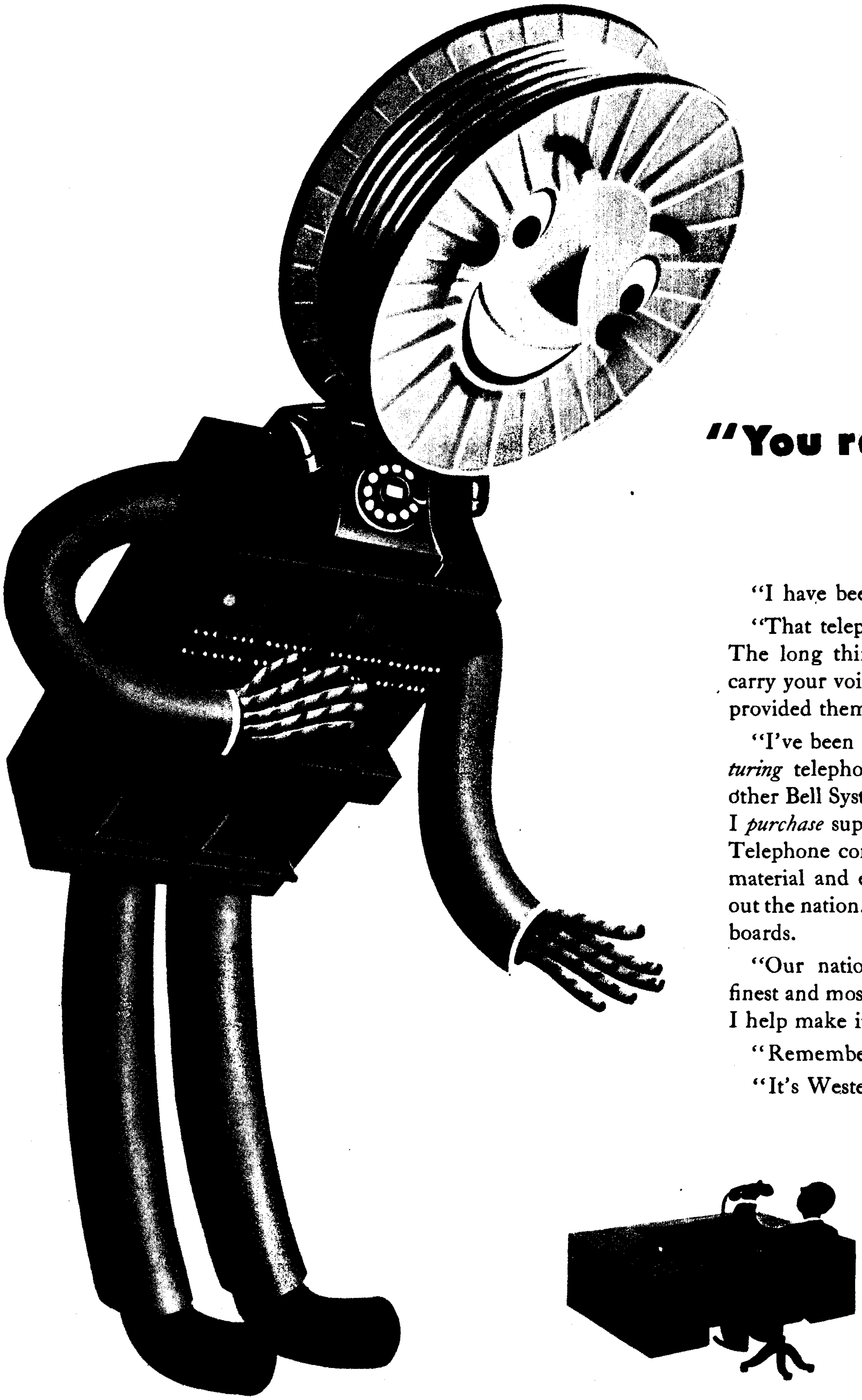
Don't think of your material as a topic, but as a mood, an idea, an effect. This isn't a picture of the First Methodist Church, this is a picture of peace, dignity, quiet beauty. Therefore, you won't include, in the finished print, a bit of a washline full of clothes and some cars at the curb, along with the church.

You'd better get a feeling for light by observing what the sun does for this world before you try to copy the sun on an indoors shot.

Indoors you use either flashlight or photofloods. These are bulbs with a fine filament which give very bright light on a small amount of house current. Burning steadily, they last only two hours. But you burn them only a few minutes at a time and they do a good job. I think the mushroom-shaped photofloods with the silvered backs are best; no reflectors needed. Put them in spring clip holders, or in your bridge lamps, if they have a joint near the lamp socket. It is best to work with photofloods first, so you get the hang of lighting, and then try flash.

(Continued on page 53)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN-PIX



"You rang for me?"

"I have been working for you for years.

"That telephone in your hand, I made. The long thin wires, the stout cables that carry your voice at the speed of light . . . I provided them, too.

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Too Bad...

BUT HE ASKED FOR IT!

HE THOUGHT he had a lot of good miles in that tire; the outside looked good. But there was a break inside... it blew... and now another car is off the road until the owner can get a new tire. So he's thumbing.

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Take care of your tires the smart way, the Bowes way. Drive into a Service Station displaying the BOWES "Seal Fast" Sign, where you will find tire experts who will examine your tires—inside and outside. Breaks or cuts are quickly located and repaired. Because they are *safely* repaired with better Bowes "Seal Fast" materials, equipment and methods, they will give you many more miles of worry-free wear.

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Clean your radiator in the spring with **BOWES Radiator Cleanser.** Then, to prevent formation of new rust scale add a can of **BOWES Rust Preventive.**

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BOWES "SEAL FAST" CORP. • INDIANAPOLIS 7, INDIANA

Dangerous Lady

Continued from page 13

The house was very large and very white. It was of colonial architecture. A veranda spanned its entire width, marked by a half-dozen Doric columns, each two stories high.

There was a dim light in the entrance hall downstairs, just beyond the screen door. Upstairs, two yellow squares marked the windows of Mrs. Treadway's room. Gail opened the door and got out of the car. Scott Henderson started to follow, but she stopped him. She said, "Wait here, please. I'll only be a few minutes."

He was puzzled; but there didn't seem to be anything to argue about, so he climbed back into the car.

Happiness triumphed over his puzzlement. He had just discovered that he'd had a lot of capacity for love bottled up in him for thirty years. He was still shaken from the intensity of her response. That was a nice memory. He dismissed her refusal to consider an immediate marriage. Maybe she figured she was too young.

And she *was* young, of course. She still had almost six weeks to go before reaching her twenty-first birthday. He wondered whether he'd be criticized for robbing the cradle. Nine years difference: that sounded like a lot. But a man of thirty wasn't old by any standards.

He was a little sorry that she was so rich. He knew all about that since his firm, Mathews, Henderson & Company, was the trustee of her father's property and the executor under his will. Fletcher Mathews and Major David Ellsworth Barrie, Gail's father, had been lifelong friends. Barrie's final act before shoving off for active duty had been to turn over all of his property to the firm—which meant to Mr. Mathews.

BARRIE had made his fortune in Cuba—most of it, anyway. Something to do with the finding of naphtha deposits. The coming of the war had given his property terrific value. Major Barrie had sold out, lock, stock and barrel. And now the money derived from that transaction belonged to Gail . . . or *would* belong to her the day she became twenty-one. He knew it would amount to about a million dollars after payment of inheritance taxes to the state and federal governments.

He turned away from practical thoughts to the contemplation of a rosy future. He felt beautifully sentimental. The world was painted in gay colors. . . .

The soft stillness of the night was broken by a sound. It was a sharp, severe, sudden noise and it seemed to come from inside the Treadway home. Scott Henderson thought: That sounded like a shot.

Ridiculous. But the idea persisted. There was no logic to it, but there it was. He felt nervous and jumpy. There was no reason for that, either.

He started to get out of the car, thought better of it, and settled back behind the wheel, leaving the door open.

For what seemed an interminable time there was silence. And then, clear and shrill, came the sound of a woman's scream.

Scott was out of the car, running toward the house. He was afraid without having the faintest idea of what he feared. His feet made sharp, scraping sounds on the gravel walkway. He leaped up on the veranda, crossed it, and flung open the unlocked screen door leading into the entrance hall.

The first thing he saw was the figure of a woman. Not Gail. He didn't see Gail anywhere. This woman was bigger and heavier and older than Gail, and she was dressed all in white. It was Mrs. Treadway's nurse, Mary Potter.

The screen door slammed behind him, and the nurse turned. Her cheeks were pallid, her eyes big and round and terrified. She said, "Oh . . ." and pointed to something on the floor.

Scott Henderson ran forward. The body of a woman was lying there. A young woman. His first feeling was one of relief. It wasn't Gail.

This girl wore a thin housecoat. It was of a pretty, flowered material. And across the front there was a dark, ugly stain which was no part of the pattern. He looked down at the oddly grotesque figure, at the plain, sweet face, at the dark hair which pressed against the floor. He said, "Doris!" and looked at the nurse.

Miss Potter kept saying, "Oh, God . . . Oh, God . . ." over and over again.

Scott looked around. He opened his lips to ask about Gail, then changed his mind. He didn't know why.

There was no sign of Gail. She wasn't in the hallway. She wasn't in the living room, or in the room beyond.

Doris was dead.

And Gail Barrie had disappeared.

SCOTT had never before seen the body of a person who had been murdered, and he wasn't enjoying the experience. Doris was sprawled on the floor. She looked uncomfortable. He told himself that he was a damned fool—a dead person couldn't be uncomfortable. And his thoughts snapped back to Gail Barrie, who had walked into the house a few moments before the shooting and now had vanished.

He said to the nurse, "What happened?"

Miss Potter said, "I don't know. I heard a noise. It sounded like a shot, but that seemed ridiculous. Then I thought I'd better look anyway. I found her . . ."

"What was she doing downstairs?"

"I sent her. I thought it'd be good to get her out of the sickroom."

"How long ago was that?"

"Fifteen minutes. Maybe twenty."

"Who else was here?"

Miss Potter looked surprised. She said, "Nobody else. Just us."

"The servants?"

"They've been gone since right after dinner."

"And you're sure that only you and Doris and Mrs. Treadway were here?"

"Of course, I'm sure. Just the three of us." She looked at Doris and then at Scott. "Of course, somebody else *must* have been here . . ."

That's what Scott Henderson was thinking. Somebody else *had* been there, and he knew who that somebody was. He had seen Gail walk into the house. And that was all he had seen. She and Doris had been downstairs. Now Doris was dead and Gail had disappeared.

His thoughts were racing, making great circles around the idea of Gail and coming back always to the same point. He said, "Do you know if Doris had been expecting anyone?"

"I don't think so."

One idea hit him between the eyes. He had to find Gail, had to speak to her before anyone else did. He wanted to ask more questions, but that seemed to be the wrong play. Obviously, the nurse hadn't heard her; didn't know anything about her. He wanted Miss Potter out of the way.

He said, "Look, you go back upstairs to Mrs. Treadway. This will be tough on her . . ."

"She's too ill to understand what it's all about."

"I'd advise calling the doctor, anyway. Is there a phone upstairs?"

"Yes."

"Call from there. But before you do, give the police a ring."

She looked frightened. "What do I say?"

"Just answer any questions they ask. Tell them they'd better get out here right away." He tried to make his voice sound authoritative. "Run along, now."

She started up the stairway—a solid, compact young woman, quietly efficient and badly frightened. Scott found the courage to give her what he hoped was a reassuring smile. He said, "Don't forget: call the police first."

He heard her moving about in the upstairs hall, heard the sound of the telephone dial. Time was closing in on him. The name Treadway carried a lot of weight in Cherokee. The cops would arrive in a hurry.

He was not familiar with the Treadway home, but its arrangement was simple enough.

He walked through the downstairs, snapping on the lights in each of the rooms, peering into closets and behind draperies. He was shaken, and more frightened than he cared to admit.

He finished his search of the downstairs. He went through the kitchen and the butler's pantry. He returned to the front hall. He opened the screen door and stepped outside.

His eyes had become accustomed to lights, and the night seemed blacker and more forbidding. Nobody in sight. Back beyond the edge of the property there was woodland: tall, stately pines and venerable oak trees. He wanted to search the edge of the woods, but realized that he didn't have time, and that it wouldn't be so good if he happened to be outside when the police arrived.

He went back inside the house, nursing the thought that perhaps Gail had gone upstairs. There must be a back stairway. She could have used that.

YOUNG Henderson had been through a fair share of experiences in his thirty years, but this was a new one. He knew he had to do something, but couldn't figure what. There was the fear that something had happened to Gail, something dreadful. But even more than he feared that, he feared something else. It stemmed from Gail's insistence on seeing Doris immediately, of regarding her visit to this house as more important than being alone with the man she had just said she loved. There had been some compelling motive for the visit to the Treadway house, some reason she couldn't wait until morning to see Doris.

Odd about that, too. Gail was almost twenty-one. According to her, she hadn't seen Doris since they had lived next door to each other and played together as little children. When Gail left Cherokee, she was four years old; Doris, seven. Gail hadn't been back since. The more he turned it over in his mind, the less sense it made.

A siren wailed through the summer night. Scott hadn't had time to decide what he was going to tell the police. He was on the spot, and he didn't like it. He was terribly in love, and the girl he'd been making love to a few minutes before should have been with him—but she wasn't. It was confusing and frightening.

The siren stopped abruptly. Scott heard heavy feet crossing the veranda. The screen door opened and two men came in.

They didn't look like policemen. They were wearing civilian clothes. One of the men was tall and broad, the other short and wiry. Scott felt a sense of relief at sight of the big man. He moved forward with his hand out. He said, "Bernie!"

Bernie Williams grabbed Scott's hand and crushed it. He said, "What gives, Scott?"

Henderson felt better now. This was a breather. He wasn't afraid of being pushed around.

Bernie Williams was a cop, but Bernie was a friend. They had gone to the same grammar school and had attended high school together. They had played on the high-school football team. That was when their acquaintance had ripened into a friendship which, on Bernie Williams' part, amounted almost to idolatry.

Bernie had been a good football player, but definitely weak on the scholastic side. The academic standards of their school were high, the eligibility rules rigid. So Scott Henderson had not only played football, but he had labored diligently through two fall semesters to cram enough knowledge into Bernie's head to keep him eligible for the team. Bernie was grateful. He thought Scott was a genius. He never understood how any kid could know so much and still be so nice.

Bernie had played his quota of football and then abandoned all thought of graduating. He possessed an innate shrewdness and unusual powers of observation. But Latin and mathematics floored him. He left school, and the next thing Scott heard, he was a rookie patrolman on the Cherokee force. Their contacts since then had been cordial but infrequent. Bernie had become a detective, and, from all reports, a good one.

The smaller man came forward. Bernie said, "Meet Sergeant Peterson, Scott. Chris Peterson. He's in charge."

Peterson looked alarmingly efficient. His bright eyes ferreted through the hallway and came to rest on the body of Doris Treadway. He knelt beside her and made a couple of simple tests. He got up and said, "Deader'n hell. How'd it happen?"

Scott said, "I don't know."

"You was here, wasn't you?" Chris Peterson demanded.

"No. I was in my car. It's parked by the gate."

"Who is she?" Peterson gestured toward the body.

"Doris Treadway."

"H'mm!" You could almost hear Chris Peterson's brain clicking. He knew everything there was to know about everybody in Cherokee. "I thought she was livin' in Los Angeles."

"She does live there. Her mother is ill. Doris got home this afternoon."

"Cute reception she got." He looked up at Scott. "Let's have it the way you know it. Where do you fit in?"

(Continued on page 36)

"I felt rather gay after drinking out of her slipper. She wears size 8½, you know"

COLLIER'S MICHAEL BERRY

Write your pen troubles away with this new ink!

SOLV-X IN PARKER QUINK WORKS THE MAGIC!

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Sure, sonny, your mom's addressing those invitations with just ordinary high-acid ink. And high-acid inks cause 65% of all pen troubles! Why don't you tip her off to Quink—the kind your teacher uses. It contains *solv-x* to protect pens.

"USE MY QUINK. IT CLEANS PENS AS IT WRITES!"

Smart boy! No wonder your school papers won all those gold stars for neatness! And Quink does much more than keep pens free-flowing. For while ordinary high-acid inks damage vital pen parts, *solv-x* in Parker Quink guards against metal corrosion and rubber rot.

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Smooth writing now, isn't it lady? And brilliant! That's why Quink is America's largest-selling ink. That's why new millions are switching to Quink. And remember, only this ink developed by Parker scientists, contains wonder-working *solv-x*. Yet Quink costs no more than other inks!

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Solv-x in Parker Quink protects pens 4 ways:

1. Ends all gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting and even flow.
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Stop pen troubles before they start! Quink with *solv-x* comes in 4 permanent, 5 washable colors at 25¢. School size, 15¢. Also pints and quarts. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

PARKER Quink

THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X

WORMS MAKE THE GARDEN GROW

BY ALFRED H. SINKS

Bernice Warner's place in Ohio blooms like an oasis, yet she does no fertilizing, plowing or cultivating. She leaves it all to the mighty and industrious earthworm

Worms fascinate Bernice Warner. Here she shows her nephew, Dan, a nice crop

BRAD WILSON

THE rationing board of Worthington, Ohio, nearly blew up the first time a brisk, smart-looking middle-aged woman handed in her application for an *extra twelve pounds of sugar "to feed her earthworms!"* After the first wave of incredulity the members began to laugh. But 46-year-old Bernice Warner—with a fighting tilt to her chin—looked back at them coolly. She's had the last laugh too often to be bothered by things like that.

"My worms," she explained icily, "get twelve pounds of sugar, twelve pounds of suet, and twelve pounds of corn meal a month. If you don't think they earn it you just ought to come out and see the work they do! Yes," she taunted, "why don't you?"

The chairman himself took up the challenge. He was amazed by what he saw. The contrast between the surrounding acres and the little three-quarter-acre Warner place with its vine-covered brick bungalow makes you think of an oasis blooming in the desert. Some special magic has touched everything that grows there. The grass is greener, the leafage heavier, trees sturdier and taller, plants healthier.

An elm that spreads over the Warner roof is forty-five feet tall. Across the road is its twin, planted at the same time, but only half as high.

A tiny garden and a few fruit trees keep the Warner table stocked with fruit and vegetables. Miss Warner set out some strawberry plants. Experts said the plants should produce about 30 quarts of berries. Their first bearing season they bore 90 quarts, the next season 160 quarts. Off Miss Warner's little patch of tough Ohio clay comes everything from peas to pumpkins and watermelons that are bigger, fatter and sassier than any the neighborhood has ever seen. Tomatoes ripen two weeks earlier than their brothers on the outer side of the Warner fence line.

There's No Black Magic to It

Envious neighbors began a few years ago to suspect Bernice Warner of practicing the black art. Actually her secret is simple. Miss Warner just takes care of her earthworms and *they* do all the scientific gardening. They do most of the plowing, all the harrowing and cultivating. They supply all the fertilizer—nitrogen, potassium, phosphates and other vital minerals—needed to turn a rather poor patch of soil into a blooming paradise. They build a drainage system that catches and holds the water around the roots of the Warner plants through midsummer when drought drys up the surrounding countryside. And they do a lot more.

They furnish the Warner family with an increasingly good living. For the Warner *garden is just a side issue now.* Most of Bernice Warner's attention goes to the needs of other gardeners who want to get started with earthworms. She's in the earthworm business!

To most people, earthworms are just slimy, disagreeable creatures that slobber about underfoot after a hard rain. They are good for fish bait and nothing else. But that is about as far from the truth as it could possibly be.

Most of us have done enough gardening to know that it is the layer of fertile topsoil on top of the earth that enables things to grow at all. Earthworm fans claim their small champion has a monopoly on its manufacture. For each earthworm is his own miniature chemical factory. He eats all the decaying vegetable and animal matter that falls on the surface of the earth. His digestive juices convert this mass of organic matter into the chemicals that support plant life. Results of tests have differed a great deal under different conditions and on different soils, but they show that what comes out of the earthworm may contain as much as five times more nitrogen, seven times more phosphates, and eleven times more potash than what went into him.

So much for the earthworm as a fertilizer factory. In addition to that, he's an indefatigable pick-and-shovel man. As he eats his way along—sometimes going down as deep as five or six feet—he grinds up and pulverizes the soil, doing the work of plow, disk, and harrow. Fill a mason jar with layers of clay, sand and topsoil, put in a few worms and give them a few days time to work, and you'll see the different layers of earth intermingle until the worms have done a job as thoroughly as an egg beater.

But more than that, the earthworm is a great drainage engineer. Rain water runs off the surface of hard-packed soil and is wasted. But earthworms leave behind them a maze of small-bore tunnels that lets the water get down around the plant roots and then holds it there. Tests have shown that soil filled with earthworms can drink up four inches of rain in 15 minutes, whereas wormless soil will take three hours.

Finally the earthworm gives his own body to the cause he serves. His decaying carcass adds just that much more topsoil to enrich the earth.

Unfortunately not nearly enough has been done to measure the effect of earthworms on the growth of plant species. The few really scientific tests that have been made are, however, significant. One scientist planted his test seeds in sets of two boxes each. In each case the seed went into one box with *earthworms, one without.* For oats the worms seemed to make little difference, for the worm-filled box produced only 3 per cent more than the other. But the worms really went to work on rye, potatoes, vetch, field peas, and rape! They produced 64 per cent more rye, 136 per cent more potatoes, 140 per cent more vetch, 300 per cent more peas, and 733 per cent more rape.

Bernice Warner got into the worm business after she read about Dr. George S. Oliver, of Fort Worth, Texas, who had grown earthworms for years and even developed a new species. She saved up $100 and sent it off to Oliver for 25,000 worms to get started with.

That was in 1937. A year later they had paid her back her investment—not in garden produce but in extra worms to sell to other curious gardeners.

Marketing the Surplus Stock

The following year about $600 worth of surplus worms went on the market and by 1944 there were so many that Bernice had to give up her job as chief accountant for a paint company and go into the worm business. Now she ships them in cartons all over the eastern half of the country.

When the Warner garden is planted in the spring a shallow trench is dug alongside each planted row. A few worms, along with the earth in which they breed, are taken from the concrete pit in which they live and spread along the bottom of the trench. The trench is covered and after that the worms do the work. Bernice Warner's method of treating backward trees and shrubs is just as simple. She digs a few 12-inch holes near the roots, tosses into each a handful of wormy compost, and covers them over. Once is enough; the worms look after things from then on.

Chemicals of any kind are taboo on the Warner place; Bernice feels they might hurt the earthworms. Yet plant-eating insects and diseases nibble at the edges of the Warner patch, get discouraged, and go away. Like healthy people and healthy animals, healthy plants have a natural resistance to attack and need no medicine, Bernice Warner holds.

You may conclude that Bernice Warner has the answer to the gardener's prayer. Or you may decide she's wasting her time. Either way, you can probably find some expert to back you up. For even the scientists are divided. So—if you like to gamble—the best thing to do is try it yourself. ★★★

Dangerous Lady

Continued from page 35

Scott hesitated. He looked toward his friend Bernie Williams for help, and saw Bernie's keen, level glance fixed on him.

"Well?" Peterson's voice was crisp. "What's all the thinking for?"

There was a sound from the back of the house. All three of them turned toward it. The rear door opened and Gail Barrie came in. Her face was pallid. She moved toward them swiftly and looked down at Doris. She said, "Is she . . . ?" and left the question hanging.

Bernie said, "Yes, ma'am, she's dead."

Sergeant Peterson broke in. His voice had softened, but it still was freighted with the unmistakable tone of authority. He asked, "Who are you?"

She shook her head, as though rousing herself from a nightmare. There was something in her eyes which was more than grief or shock. Scott could see that she was fighting for self-control.

She moistened her lips and said, "I'm Gail Barrie."

"Oh . . ." The name registered with Chris Peterson. Everyone in Cherokee knew about the young lady who had been born there and had come back to await her twenty-first birthday, when she would come into possession of a fortune estimated at more than a million dollars. "Gail Barrie, huh?"

"Yes."

"You here when it happened?"

Scott tensed. Gail hesitated, then said, "Yes, I was here."

"All right, Miss Barrie. S'pose you give out. What did you see?"

AGAIN that hesitation, as if she weren't quite sure of herself. "I came to see Doris. The front door was unlatched. I walked in. I saw two people standing back there, under the stairway. Then there was a shot. Doris fell. A man ran out the back door."

"You get a good look at him?"

She shook her head. "No."

"If you was that close . . ."

"I was looking at Doris. I knew that something terrible had happened, but I didn't know what. She started to fall and I tried to catch her."

"And the man ran out the back way?"

"Yes. I tried to do something for Doris. I saw she was dead . . ."

Bernie Williams said, "Take it easy, Miss Barrie."

Chris said, "After you decided she was dead, what did you do?"

"I ran out the back door. I thought maybe I could see the man, or see where he went."

"Did you?"

"No."

"But you seen him when he was running toward the back door, didn't you?"

"I saw it was a man . . . that's all."

"Tall, short, thick, thin? What kind of a lookin' man?"

"I—I don't remember."

"Think hard. We gotta have something to go on."

She said, "I'd only be guessing. But if you want a guess, I'd say he was about average size.'

Chris Peterson shrugged disgustedly. "Ain't that my luck? Somebody sees a murder and ain't got no idea what the guy looked like." He looked at Bernie, who had been moving about the reception hall. "Find the gun?" he asked.

"No."

"Take a look outside. Careful where you walk. There may be footprints."

"Okay, Sarge."

Bernie moved slowly and heavily toward the back door. Scott hated to see him go. He felt safe with Bernie around. Chris was something different. The little sergeant was keen and alert and forbiddingly impersonal. He spoke to Gail: "You say you just got here when it happened?"

"Yes."

"Kinda late, ain't it?"

She didn't answer. He went on, "How come you wanted to see her so sudden?"

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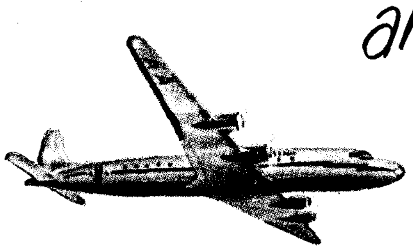

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Again Scott Henderson got the idea that Gail was choosing her words with too great care. She said, "I haven't been in Cherokee since I was four years old. The only person I really remembered was Doris. I heard that she'd come back to town today and thought it would be nice to drop in on her. Scott drove me over."

"And then . . . ?"

"He waited in the car. I came inside."

"Just in time to see her get it, huh? But you don't know whether the man was short or tall or what? How do you know it wasn't Henderson?"

Her hand went to her lips. "It wasn't!" she cried.

"How come you're so sure?"

"I know it wasn't. He was in the car . . ."

"That's the way you peg it. He could of maybe got out."

Scott said quietly, "I could have, Peterson. But I didn't."

"Okay." Chris' glance clashed with Scott's. "Keep your shirt on. I wasn't saying you did. I'm just a poor dumb dick trying to learn things." He turned again to Gail. "You didn't see nothing of the guy after you followed him out the back door?"

"No."

"And you wasn't scared?"

"Yes, I was frightened."

"You ran out a minute or so after it happened. You just came back. That's quite a long time, Miss Barrie. It was long enough for us to get the call at headquarters and for me and Bernie to drive out here. What was happening all that time?"

She said carefully, "I walked toward the woods."

"That takes a lotta guts."

"I wasn't thinking about myself. I walked as far as the brook. I didn't see anything. I stayed there a while looking around. Then I came back."

Peterson said softly, "When did you get that bruise?"

Scott was startled by the question. He followed the direction of the detective's glance. He didn't like what he saw.

ON GAIL'S left arm there was an ugly red mark; the sort of bruise that appears on sensitive flesh, and turns black and blue the next day. As a bruise, it wasn't much. But one thing Scott Henderson was sure of: It hadn't been there earlier in the evening.

Gail looked at her own arm. She seemed surprised and frightened. She said, "I don't know . . ."

"You had it long?"

She shook her head. She looked appealingly at Scott, as though she had reached the end of her resources and was begging him to take over.

He was thinking desperately. Too many things were too vague. He said, "I know when she got the bruise, Peterson."

"Oh, you do, huh? How come you do, and she don't?"

Scott said, "It's just a trifle embarrassing."

"I don't embarrass easy."

"On the way over here from the Country Club, I parked for a little while on The Ridge. I asked Miss Barrie to marry me."

"I'm listening."

"She said yes. Naturally, in a situation like that . . ."

Chris Peterson's eyes glittered. "I get it. You clinched. You grabbed her so tight she bruised."

The two men stared at each other. Scott didn't like the sergeant. He didn't like anything that had happened, was happening, or gave promise of happening.

Peterson said, "You must be a hell of a lover, Henderson. That's all I got to say."

Gail looked gratefully at Henderson. For a moment, he felt fine. Then a new thought hit him.

He started wondering what it was she was grateful for. And where she really had got the bruise.

Normally, Brookside was quiet and tranquil at night. Particularly on the far side of The Ridge where the Treadway house was located. But now, quite suddenly, it stopped being tranquil.

Automobiles came from all directions, converging on the Treadway home. First came a prowl car with two uniformed policemen in it; then the Treadway family doctor, an elderly man with gray hair and stooped shoulders; then the coroner and his assistant; then another police car with two fingerprint men. The Treadways rated a lot of attention, and they were getting it.

There was a brief lull; then more cars arrived. In the first was a tall, rangy man named Bill Daggett. He was forty-one years old, perpetually on the edge of being drunk, and he worked for Cherokee's morning newspaper, the News-Herald. He barged inside and started firing questions at Sergeant Peterson. Peterson answered with a question of his own. He said, "How'd you get here so quick, Daggett?"

The reporter grinned. "Our headquarters man was there when the call came in from here. He phoned the night city editor, who phoned me at the Country Club."

"Too bad," said Peterson caustically. "They got you before you finished getting plastered. I suppose you told everybody."

A procession of automobiles was turning into the driveway. "A lovely social evening," said the reporter, enjoying Peterson's discomfiture. "Thought you'd enjoy meeting a few of Cherokee's nice people, Chris."

THE first person inside the house was Barbara Mathews, the 19-year-old daughter of Scott Henderson's partner. Ordinarily, she was gay and bright and vivacious. Not beautiful by any standards—not even pretty, perhaps—but she was a nice girl, who always seemed to have young men around her. She saw Gail and ran across the hall to her.

For the two months Gail had been in Cherokee, she had been a guest at the Mathews home; and she and Barbara had grown very fond of each other. There was only a year of difference in their ages.

More people streamed in. Apparently Bill Daggett had flung a bombshell into the Saturday-night crowd at the Country Club. Behind Barbara trailed a very young Air Force lieutenant. He wore silver wings, ribbons of the European theater, three battle stars, three overseas stripes, and four decorations. He looked like a kid home on vacation from military school. Barbara introduced him briefly as Lieutenant Homer, and Scott remembered him as a gawky youngster, who only three years ago had been a pleasant nuisance around the club tennis courts.

Another car produced the tall and handsome Tony Kinkaid and a young couple named Pearsall. Two more cars added ten of Cherokee's nicer and more curious people. Then came another car bearing a couple whom Scott knew only casually, plus Paul Innes, the manager of the Country Club. Sergeant Chris Peterson made no effort to conceal his disgust. He said to Innes, "You forgot the band."

Paul said, "Don't blame it on me. Daggett made sure everybody at the club knew about it."

"Good old Bill," Peterson said sourly.

He assigned the two patrolmen to the job of herding the crowd into the living room and keeping them there. There was an incessant chatter in which women's voices were pitched higher than usual, while the men talked softly. Scott Henderson stood on the fringe of the group which centered about Gail. Tony Kinkaid towered above them all, his too-handsome face showing interest and solicitude. Chris Peterson stood it as long as he could and then shouldered through. He said, "Break it up, folks; break it up. Miss Barrie, s'pose we go upstairs where we can hear ourselves think. You, too, Henderson."

Kinkaid started with them toward the steps. He said, "I'll go along, too."

"Who are you?"

"A friend of Miss Barrie's."

"Lawyer?"

"No."

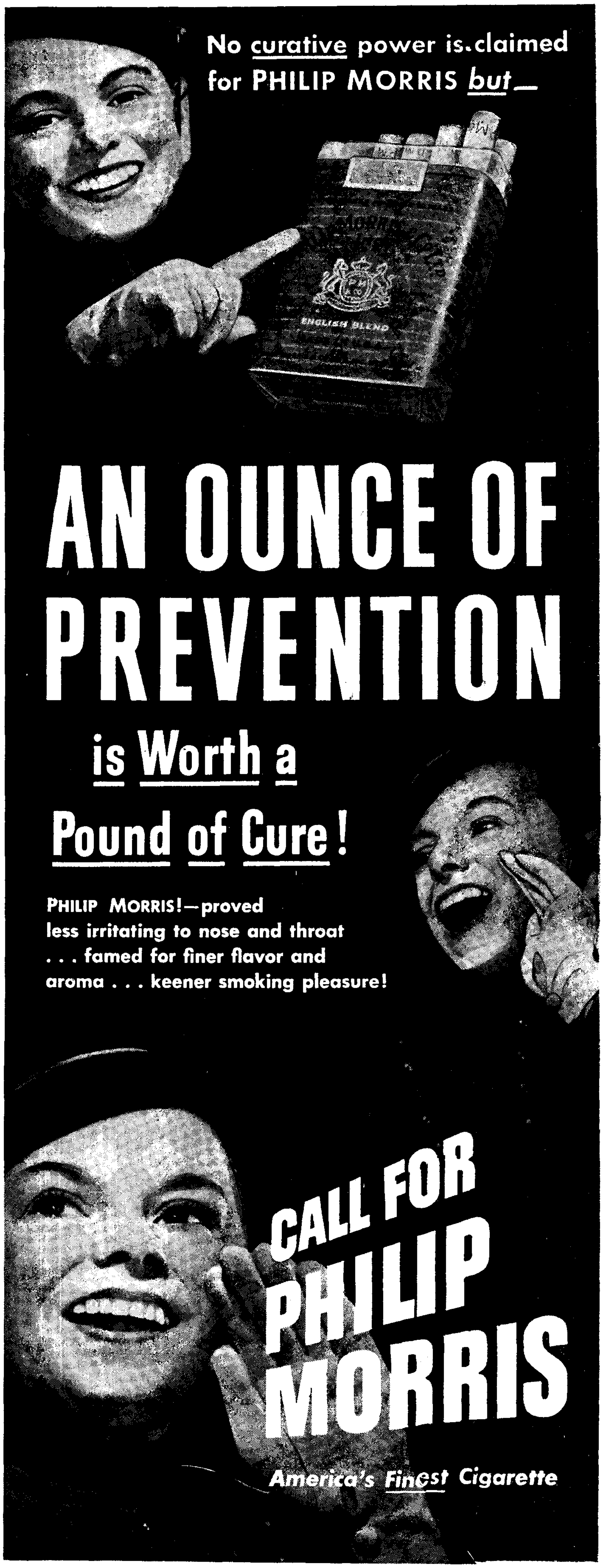
"Then you stay here."

Kinkaid's face flushed. He said, "Tough cop, huh?"

"I'm gentle like a lamb."

Tony's eyes got hard. Then he smiled. He said, "Okay, Sherlock."

They went upstairs: Peterson, Scott Henderson, Gail Barrie. They went into the guest room at the back of the house, a spacious, lovely room done in gay, flowered chintz, and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not at all the sort of place for a murder investigation. There was a knock on the door. Bernie Williams came in. His broad, heavy face showed worry and concentration. He walked across to Peterson and handed him something.

Bernie said, "I fished this out of the brook, Sarge."

"This" was a neat little pearl-handled .25-caliber automatic. Peterson, his face impassive, removed the clip, inspected the gun, sniffed it, and smiled. "Nice work," he said. "One bullet fired. In the brook, huh?"

"Yes. I was using my flashlight and saw it on the bottom. The brook is pretty shallow, you know."

"How far from the house, Bernie?" Peterson asked.

"Two, three hundred yards. Right beyond the edge of the woods."

"Our ballistics man might find something here." Peterson exhibited the gun to Scott and Gail. "Either of you ever see this before?"

They both said no.

"Neat little weapon." Peterson seemed to be talking to himself. "Just goes to prove what I always said: It ain't the size of the gun that counts, it's where the bullet hits. This thing don't look like hardly more than a toy. Sort of thing a lady might carry around, thinkin' it was cute."

He looked hard at Gail. Scott looked at her, too, and saw her flinch. Peterson said, "You never carried no gun, did you, Miss Barrie?"

"No."

"Ain't you been livin' in Cuba?"

"Yes."

"Never carried a gun there?"

"No. Cuba is quite civilized, you know."

"I don't know nothing. I ain't very bright." He studied the gun thoughtfully, then turned to Gail again. "Ever shoot a gun, Miss Barrie?"

"Yes."

"An automatic?"

"I've used both automatic and revolver."

"Why?"

"The same reason most people do. Target practice. For fun."

"Pretty good shot?"

SCOTT got up from his chair. He said, "What goes on here? Miss Barrie told you she never saw that gun before. Now you're trying to tie her up with something just because she knows how to use one. Well, I can use an automatic, too. I'm a damned good shot. So, I'll bet, are twenty-five per cent of the people downstairs."

"Well, whaddaya know? You're excitable as hell, ain't you, Henderson?"

"Not ordinarily. But you're getting way out of line."

"Ain't I the bad boy? You better report me to the chief. You explain to him how you think a cop ain't got no right to question the only people who were right on the spot when a dame was murdered. But before that, you might explain to me why you're so quick to get sore when I start doin' my job."

Scott opened his mouth for an angry answer, but Bernie Williams horned in. His placid, steady voice said, "Take it easy, Scott. Ain't no sense getting Chris mad."

"Thank you, Mr. Williams." The sergeant's voice was heavy with sarcasm. "It's real nice having somebody along to smooth the way for me. Meanwhile, much as I appreciate your help, you can keep your yap shut from now on."

Bernie's eyes narrowed and he smiled. He said to Scott, quietly, "Don't mind him. He can't help being a louse."

Peterson took it. He said to Gail, "You say you walked in the house, heard a shot from under the steps, saw a man run away and then Miss Treadway staggered into view and fell down. Is that the way it was?"

"Yes."

"You went to her, figured she was dead, and then ran out after the man?"

"Yes."

"You went as far as the brook. You stayed there quite a while. What were you doing all that time?"

"Looking."

"You didn't see or hear anything?"

"No."

"You still can't remember what the man looked like?"

"No."

"Okay. So you stood there, smelling the flowers. You didn't see no man, you didn't have no gun, and after a long time you came back in the house. Have I got that straight?"

"Yes."

Scott said, "Don't you believe her?"

Peterson said, "Hell, no. Her story stinks."

Scott said, "Are you accusing Miss Barrie—"

"I ain't accusing nobody. I ain't even expressing opinions unless somebody tries to shove me." Peterson ground out his cigarette in a tiny jade ash tray, and stood up. He said, "That'll be all for now. You two can run along if you want to."

Scott turned to Gail. He said, "I'd like to take you home. Alone."

SHE hesitated, but only for a moment. Then she nodded. They went downstairs. Bernie caught up with them at the door. "You'll be seeing a lot of Peterson," he said. "Try playing it gentle."

Paul Innes came over to join them. He said, "This is rotten. Is there anything I can do?"

Scott shook his head. "Nothing. You see how it is. I suppose they're bound to put the heat on anybody who's on the spot when something like this happens."

"Sure," Innes said. "I'd like to help. Any time you need me, you can call me on my private number at the club."

"Private number?"

"Doesn't come through the switchboard. Better make a note of it, Scott. It's 41732. I might be useful if they want someone to confirm what was going on at the club. How normal it was, you know. Probably doesn't mean a thing, but it might help."

Henderson thanked him and took Gail's arm. Tony Kinkaid and Barbara Mathews joined them. Barbara looked worried. She offered to drive Gail home, but Scott cut in. He said, "I'm driving her home, Barbara. See you at the house."

Scott drove slowly. He wanted to say something, but didn't know where to begin. Gail sat rigidly beside him, staring into the night. The pine woods closed in on them. Scott spoke softly. "Only one thing is important, Gail. I love you terribly. I want to marry you. But I've got to ask questions." He put his right hand caressingly on her shoulder. "Look, honey," he said. "What happened?"

She didn't answer, and after a while he went on. "That bruise," he said. "It wasn't on your arm when we left the Country Club. I held you tight when I kissed you, but I didn't hold your arm. You didn't get the bruise from me. Where did you get it?"

She said, "I—I don't know."

"That's not true, Gail."

"It is."

"If it's all you're going to say, that's all right with me. Anything you do is all right with me. I want you to understand that. But the fact that I love you doesn't make me stupid."

She was silent for a long time. They dipped down from The Ridge and rolled slowly across the valley, past the Country Club, toward the Mathews home, where Gail was staying.

"Listen carefully, Scott," she said. "What I'm going to say won't make sense, but it's all I can say. There are some things I can't tell you. It isn't that I don't want to. I can't. You've got to believe that."

"If you believe I love you, you can trust me."

She said, "You mustn't go on loving me. Or, if you can't help it, you mustn't do anything about it."

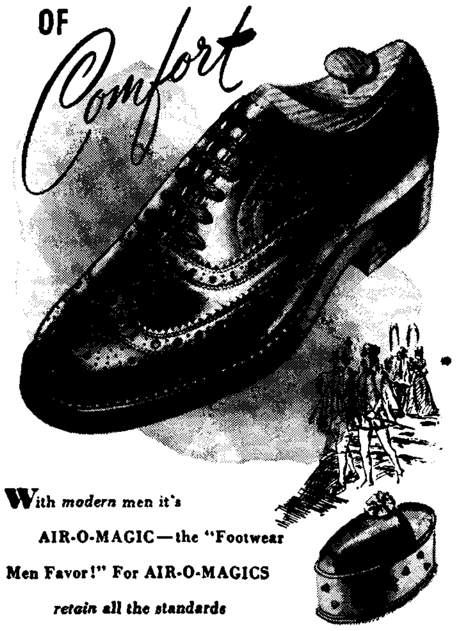
"That doesn't make sense."

"I'm serious. Stop thinking about me. Stop trying to fit together the pieces of a puzzle you don't understand. Stay out of this."

"Stay out of what? I don't understand what you're driving at."

She reached over and switched off the ignition. He stopped the car and put his arms around her.

For an instant, she was rigid. Then her whole body relaxed. Her arms went around his neck and she clung to him.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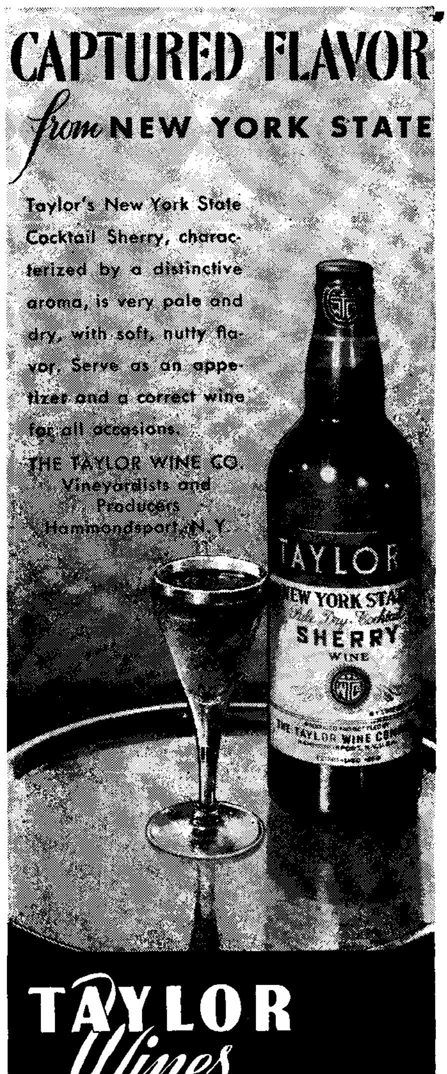
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He said, "Look, you're worried, and I think you're frightened. I'm the man you're going to marry, remember? How about letting me share this with you?"

"I can't!"

He kissed her and then let her go. He started the car and drove on silently. He pulled up in front of the Mathews home.

"I'm playing it your way, sweetheart," he said. "I have a hunch you're going to need me. When you do, I'll be here."

In the days that followed, Scott Henderson learned that the aftermath of murder is neither private nor pleasant.

The expensive, though unpretentious, home of Fletcher Mathews in the older section of Brookside became the focal point for the officious and the idly curious, as well as for friends who were genuinely eager to help. And the center of everyone's interest was Gail Barrie.

On all counts, she shaped up as what newspapermen call "good copy." Within a month or so—on the occasion of her twenty-first birthday—she was to come into sole possession of the fortune left by her father. Scott knew that the net amount of her inheritance would be around a million dollars. Gossip stepped that amount up to several times the true figure.

In addition to the unpleasant publicity, there was the usual routine of legal formality: The coroner's inquest decided that Doris Treadway had met her death by means of a gunshot wound at the hands of a person or persons unknown. The three local papers carried photographs—all sorts of photographs. Of Doris, of Gail, of Scott, of the Mathews and Treadway homes which were referred to as "palatial estates." There was even a picture of the little automatic with which Doris had been killed.

That fact had been established. The ballistics expert at the modern police laboratory, of which Cherokee was so proud, stated positively that the gun which Bernie Williams had fished out of the brook was the murder weapon. It checked with the bullet extracted from Doris' body. The great unanswered questions were: Who owned the gun? Who fired the shot?

Under the shrewd direction of Sergeant Chris Peterson, Cherokee's detective force worked indefatigably. Chris got in everyone's hair. He turned up in unexpected places with unexpected questions.

Only the fact that his partner in the investigation was the slow-moving Bernie Williams kept the police probe from being unbearable to Gail and Scott.

To complicate things still further, Gail Barrie was in a mental and emotional slump. Scott tried to snap her out of it. She stayed in the house all day, and in her room most of the time. She avoided being alone with Scott. Except for one brief interview with the press—on the advice of Fletcher Mathews' attorney—she refused to see reporters.

Unfortunately, Mr. Mathews himself was away. Two days before the murder, he had left for Washington. During his absence, Scott was in complete charge of the firm of Mathews, Henderson & Company. But what was more important was that he was in charge of the more personal side of the affair.

He was made no more cheerful when, three days after Doris' death, he received a call from Bernie Williams. Bernie wanted to have a private talk with him, and they met at Scott's office in the Cherokee National Bank Building. Bernie drifted in about six o'clock, abysmally worried. He produced a rank pipe and a tobacco pouch, and at Scott's suggestion waited patiently until the last office employee had left.

SCHOLASTICALLY, Bernie had been a lost ball in the high weeds. His separation from the rigors of formal education had brought him great relief. He entered upon police work gleefully, and had become a first-class cop. He was honest, unswerving, tireless and shrewd. He possessed that native instinct without which no man becomes a topflight police officer.

Bernie gazed steadily at his friend. The two young men liked and trusted each other. Scott lighted a cigarette and waited for Bernie to speak. He didn't have to wait long.

Bernie said, "Scott, you and your gal friend need a friend at headquarters. I'd like to be elected."

Henderson smiled. "You're it."

"What I'm saying right now is off the record." Bernie was deadly serious. "I got a proposition to make."

"I'm listening."

"This Doris Treadway thing looks like it has cooled off. But it hasn't. Chris Peterson is on the ball. He never quits until he knows the score . . . and he doesn't know it yet. Neither do I. Somebody's going to discover a lot of truth, or else they'll uncover some facts that will add up worse than the truth. Me, I'm only interested in finding out what really happened. You can help."

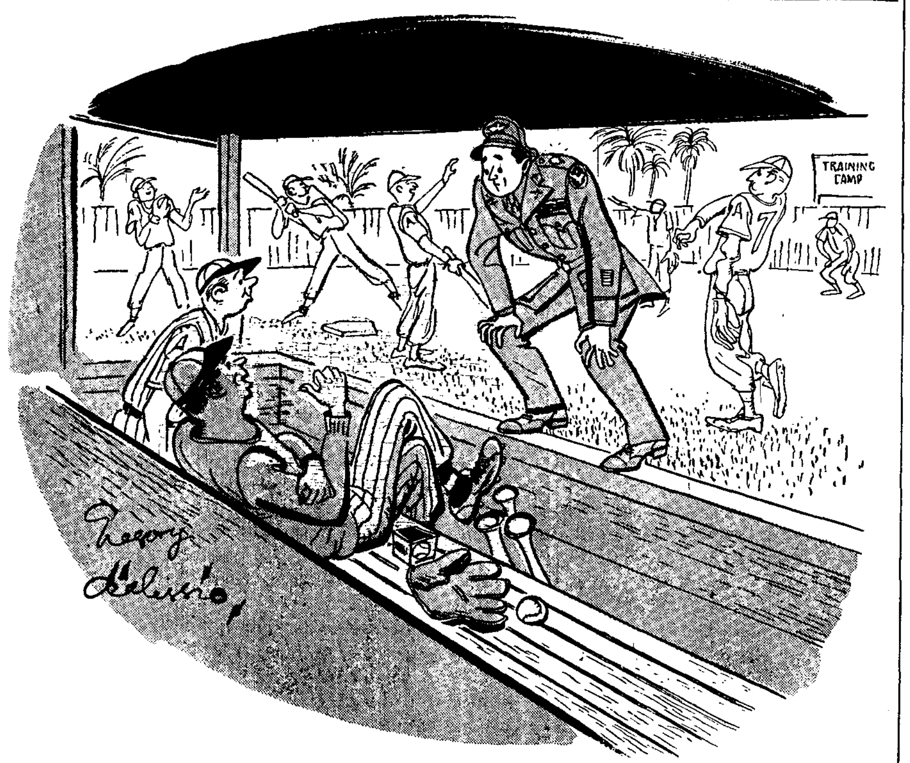
"How?"

"By telling me things you haven't told Peterson. By laying all your cards on the table. You're in love with Miss Barrie, ain't you?"

"Yes." Scott said it simply, without adornment.

"She's in more of a spot than you think;

WELCOME HOME! **by GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



"Oh, yes, you're the new rookie. Get into uniform and let's see how good you are"

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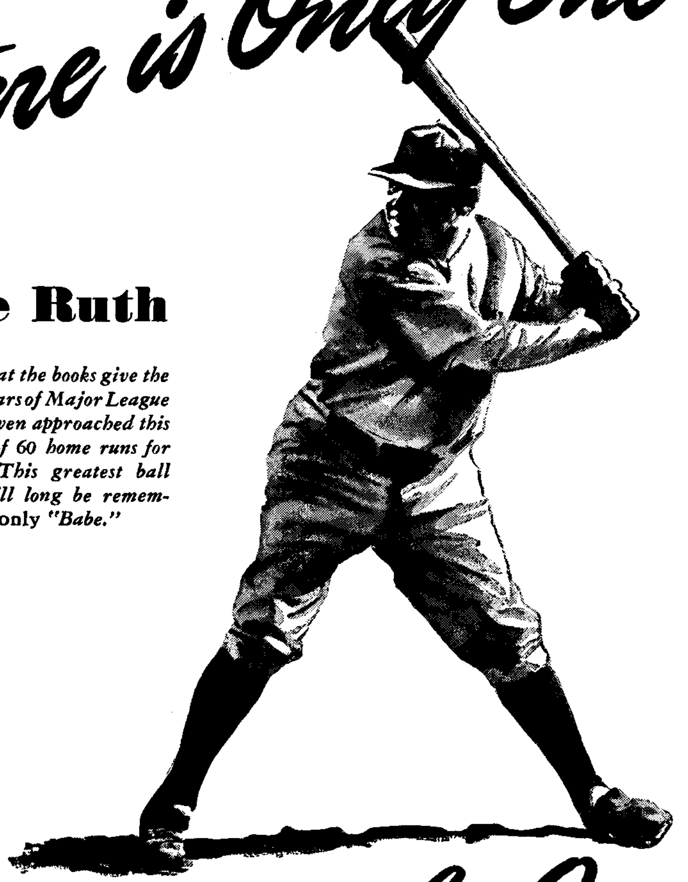

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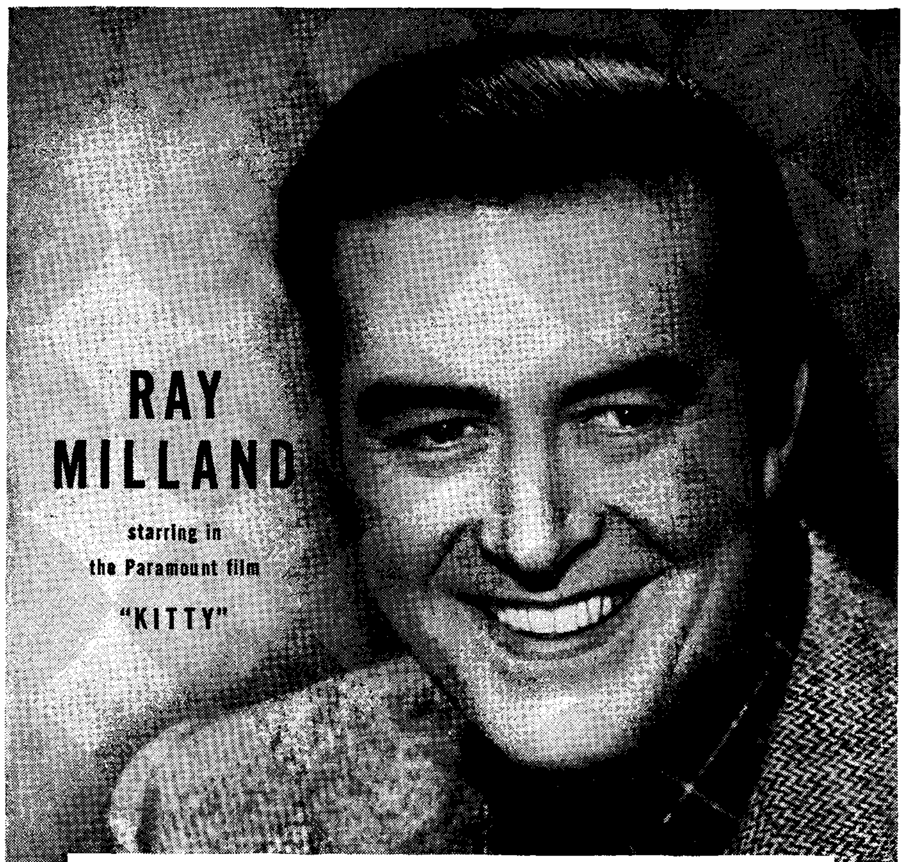
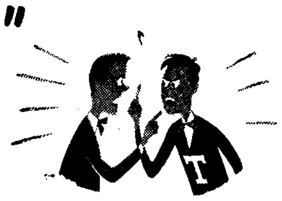


RAY MILLAND
starring in
the Paramount film
"KITTY"

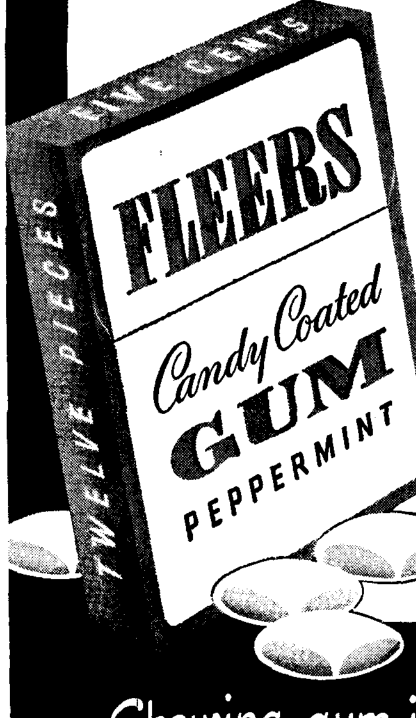
"Don't let them kid you!" says RAY



"Some people would like you to think you can tell a good American by the color of his skin, the church he goes to, or the way he spells his name. 'Taint so!

"I'm Welsh, myself. Maybe *your* folks came from Ireland or France or Poland. We're no less good Americans because of that . . . and no better, either. Same goes for the boy or girl next door.

"People from *every* race and every country have helped to make America great. It belongs to *all* of us. Let's all remember that, and show the world America means what it says about Democracy!"



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lacking any other good suspect, she's ready-made for having herself a bad time."

"You mean Peterson would frame her?"

"Nope. Peterson's tough, but he's honest. Miss Barrie holds a bad hand. Chris is positive she knows more than she's telling. He thinks maybe she killed Doris."

"That's absurd."

"Is it? Can you swear she didn't?"

"Of course I can't swear it. But I know . . ."

"Don't you see? You ain't got a chance, Scott—unless you come clean. This is between you and me. You either trust me a hundred per cent or you don't trust me at all. There are angles I don't get. Neither does Peterson. My idea is that your best bet is to play on my team. I'll try to see it your way. What I believe, I'll keep to myself. It ain't according to Hoyle, but I say to hell with regulations. What we want to know is who killed Doris Treadway. If we work together, we can maybe dope out something that's right before Peterson succeeds in proving something that's wrong."

Scott did some fast thinking. He trusted Bernie implicitly. He knew he needed what Bernie was offering. But, unaccountably, he was frightened. He said, "You mean that anything I tell you will stay between us?"

Williams shook his head. "That ain't exactly the way I mean it, Scott. If we try to handle this together and it leads to Miss Barrie . . . well, she'd be out of luck. That's my job. It's the way I see things, and the way I do 'em. I'd figure, too, that you'd have to want it that way, even if you *are* overboard about her."

"And if I say no?"

"I'll be damned sorry. Because I still got my job to do, and I'll have to do it the best way I can. Think it over, kid."

SCOTT got up and walked to the window. He felt that he had been pushed into a corner. Suppose he talked freely to Bernie? Suppose what he said had the effect of tightening a noose around Gail Barrie?

He wondered what he'd be thinking—wondered what his course of action would be—if he knew that Gail were guilty. The thought was incredible, but there it was. Hell of a thing to fall in love, and then have something like this come up and slap him in the face. He made his decision suddenly. He said, "Okay, Bernie. I'm taking you up."

Bernie seemed neither surprised nor elated. He waited until Scott sat down again. Then he said, "I'm gonna start slamming questions at you."

"Shoot."

"First: How well do you know Miss Barrie?"

"Well enough to want to marry her."

"That doesn't mean a thing. That's how you feel, not what you know. I'm asking what do you know—really."

Scott said, "Practically nothing. She was born here. She was four years old when she left. I never saw her until the 2d of June, this summer, when she got to town and went to stay at Mr. Mathews' home."

"She never visited Cherokee in all that time?"

"No."

"So all you know about her is what she told you?"

"I wouldn't say that. In August, 1943, her father was here for quite a while. He was a captain then, and he'd just been ordered overseas. He'd sold out everything he owned in Cuba except his home in Miramonte. He turned his holdings over to Mr. Mathews to handle for him."

"Mathews *personally*?"

"Actually, yes. Legally, no."

"Explain that a little."

"Few men nowadays leave their affairs in charge of an individual. The individual might die. So the papers were drawn in the name of the firm: Mathews, Henderson & Company. We're a corporation." Scott smiled slightly. "Legally, we can't die."

"Too bad Doris Treadway wasn't a corporation."

"Barrie's property was in fairly liquid form. Good securities, plus a lot of War Bonds. Our firm was made trustee, with Gail as the sole beneficiary. Then there was a will, which made us the executors. Under either the trust deed or the will, Gail would come into the property, in the event of her father's death, when she reached twenty-one."

"When will that be?"

"September 7th."

"No strings attached?"

"None."

"Ain't she kinda young to have that much money?"

"She'll probably leave it with us. I can't say for sure, because Mr. Mathews hasn't discussed it with me."

"Keep going."

"Barrie—who had been promoted to major—was killed on Okinawa, May 22d. We heard it first from Gail. She was notified by the War Department, and immediately cabled us. She got here a couple of weeks later."

BERNIE poured tobacco from his pouch into the bowl of his pipe, tamped it down, lighted it deliberately and blew a cloud of smoke at the ceiling. "So much for that. Now a question that I know has been bothering Chris a lot. Gail left here when she was four. She's nearly twenty-one now. She hadn't seen Doris for seventeen years, and even then Doris was only seven. How come she had to rush over there the minute she heard Doris was home?"

Scott shook his head. "I don't know. She asked me if I'd drive her over and I said yes."

"Did it strike you as funny?"

"I wasn't thinking about that. A fellow named Kinkaid had been hanging around her all evening. All I could think of was the opportunity of getting her away from him. Do you know Kinkaid?"

Bernie laughed. "And how I know him."

"What does that mean?"

"Well, one night I drift into Valley View. That's county, not city, which is why Sax Bailey gets away with it. He's a tough egg, that Sax, but nice. Anyway, there's a setup out there. Blond babe named Fern Meredith sings with the band. Quite a babe, too."

"I've seen her."

"Then you know. Anyway, she's supposed to be Sax Bailey's particular gal friend. Only not too particular. And according to rumor, she's been giving him the run-around with this Tony Kinkaid.

"The night I'm there, Kinkaid, Bailey and the gal seem to be having it out. Kinkaid offers to bounce Bailey around on the floor. It's none of my business, but Sax has been nice to me and I don't want to see him get messed up. So I walk over and advise Kinkaid to pipe down. He asks if I'm a cop, and I say yes, only I'm off limits and ain't got any legal rights.

"Well, Kinkaid asks me why don't I step outside and finish the argument. That's okay by me. We find a nice quiet spot, and I give him a final warning. I could have saved myself the trouble."

Scott looked at the brawny figure of his friend. "You mean he whipped you?"

"Whipped me? Brother, he mowed me down. Then he helped me up and said, 'Let's forget it.' I said that was fine with me. We went inside and had a drink together. I don't like him but I'm telling you, kid—don't ever mix with him."

Memory of the affair seemed to afford Bernie a lot of amusement. And it gave Scott food for thought.

Bernie Williams came back to important things. He said, "This I gotta ask you, Scott. That bruise Gail had on her arm the night Doris was killed. Did you put it there?"

Scott said carefully, "I told Peterson . . ."

"I ain't Chris. I'm Bernie Williams—and I don't believe you bruised her."

"All right," said Scott reluctantly, "I don't think I did, either. It's possible, of course."

"So if you didn't, she got it between the time she chased out after the murderer and the time she came back."

"It could have been that way," Scott admitted.

Bernie said, "Thanks, kid. It might be important. I've been thinking about that bruise. It wasn't made by running into something in the dark. It was made by a person. Chris thinks so, too. He thinks it all the time. I have an idea maybe she caught up with the guy who killed Doris."

"Then why wouldn't she say so?"

"Because maybe he scared her. People will

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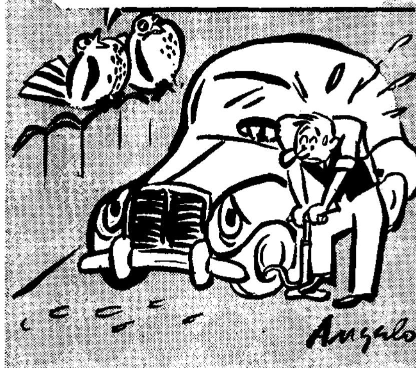
SHALL WE TELL HIM THE SECRET?



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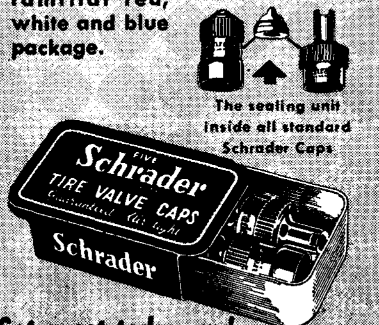

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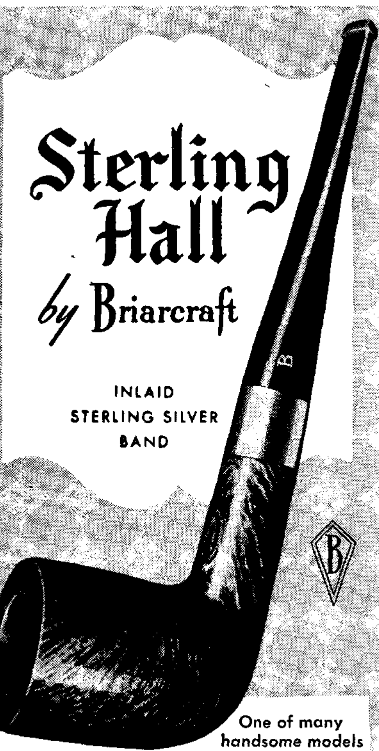

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hold out a lot of information if they're scared enough." Bernie lighted a match, watched it burn, and then dropped it into an ash tray. "You got any idea if that gun was hers?"

"I don't think it was."

"She could have used it, dropped it in the brook . . ."

"Now you've gone screwy, Bernie," Scott said. "If that happened, where did the bruise come from?"

The big man shrugged. "I was just thinkin' out loud. Sometimes you get a new slant that way." He framed the next question carefully. "Could Gail be in love with this Kinkaid number?"

"She could—yes. But she doesn't act that way."

"I wonder if he knew where she was going when she left the Country Club?"

"I don't know that, either," Scott said.

"You know, one thing struck me as funny. Right after the word got around that Doris had been killed, a lot of people showed up at her house. That was natural, in a town like this. But why Kinkaid? Why did he get over there so fast?"

Scott said slowly, "He could be in love with Gail. And when he heard that she was there . . ."

"Or he could be interested in the million she's gonna get," Bernie suggested. "It just struck me as funny . . ."

Scott said, "But you haven't got any motive. He didn't know Doris."

Bernie said, "Look, kid—what do you reckon is holding Chris Peterson up? He ain't looking for evidence. He's looking for motive. Until he finds that, he can't move. Neither can I. Apparently nobody had any motive for killing Doris, but she was killed just the same. Find a motive and you've got the case."

Scott said, "Kinkaid was still at the Country Club when Gail and I left. He was still there when they heard the news."

"Check. But you tell me you stopped on The Ridge long enough to do a little proposing. From a guy like you, that would take a lot of time. Kinkaid could have beat you to the Treadway house. He could easily have returned to the club before the crowd there heard the news. Then he might have gone back to Doris' house, just to make it look right."

"You mean you think it might have been Kinkaid?"

Bernie shook his head. "I don't think anything, Scott. Not yet. But I can tell you this much: I ain't checking Mr. Tony Kinkaid out of the picture."

SCOTT HENDERSON was invited to have dinner with Gail Barrie and Barbara Mathews. He parked in front of the Mathews home, which was a gray-stone-and-red-brick affair and one of the older residences in Brookside. He sighed as he got out of the car and walked across the tiled veranda. This was a fine, sturdy home, belonging to a fine, sturdy citizen who had served his community well. Mathews had been successful in his business, but had never lacked time for civic affairs. He had twice been mayor of Cherokee when Cherokee was sadly in need of brains and incorruptibility. He had been offered a United States senatorship, and had turned it down. He lived in the big house with his daughter, Barbara, and in all the years Scott had known him he had never discovered any quality in the man which was less than admirable.

Scott shoved open the screen door and stepped inside. He saw nobody. A tantalizing fragrance came to him and he walked back to the kitchen. The two colored servants, Leander and Jessie, were preparing the dinner. Scott sniffed and said, "Baked ham! It isn't possible!"

Jessie looked up, delighted. "Sho is, Mistuh Scott."

Leander, the combination butler-chauffeur-gardener, grinned broadly. "They ain't no sech a thing as too much food, Mistuh Scott."

Scott said, "Where's Miss Barbara?"

"She ain't come in yet."

"Miss Gail?"

"She's up in her room." Jessie's eyes showed concern. "She so ain't been herself since Miss Doris was killed. Don't do nothin' but sit at the window."

"Hasn't she had any visitors?"

Leander and Jessie shook their heads. Leander said, "Plenty of visitors, all right, Mistuh Scott, but she don't see none of them. Except that Mistuh Kinkaid." Leander's tone indicated that he didn't approve of Tony.

A gay voice called from the front of the house. The door slammed. Barbara said, "Hi, there! Where's everybody?"

Scott made a gesture to the servants, bowed solemnly before the fragrant ham, and pushed through the swinging door. Barbara was in the front hall, bubbling over with vitality and good spirits. He put one hand under her chin and brushed her forehead with his lips.

BETWEEN these two there existed a delightful and unusual relationship. They both knew that Fletcher Mathews hoped they would some day fall in love and marry. Six months before, Scott had said, "So what do we do, Half Pint?"

She said, "Nothing."

"You know how your father feels?"

"Sure. But that still doesn't mean . . ."

"I'm too old, eh?"

"Nonsense, Scott. You're a swell guy. But we're not in love with each other, or are you?"

"I admire you," he said, half seriously, half jokingly. "You're an admirable screwball. But I'm not in love with you, either."

And that was that. It was a nice relationship, and it was the way they both wanted it.

Scott said, "What's happening isn't so good, Barbara. We've got to snap Gail out of it."

"How? She's stubborn as hell."

He said, "I understand she's seen Tony Kinkaid a couple of times."

"That heel!"

Scott smiled. "If we could just get her started—take her out somewhere—maybe she'd let herself get back in circulation again. She's got to get a grip on herself."

"We'll work on her at dinner. Maybe we can sell her a movie. If that misses fire, we'll take her riding later tonight."

He agreed, but he wasn't optimistic. Nor did he get more hopeful as they ate the luscious dinner which Jessie had cooked and Leander served.

Gail toyed with her food. She smiled brightly, and laughed when either of them said anything funny, and steadfastly maintained that she wasn't going to any movie that night. She said she was tired. She said she had things to do. She made a score of excuses. She looked lovely unless you happened to catch her off guard. Then there was something in her eyes. . . . There were little lines about the corners of her lips.

After dinner Gail and Scott sat on the veranda together. They talked about everything except the things they were thinking. He dropped one arm across her shoulders, tilted her chin back and bent his face to hers.

Again—as always—the fierceness of her response astounded him. It was magnificent, it was everything it should be, it left him thrilled and shaken. And in her passion there was an intensity that alarmed him. It was as though she were clinging to something that was slipping away from her.

Barbara joined them and discoursed lyrically on the beauties of the night and the advantages of driving in the moonlight. Gail Barrie shook her head. She said, "You're a wonderful salesman, Barbara, but just for tonight include me out."

"Aw, Gail . . ."

"I'm tired. I want to turn in. I'll look at the moonlight through my window. I'll even let some of it into the room. You and Scott run along and have your drive."

They argued. They pleaded. They didn't get to first base. Finally Scott rose and said, "The gal is stubborn as an Army mule." He held out his hand. "Let's go, Barbara."

Barbara caught something urgent in his glance. Well, she wanted to talk to him, too. They told Gail good night. Scott kissed her. They watched her start upstairs, after closing the front door. Then they piled into his car and started across the valley toward the wide rolling countryside beyond The Ridge.

Scott said abruptly, "It's bad medicine; all of it."

Barbara nodded. "She's changed, Scott. When she first got here, she was a different

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person. She had been shocked by her father's death—they must have been awfully close—but she knew how to take it. She went places. She did things. She acted like a sane, normal girl who was having a tough time readjusting her life but still wasn't going to let herself be whipped by something she couldn't help. That thing the other night—Doris' death—changed her completely."

"She needs help," said Scott, "but she won't accept any."

"What kind of help?"

"If I knew the answer to that one, I wouldn't be so worried."

Barbara said, "You don't believe she told the truth about what she saw at Doris' house, do you, Scott?"

"No."

"And the police don't believe her either, do they?"

"No."

"You think she recognized the murderer?"

"Yes."

"Then why . . . Good God! Scott, it doesn't make sense. Here's a sweet, normal girl, who all of a sudden starts acting like a crazy woman. Why don't you force it out of her? She's in love with you, Scott."

He said, "I've tried every way I know. I've been gentle. I've been tough. I've teased her, begged her, bullied her. I'm licked."

They drove a long time without talking. The hands of the dashboard clock approached midnight. Scott said, "I could do with a drink."

Barbara nodded. "I could do with three drinks."

"Valley View Lodge?"

"Sold."

He started back toward the western end of The Ridge where the Lodge was located. He said, "I'll buy you a stack of chips. Maybe this is your lucky night."

There were thirty-five or forty cars in the parking space next to the Lodge. From inside came the sound of an energetic local orchestra. Scott and Barbora went inside, crossed the miniature dance floor and walked through a door marked "Recreation Room." On the way they passed Sax Bailey, the quiet, expressionless, middle-aged man who operated the place and was supposed to own it. With him was a gorgeous blonde. As soon as they got beyond earshot, Barbara said, "What it takes, that Fern Meredith has got it!"

Scott laughed. "I never did go much for that type."

"I bet you say that to all the skinny girls."

The room was thick with cigarette smoke. The roulette wheel was clicking merrily. There was a crowd clustered about the dice game. In front of a tiny table, four people sat on high stools playing blackjack against an impassive house man.

They recognized a dozen people in the room. They waved at one another and called greetings. Barbara found a place at the roulette table, and Scott bought her ten dollars' worth of 25-cent chips. Yellow ones. She put one quickly on the line between 17 and 20, and the ball dropped into the pocket marked 20. Barbara squealed, and the dealer gave her a cold professional smile as he shoved 17 yellow chips at her and left the one she had just bet.

She looked like a kid, and she was playing with a kid's enthusiasm. Luck was with her, but she wasn't a natural gambler and refused to bet too many chips at a time. Scott loved her freshness, her delight over her modest winnings. Once he leaned over and said, "It's a pity Gail didn't come. She'd have enjoyed this."

A waiter brought drinks. Barbara drained hers, put five chips on the second dozen and won ten when number 13 hit. Everybody seemed to be having a good time except a few who were losing more than they could afford. Valley View was Cherokee's outstanding hot spot. Its popularity was based on good food, good service and an atmosphere which made its patrons believe that they were raising hell.

BARBARA'S forty chips built up to more than a hundred. She was having the time of her life. Her laughter rang across the room each time she won. People came to watch her.

At 12:30 there was a surge toward the stairway. Somebody said, "The show's going on," and Scott shoved all of Barbara's chips at the dealer. He said, "She's cashing in."

The wealthy daughter of a wealthy man, Barbara was as delighted with her $28 profit as though she had made a million. She insisted on returning Scott's original ten. She said, "All right, we'll see the show."

Scott knew that the show wouldn't go on for another fifteen minutes at least. But he also knew that if Barbara kept on playing, she'd lose her modest winnings and with it much of the kick.

He walked up the stairway with her, and into the dining room. Around the edge of the room were tiny booths, large enough to afford a degree of privacy, yet small enough to permit an unobstructed view of the dance floor. It was all very hectic and gay, and Scott had succeeded in throwing off the depression which had gripped him earlier in the evening.

He circled the room with Barbara, looking for an empty booth. Far down near the bandstand, he thought he saw one. He grabbed Barbara's hand and quickened his pace.

But the booth was not empty. Neither of them knew that until they got there.

Two people were in the booth. A man and a girl. They were sitting very close to each other, talking earnestly, unmindful of the crowd, the music, the dancing.

The man in the booth was Tony Kinkaid. The girl was Gail Barrie.

(To be continued next week)

"Let's put it this way—New York is a nice place to live, but you wouldn't want to visit here!"

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I Couldn't Afford to Be a Congressman

Continued from page 24

arrangements. Clergymen of many denominations are protected by superannuation pay, or something of the kind. Why not members of Congress?

That's the way I saw the situation. But it was not the way the press and the people saw it. Following passage of that amendment by the House and Senate—it later was rescinded—Congress was subjected to a wild and scurrilous storm of abuse. Editorials denounced us as moochers, as hogs in the public trough eager for more money, as loafers and stumble-bums not worth what we were being paid. A "Bundles for Congress" movement was started somewhere, and a variety of insulting items came to us. I received crutches, old shoes, old pants, and dirty letters because I had sponsored the amendment, and the entire Congress was besmeared.

The amazing public reaction to a mild and inadequate retirement plan was due in part to an unfortunate press report from Washington. When the proposal got to the Senate a reporter heard that a senator, after one year of service, might draw upward of $400 a month retirement pay. And it was true that *a* senator—just one—might have drawn that much by making back payments. That was Senator George Norris of Nebraska, who had served more than 35 years in Congress. And what a pity he did not get it! He was defeated within a few months thereafter, and went into private life, according to reports, with nothing, though he had served the American public, the richest public the world has ever known, with rare gallantry and effectiveness for 40 years or more.

This experience with retirement scared Congress. It came at about the same time as the outburst of anger against the plan to give Congressmen X-cards in the original gasoline-rationing system. Almost all federal, state, county and city officials were eligible for preferred gasoline rations for official driving, but the blasts of anger were aimed mainly at Congress. It is not surprising therefore, that Congress is timid about doing things for itself. But it must get over that timidity if it is to survive as the effective branch of government it should be.

Burdens Increased with the Years

The work of a congressman has increased almost unbearably since I first knew Washington back in 1911 and 1912, when I went there as a House post-office clerk and became secretary to the late Representative William Schley Howard, of Georgia. In those days fifteen letters was a deluge, callers from home were rare, the executive branch of government had only about 300,000 employees and there was, I believe, only one regulatory agency, the Interstate Commerce Commission. The only daily contact individuals had with their federal government was in the postal service, and Congress was in session not more than half time.

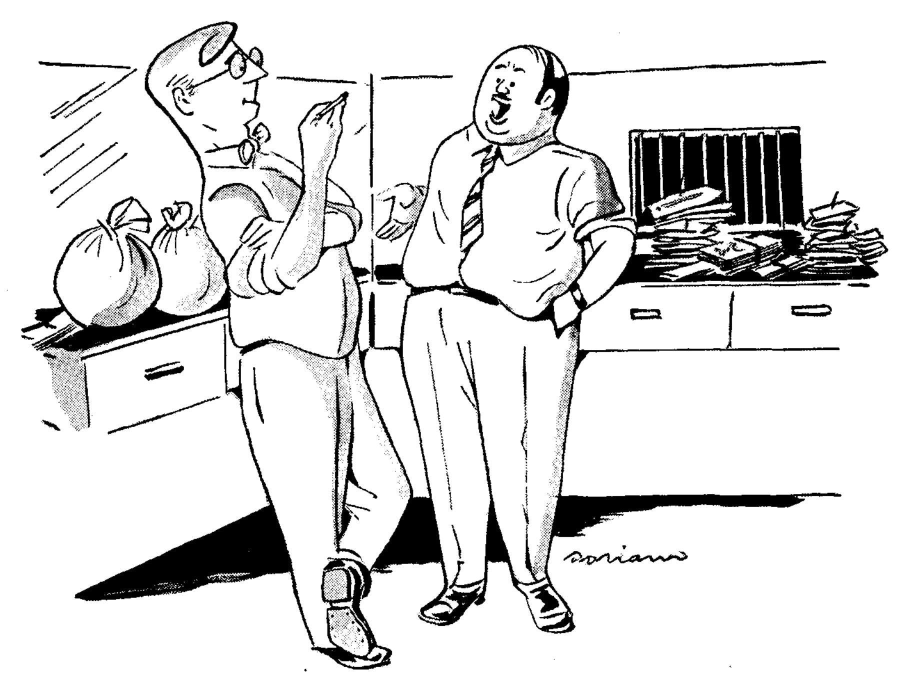
Contrast that with conditions now. For years my mail has brought in hundreds of letters daily, and callers have been so numerous I could not see even half of them. State officials, county officials, city officials and others are in Washington almost continuously trying to get the federal government to do something for their communities. Regulatory and service agencies have grown into hundreds, and executive employees have increased about 1,000 per cent since those distant days when the common man did not expect anything much of his congressman except garden seeds, Fourth of July orations and a new post office now and then.

An economic and social revolution has developed since those days. The executive branch has been revolutionized to meet the new needs and desires of the people. But Congress has not. By sheer hard work its members attempt to do what cannot be done well with present procedures and equipment. I gave ten hours a day to office and floor and committee work, and two hours each night to reading. Not many men can stand that indefinitely.

Plainly, there is no way back to simplicity in government. Congress must solve its operational problem by changing to meet conditions as they are and as they will be, not by hoping that conditions will revert to some former status. Government services will increase, not decrease, as we move deeper into the complexities and necessities of modern life. Members of Congress will continue to be full-time public servants, with no chance to carry on private work as formerly they could.

Congress has given other branches of government what is needed to function adequately in today's world, while slighting itself. Recently I had an experience illustrating this. An executive agency official and I attended a meeting in Atlanta. The agency man went down from Washington at public expense, and also had six dollars a day subsistence allowance while away from his headquarters. I paid my own fare and had no subsistence allowance.

When we reached Atlanta, the agency man was met by one of his field men, driving a government car, and taken to his hotel. I hired a taxi. He wanted to call his home office and did so at public expense. I needed to call my office, too, but had to pay for the call personally. (Perhaps it will astonish you to learn that members of the House must pay long-distance phone bills from their offices, including collect calls from constituents. Senators are a little better off. They are allowed one long-distance call a working day at public expense.)



COLLIER'S "If my horse doesn't come in tomorrow neither will I" SORIANO

Everything was done to save my agency friend from the wearisome annoyances of making reservations, of getting around town and the like. One of his associates even carried his brief case. I was strictly on my own.

I did not mind doing my own chores, but certainly it is nonsensical for Congress to provide so well for others, and so poorly for its own members. That's the point of the story, and the only point. I make no protest whatever against what the other fellow got.

People call on members of Congress for everything, and some members spend up to 90 per cent of their time attending to nonlegislative matters for constituents. That is not right. Congressmen are supposed to be legislators primarily, and servicemen for their districts only incidentally, but they have been forced by public demands to become servicemen primarily.

Every member of Congress, in Senate and House, should have an office force capable of carrying on the service operations, leaving him free most of the time for duties as a national legislator. But office assistants capable of doing this important service work cannot be had for low pay. I had a perfect assistant for many years, Thomas L. Camp. But because the law did not allow me to pay him more than $4,500 he left me for a better position, as he should have done.

When I say that people call on congressmen for everything, I mean just that. A woman lost her handbag in Washington, and wrote to her senator asking him to go to the police station and see if it had been turned in. A furniture mover took some household goods to the wrong city in the wrong state, and the perturbed family called their congressman about it. An old man wore out all his long, ankle-length drawstring drawers, and wrote to his congressman, giving measurements and description, to see if any could be found in the Washington stores.

One of my constituents came in to see what I could do about getting him a new set of store teeth to replace those he had broken. A young lady wrote that she was engaged to a soldier, but that his letters had stopped since he went overseas. Would I please find out what had happened to him? I made inquiry and learned that he was neither dead, wounded nor missing, which was good news. But I also learned that he was already married and was sending an allotment to his wife and child.

What should I do? A canny old politician told me once that I should never convey bad news to constituents. "Tell 'em what they want to hear," said he. "Kid 'em along even if you can't do anything for them and they'll like you better than if you told them the truth." Maybe so, but I never was that kind of politician, so I wrote the unhappy young lady the facts.

An angry Southerner, accustomed to corn meal, took his pen in hand when that commodity was scarce, and wrote like this: "You fellows sent all the meat off somewhere, or messed up the shipments or something, so I decided to get me some fish to eat. But what do you think happened? I caught a fine string, brought them home and my wife didn't have even a handful of corn meal to fry them in. What have you done with our meal? Feedin' it to foreigners I suppose. . . . How much do you think we'll stand for?"

Requests for airplane, railroad and hotel reservations, for baseball and football tickets, to meet relatives at trains, to see a friend of a friend when he calls and perhaps take him to lunch, to head subscription lists for scores of good causes, are standard in all Congressional offices, and must be accepted and handled with courtesy.

Perhaps you say a congressman should ignore them. Well, if he does, he is not likely to be a congressman after the next election. In politics, people can't be given the brush-off no matter what they ask, because a few disgruntled constituents can ruin a candidate. A man may be only one vote on your side, but fifty if he is against you. In politics it is much easier to tear a man down than to build him up.

Most candidates have found, as I have, that it is necessary to hire certain workers at campaign time, not because of what they can do for you, but because of what they might do to you. In my district there used to be a lean, uneducated itinerant preacher, who was worth fifty dollars in any campaign, not as an affirmative force, but to neutralize his negative power.

Along with other Congressional loads, patronage has increased in recent years because there are so many more jobs. In my opinion, patronage is not worth the time and worry it takes, and it is not in the interest of good administration. But as long as there are public jobs, men will come to congressmen to get them, and a congressman must appear to be interested. Desire for even minor public jobs is a phenomenon of human behavior I do not understand wholly, but I admit it as a fact. I have known a man to spend in time and money more than a job would pay in a year in order to get placed in what seemed to me a minor, uninteresting capacity.

Wanted: More Favors

Senator Barkley tells a story that illustrates the doubtful value of patronage. He had done favors for a certain man and he heard one day that the fellow was out working against him.

"What's the matter?" the senator asked when he met the man. "Don't you remember when I got you a job as bailiff?"

"Yes, I remember that."

"And got you on WPA?"

"That too."

"And didn't I get your son-in-law a good job?"

"Yes, guess you did."

"Then why are you against me now?"

"Well," said the man, "it's because you ain't done anything for me lately."

For nearly a year a special joint committee, headed by Senator Robert M. La Follette, Jr., and Representative A. S. Mike Monroney, has been studying the problems of Congress, and has made excellent recommendations for adapting Congressional organization and procedures to modern conditions. I shall not go into all the changes the committee suggests, but I do want to set down some steps that seem to be of basic importance.

First, Congressional pay should be not less than $15,000 a year. Second, a liberal retirement plan should be adopted. Not a skimpy one such as I proposed several years ago. Sixty-two members of the present Congress have served or will have served 20 years or more at the end of current terms. Several of these men are in their seventies and some in their eighties. The average age of senators is 59, of House members 51.

I do not say that any of these men should be required to retire, but they should have the privilege of retiring on decent pay if they choose to do so. And I know from personal conversations some members of Congress would like to retire but cannot afford to do it. Also I have known of some cases of scared voting by good men who could foresee nothing but disaster for themselves if they antagonized certain groups. Poverty does not make for courage in politics, or anywhere.

Third, every member should have a highly paid assistant to carry on most of his administrative and errand-boy duties, while he devotes himself to nationally important legislation. Fourth, the important committees should have expert, highly trained staffs of well-paid, permanent employees; and perhaps there should be a group of research experts for each branch of Congress.

These are but a few of the needs of Congress, and I urge that adequate, bold action be taken. It is a little embarrassing, perhaps, for Congress to do things for itself, but there is no other way to get them done. As a private citizen, devoted to my country and to my personal liberty, I want my Congress strong. I believe that only a strong Congress can give me the kind of government I need. I believe that an additional few hundred thousand dollars, or even a few million, invested wisely in Congress will be worth billions to my country. After all, Congress spends on itself less than it does on Indian Affairs.

THE END

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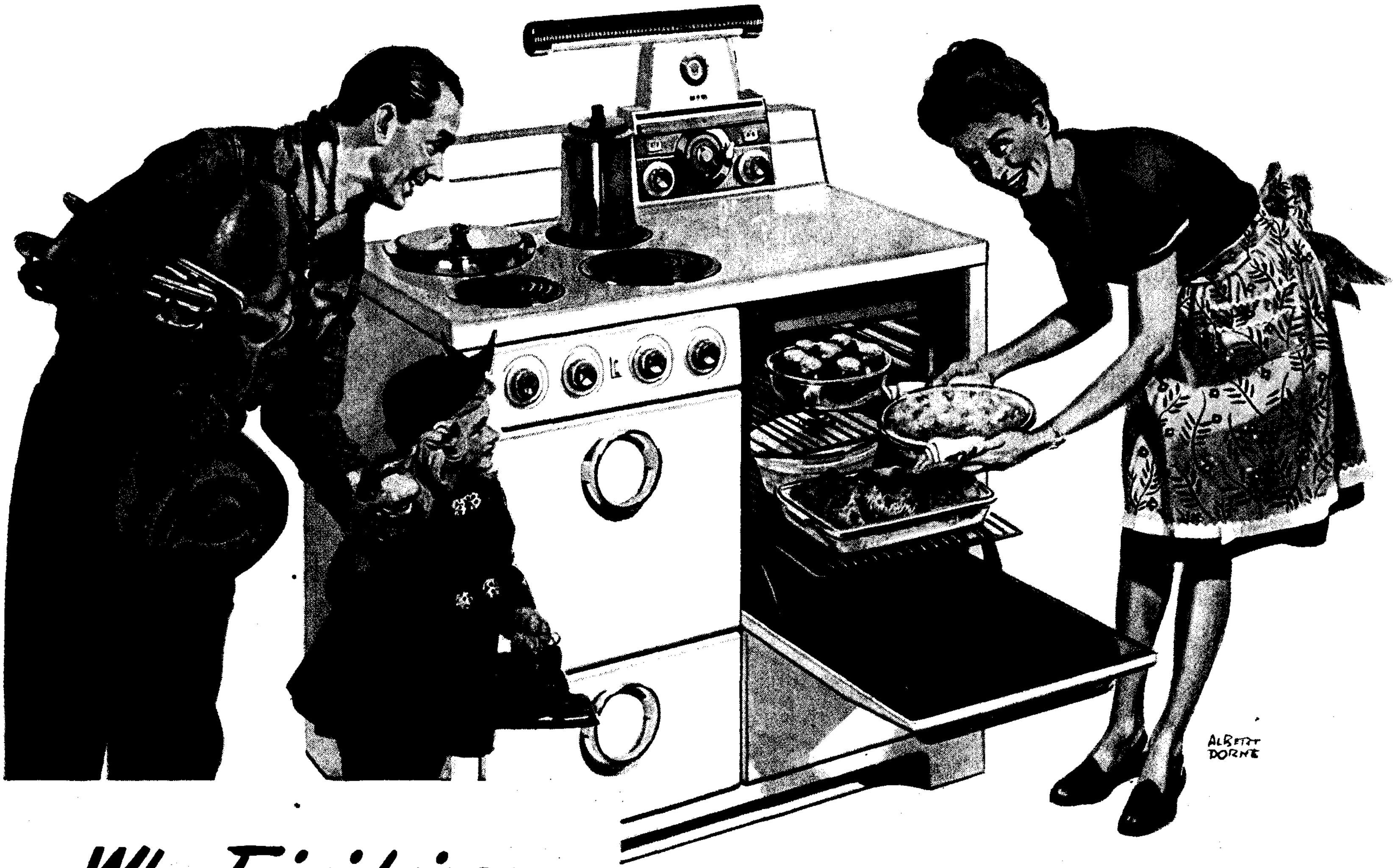

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Horses—real or sculptured—are one of Walter Head's hobbies. Here he examines a replica of a Pershire, several of which he has on his western Missouri farm

THE UNBOWED HEAD

BY KYLE CRICHTON

Walter Head of St. Louis is a do-gooder. His greatest feat was protecting the policyholders of the Missouri State Life Insurance Co., one of the worst failures in history

WALTER W. HEAD is a tall, stoop-shouldered man who looks like a preacher. He is definitely a do-gooder and his good deed for the decade has been retrieving the greatest life-insurance failure in American history.

The Missouri State Life Insurance Company of St. Louis collapsed in 1933 with a roar that shook the Middle West. Over five hundred thousand policyholders were involved, entangled in a web of chicanery, politics and business stupidity of such monumental nature that it bordered on the criminal. This was a period of national disaster, with banks closing so rapidly that there was danger of cashiers being trapped in their own vaults, but the Missouri State Life failure was calamity of a special order. Not only were workers and farmers in danger of losing their savings and security, but national faith in insurance as the one positive anchor in a tricky world had received a devastating blow.

Walter Head and his associates picked up the pieces after this cataclysm, put them together with painstaking care, nursed the revived carcass with tenderness and sagacity and sometime in 1946 will have fulfilled all obligations of the delinquent company.

This triumph has been accomplished after a bitter running fight that has few parallels in our business history. Mr. Head comes by his stooped shoulders honestly, having acquired them in a battle that has seen his company dragged into practically every court in the Middle West. He has successfully overcome attempts at extortion, threats, demands for his resignation by the governor of Missouri and a severe case of cold feet by his principal backer.

History will report that the appearance of Mr. Head at the scene of the wreck was not originally greeted with huzzas. He was a stranger and he represented Wall Street interests, headed by David M. Milton, son-in-law of John D. Rockefeller. Missouri State Life was broke, but it possessed juicy assets that many public-spirited individuals were interested in acquiring. In addition to the legitimate bidders who were eager to claim the body, there were the usual vultures and buzzards hovering over the carnage.

Matters were further complicated by the fact that they were taking place in Missouri. At this stage of its august progress, Missouri was the private domain of Tom Pendergast, the Kansas City boss whose nod caused United States senators to tremble and whose piercing eye brought ague and chills to the most powerful state banker.

The Head group won the fight for control because Judge Harry A. Hamilton accepted their promise not to liquidate the defunct company but to work it out for the benefit of the policyholders and stockholders. General American Life, a company which had previously been organized at Carthage, Mo., by Mr. Head, now took over Missouri State Life.

A Decision to Be Made

The new company said to the policyholders (519,276 policies and certificates): (a) If you want to cash in your old policy, we'll give you fifty per cent of its cash surrender value. (b) If you keep your policy, we'll work it out together. The policy as it stands is only worth half of its original value. We are willing to pay on the policy according to its original terms, provided you accept a lien on your policy to make up the difference between the original value and the present value, and pay 5 per cent in carrying the lien. As the company prospers, the amount of the lien will be progressively reduced. In short, if you die, your heirs get the full face value of your policy, provided you keep the policy alive in this fashion.

The first complaints were made by large policyholders not too certain of the company's future.

"I have an $8,000 premium due today," one prominent man said to Mr. Head, "and I don't know if it's safe to pay it. You've come in here with $2,000,000 and bought the company. If you had to pay out three or four big death claims at once, you'd be broke."

"You're quite right," admitted Mr. Head. "If you and eight other men decided to go over and jump off Eads Bridge, we'd have to liquidate a lot of assets on a bad market, but I don't think you're going to do it."

The man paid the premium and practically everybody else agreed to the lien plan.

The first thing the company had to do was to take some of the old assets and get revenue out of them. Among the sour propositions were tracts of southeast Missouri land for which the old company had paid as much as $35 an acre. Some of it was ten feet under water and the rest was cut-over land worth no more than $2 an acre. General American formed an agricultural production department and started to drain the land. It built log cabins at $350 apiece, gave farmers free rent for their work in clearing the land and then shared the crops with them. In a few years the section became the greatest single cotton-growing unit in the country. The land has since been sold to private investors at from $75 to $160 an acre and the Missouri State Life account has made a great profit.

In St. Louis the company remodeled the De Soto Hotel at considerable expense. For several years the hotel didn't take in gross revenue to pay the taxes. Since the war it has turned out to be a small gold mine. The war boom has given an impetus to all the assets of the Missouri State Life that were once considered duds, though the real comeback had begun long before that.

Pendergast Machine in Motion

But these difficulties were only trivial. One morning in St. Louis, Mr. Head had a call from R. Emmet O'Malley, State Superintendent of Insurance, asking him to meet him at the Coronado Hotel immediately. He went down and, in the lobby, with no apparent fear of being overheard, O'Malley said in a gay, matter-of-fact voice: "I want you to go down to New York and get a hundred thousand dollars from David Milton and take it to Mr. Pendergast in Kansas City."

The tone implied that this was one of the most ordinary things in the world, the sort of tribute all loyal Missourians were happy to pay to their benevolent friend, Mr. Pendergast. Mr. Head looked at O'Malley for a moment quietly and said: "I won't do it."

A second attempt came later when O'Malley asked for a meeting at the Missouri Athletic Club in St. Louis. Mr. Head was accompanied by Sidney Souers, executive vice-president of General American. This time O'Malley seemed to be in a panic. His face was flushed and it was evident that he was under a great strain. Again he seemed to have no fear of being overheard and blurted out at once: "I'm desperate and you have to help me. I must have two hundred thousand dollars by tomorrow and it's up to you to come through."

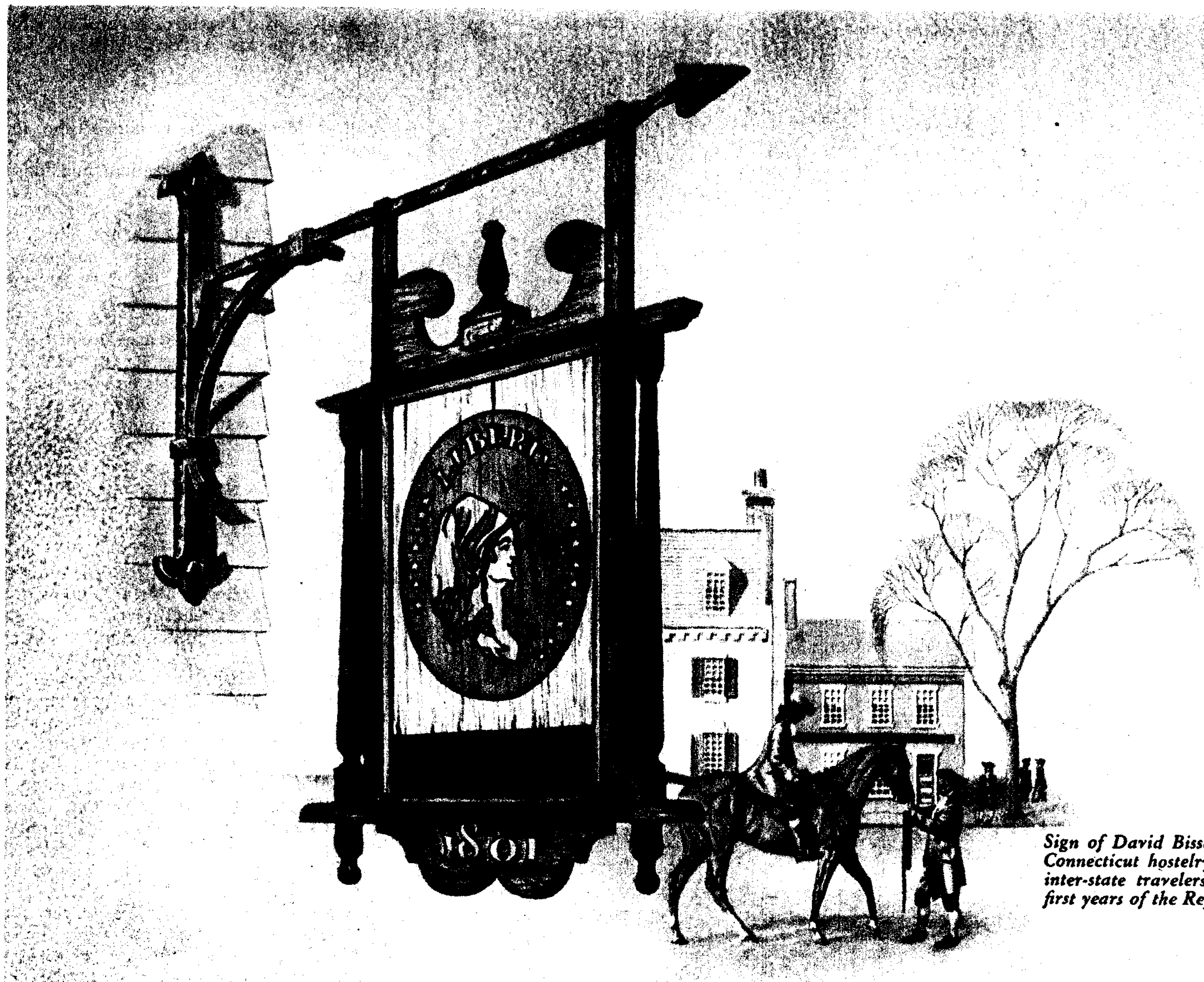
"Again the answer is no," said Mr. Head.

This took courage of the highest order and Head went back to his office to face the problem. Missouri was in the depths of the depression, and Head was having the same troubles as other businessmen. The enmity of Pendergast certainly wouldn't be a help. Looking back from this distance it is difficult to imagine the grip Pendergast had on his state. As in the case of all dictators he had become so powerful and successful that even people who disapproved of his tactics were beginning to rationalize them. "Sure, he's a crook," they said, "but after all, you know, he's done a lot of fine things."

Public opinion had become perverted

(Continued on page 64)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY E. FRED MILLER



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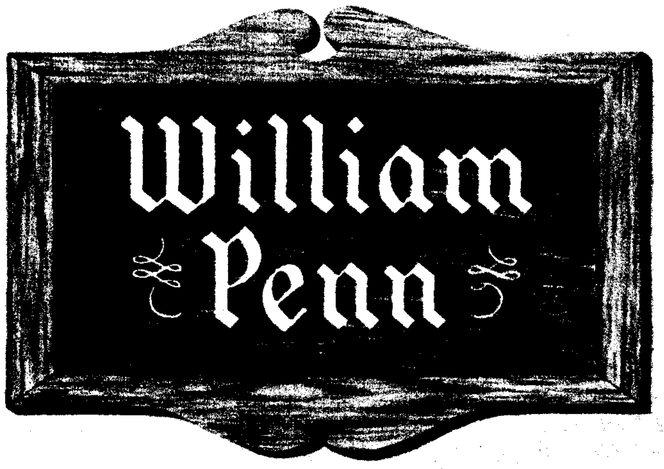

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P. O. Box 63

Continued from page 16

October afternoon, mail the letter and then drive home again. Back to the house where he'd lived for fifteen years.

His eyes went around the room.

It was a comfortable room, well worn. There were books, and a fire was laid ready for lighting. A bowl of yellow chrysanthemums stood on a table. Simonetta's red workbag with some knitting spilling from it lay on another chair and one of the many pairs of spectacles she strewed in her little busy pathway lay on the knitting. He restrained an impulse of habit and did not move to put the spectacles on a table or on the mantel where they would be in less danger of being broken. He'd been doing that ever since he and Simonetta were married, for she wore glasses because she'd always been nearsighted, not because she was old. She was two years younger than he, so she was barely thirty-five, and as pretty as she'd been when they were married—at twenty and twenty-two. They'd been children, he thought now. And his thought went swiftly on, in spite of himself to encompass his son. He pulled that thought, however, quickly back again; young Hiram was a question later to be answered. He would not let himself use the word "problem."

No matter what the outcome of this letter there wouldn't be any problem at all about Simonetta; he knew her too well. And he had already considered every possible angle of the thing he had decided to do. So he wouldn't go back over any of the paths or arguments now; he'd get on with the letter.

He took up his pen again and Simonetta's face came for an instant across the white paper. She had gentle, pansy-brown eyes, and the same soft, pale blond fluff of hair she had had as a girl. She'd grown, however, from an appealing girl of twenty to an attractive, intelligent woman, and he loved her.

But he loved her, perhaps, as he might love a relative, a dear and delightful friend. His feeling for Franny, the irresistible pull which now he had at last openly admitted to himself, was entirely different. It was as if it had never happened to him before.

Although, of course, there *was* Joan. And —well, Winifred.

HIRAM BANES was a decent fellow. He was simply not the sort of man to plunge into casual (or serious) affairs and he did not go about making passes at every attractive woman he encountered. So, at the small recollection of Joan—and of Winifred—he winced slightly and rather uneasily. Not that there was anything really to wince about. A few dances with Joan and a couple of golf tournaments; with Winifred, who was musical, a number of records exchanged and listened to in (he had to admit now) rather heavy silence, fraught unmistakably with sighs and implied significance.

He didn't remember how or why the dances and golf games, the records and sighs had stopped. Certainly neither Joan nor Winifred had, really, meant anything to him; neither had in any sense threatened his life with Simonetta. Indeed, Simonetta had known nothing of either episode. And in any case there was nothing to know. Joan—and Winifred—were attractive and he'd been attracted, that was all. Briefly, not seriously.

And not at all as he was attracted to Franny.

He started again to write—rapidly now:

Because, Franny, we must arrange somehow to meet. I can't ask you to phone to me for the same absurd reasons that I can't phone to you. I can't ask you to write to me because your letter would come to the house, it would be placed here on my desk along with all the other mail—

The family mail, bills, letters from Aunt Margaret and all that, to be looked at and sorted by Simonetta; his thoughts traveled on, concluding the sentence, but he did not write it.

He didn't want to say "by Simonetta"; he had an obscure reluctance about writing her name. Yet the fact that all their mail was of household interest was a small, unimportant piece of the quiet and completely pleasant domestic pattern.

He wrote still more rapidly:

But the point is—oh, my darling, Franny, I must hear from you. And you know and I know what that means. I've known, I think, since the night it happened—

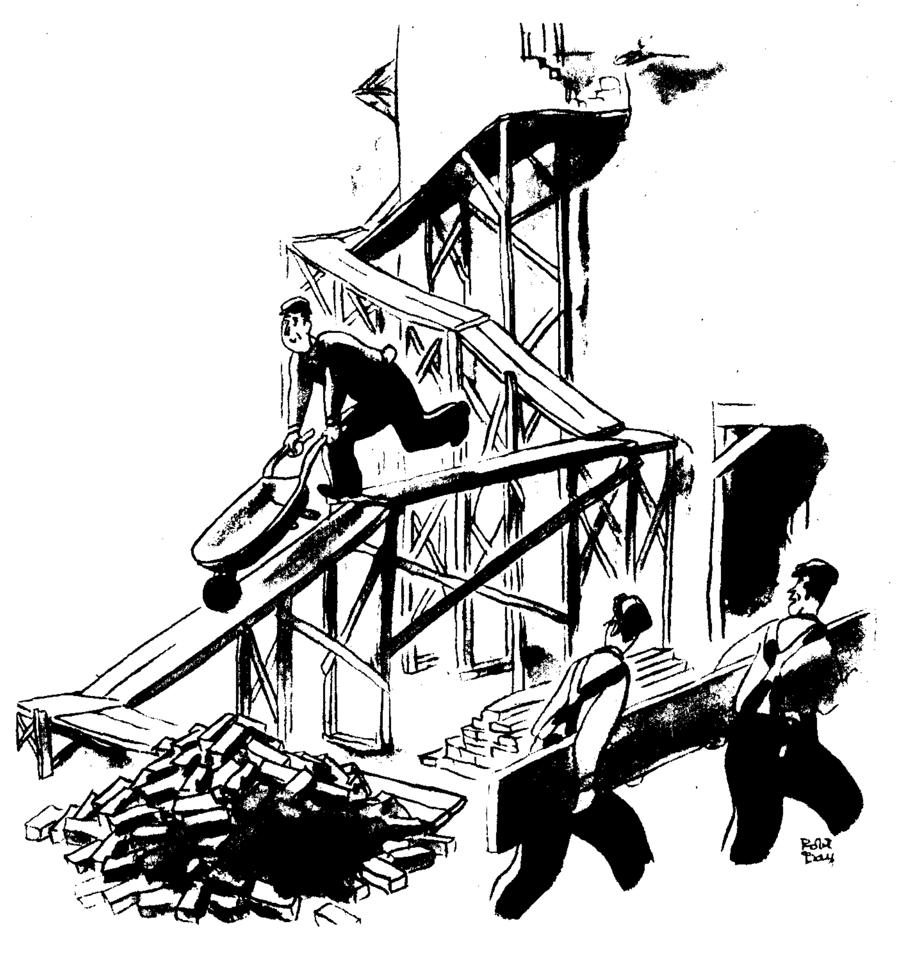
The night it happened.

It had been so simple that he supposed it was trite; things were until they happened to one's self. But he'd known Franny casually for some time; he'd always—casually—liked her. And then in the summer he had to go to San Francisco on a law case. It was a big case and it prolonged itself endlessly, tied up with all the involved economics of postwar business.

AND while he was there Franny came, all the way across the continent, not to see him, naturally, but to meet her husband, who was supposed to be returning from India.

Her husband did not come; he was delayed. The delay stretched into one week, two weeks, three weeks; then he could not come at all.

Franny returned to New York.



COLLIER'S "He ought to slow down. That tire is a re-tread" ROBERT DAY

But before she returned, this thing had happened. He knew, as a matter of fact, almost the moment. They had had dinner and were sitting over coffee; it was in its way rather a gala evening, probably for no other reason than that they'd been dancing and she, to please him in one of her enchanting moments of gaiety, had chosen to dress in gala fashion. He could remember even the dress she had worn, the long white lines of chiffon clinging to her lovely, long body, and her red slippers and her red mouth.

They had danced, they'd had dinner, they'd talked, they'd listened to the music which made a warm and glowing fabric of rhythm around them. And then the thing happened.

He'd been stirring his coffee; then he looked up at Franny and she was looking at him, and he fell in love with her.

One moment he wasn't in love and the next moment he was.

That was all there was to it. He had quite suddenly said, "You're lovely—"

And she was.

They danced again and she was in his arms and he wanted her; he looked down at her mouth and it was tender and gently smiling; her eyes were like stars. He felt actually rather lightheaded.

He took her to her hotel suite. She was leaving the next day. He took her in his arms when he left and kissed her.

He did it without a word. She'd said nothing either. He didn't know what she thought; but almost as directly and as unexpectedly as he had taken her in his arms she yielded to that and to his kiss.

After a moment, though, she'd withdrawn, and said, her mouth still soft and warm from his kiss, "I leave tomorrow. You've been very good to me. You—" She had paused and caught her breath and then said rather unsteadily, "Goodby, Hiram. Thank you for everything."

Confused, taken by surprise at his own unexpected emotion, he'd said, "I'll write—"

Then he had gone back to his apartment and the next day she returned East.

A few weeks later he'd finished his job and returned East also. He hadn't seen her since, and somehow it was impossible for him to telephone politely and make friendly and polite conversation. Besides—

Besides there was again the curiously binding pattern of domestic life; there were telephone extensions all over his house; if he went out to a hotel or a pay station it was with a sense of the absurd, as if by doing so he assailed Franny's own dignity and the respect he had for her.

BUT he also loved her. He'd decided that now. So he must get on with the letter. As he thought of that, the study door opened and Simonetta came in.

"Hello," she said; "it's colder."

She went over to the fireplace and squatted down before it, reaching for matches. She was wearing a red sweater and a short tweed skirt which showed her pretty, slim legs. Her blond hair was blown and tousled and she had on dirty gardening gloves, too big for her, so she fumbled with the matches and had trouble lighting one of them. She turned and glanced at him and he made an instinctive—and a rather furtive—move to hide the letter. He checked himself in the act; it was surreptitious and, again, absurd and childish. Besides, Simonetta was nearsighted; even if she came to the desk, even if she glanced over his shoulder she couldn't read what he'd written.

And besides—she'd have to know the truth, sooner or later.

He told himself that sternly—and felt obscurely troubled because of that abortive, quickly checked gesture. He hoped Simonetta had not seen it.

He looked at her sharply but could not be sure and to cover his slight embarrassment he reached for a cigarette.

The flame of his lighter and the flame of the match in Simonetta's gloved hand were like two small beacons, simultaneously lighted. It struck him—obscurely again—that Simonetta's brown eyes were for an instant rather fixed and bright. Then she turned to hold the match to the pine cones beneath the logs and he lighted his cigarette; both small beacons vanished and the pine cones caught with a long streak of blue flame. Simonetta sat back on her heels for a minute, her back to him. "Much colder," she said. "I'm covering my tea roses."

The pine cones spluttered in red and blue sparks; she pulled off her gloves and held out her hands to the flame. He thought: Where will we be next October?

There was a moment or two of silence except for the fire. Then Simonetta said without looking at him, "Writing letters?"

"A—yes." He hoped she wouldn't ask to whom.

She didn't. There was another silence. She gazed into the fire, which had now fully caught. Finally she said, "Well—I only came in to warm my hands. I'll get along and finish."

She got up.

She was coming over to the desk.

She didn't have her spectacles on; he held firmly to that thought and even more firmly kept his hands from making another betraying motion toward the letter.

But Simonetta did not even glance down at the letter.

INSTEAD she came to his side and bent to put her cheek against his; his arm went automatically around her waist. She said abruptly, against his ear, "You're so nice, Hiram! So—well, sort of normal and funny and honest and—and the way a man *is*."

There was a faint warm echo of laughter in her voice. Or was there? He couldn't be sure of that either. And he could not see her face for she was holding it against his own.

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing," said Simonetta. "Nothing—really. Darling." She paused, holding her cheek steadily to his own; he could feel her thinking, as if searching for something in her mind. Then she said, "Hiram, I ordered that golf club you wanted. They've got in the first new supply; I phoned Wilson's. It'll be here tomorrow, I imagine. And I wrote for the recording of the Pathétique, the new one that received such a good notice last week."

He had brooded over a new club; he had not known that there was any new or especially good recording of the symphony. Of course, a golf club made him think instantly of Joan, and any symphony recording of Winifred. Again he had a rather uneasy twinge.

But Simonetta had known nothing of either of them; and knew nothing as yet of Franny. Even if wives had a sixth sense, she still knew nothing, for there was nothing to know. Yet.

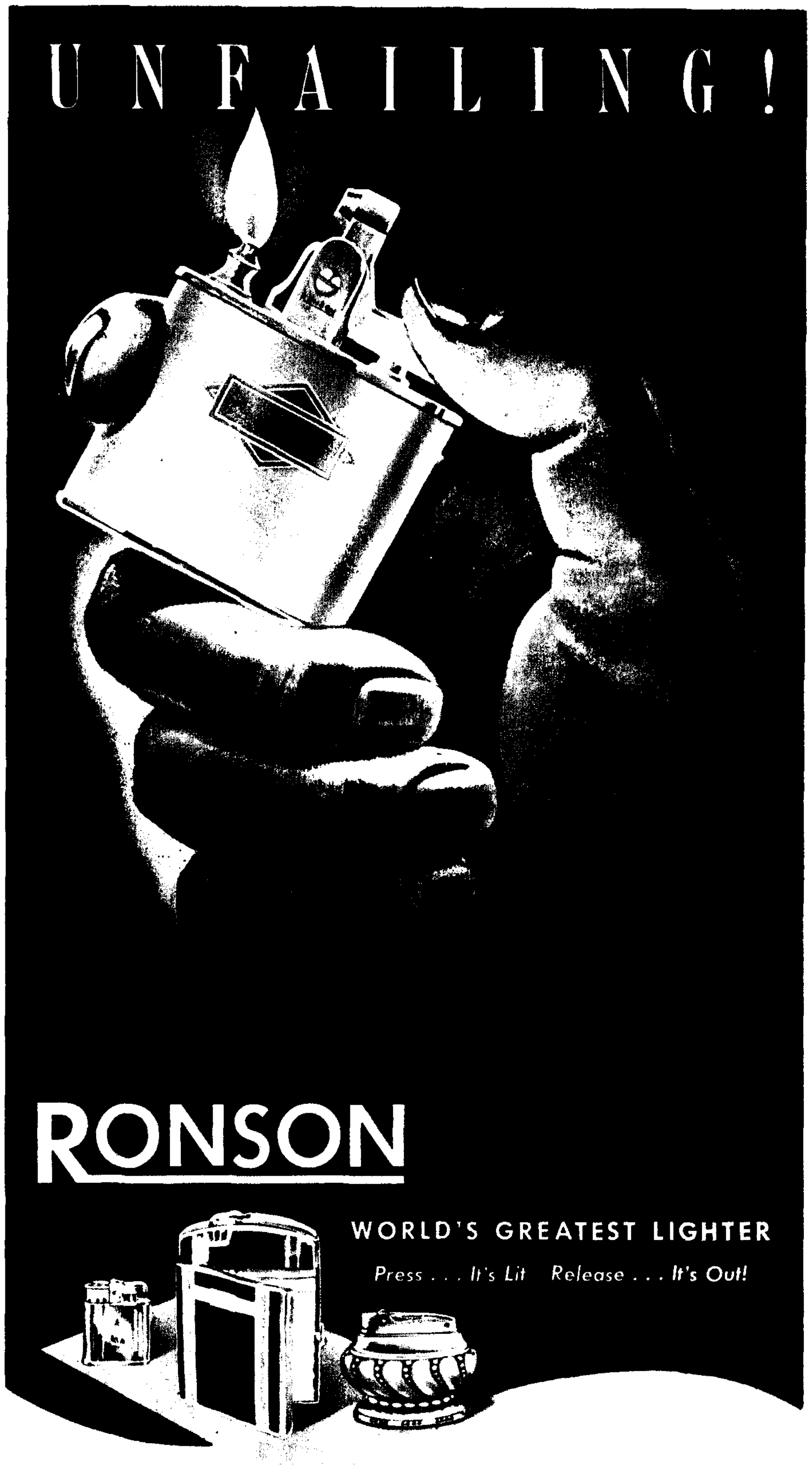
And certainly Simonetta would not have taken that particular way to remind him of those short-lived and extremely tenuous incidents. There was no malice about her.

Besides, in her tone was a sort of promise, as if actually she wished to cheer him, to make a small and loving gesture of recompense for some—well, loss. Not an important loss, certainly, not an important gesture.

And it was not at all the way she spoke to young Hiram when, say, she was intent upon making up to him some childish disappointment.

He couldn't imagine why he'd thought of that.

She said, "I thought you'd like them," and kissed him softly so that her mouth barely



UNFAILING!

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CELEBRATING OUR GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

FIFTIETH YEAR RONSON GOLDEN JUBILEE

touched his cheek, and moved away, across the room to the door. She turned there, as he sat watching her; her eyes were very bright, almost laughing, but her face was quiet and calm. She said, "Oh, by the way—I saw Joan Shaw yesterday. She looked beautiful— Finish your letter, darling."

She vanished, closing the door behind her.

A new golf club, a record. Joan!

Definitely he did not like the juxtaposition of words. Yet what could it be but coincidence? He'd mentioned the new golf club; anybody might buy a record; Joan lived only a mile or so down the road; why shouldn't Simonetta see her and happen to remark about it?

After a moment's thought he shook his head. Simonetta couldn't have known.

And the letter, the important letter had to be finished now swiftly.

He read what he'd written and was dissatisfied with it. He was prepared for anything that might come of it but he had not intended this first letter to be a love letter—no matter what its actual meaning. He crumpled it up, dropped it in the fire and wrote the second letter rapidly and briefly:

Dear Franny:

I arrived home a week ago. I've taken a post-office box in the village. It's number is— He left that blank to be filled in later. *Franny, will you write to me there?*

He signed it; he knew her address, had known it and her telephone number and had tantalized himself with their familiarity. He directed the envelope; he realized that time had passed and he'd have to hurry. He went out the side door; he did not see Simonetta.

DRIVING down to the village, along the winding roads he felt a little shaken; this was a tremendous thing. All his life, he felt, had been directed toward this moment of driving through the cool, lovely late fall day to post the letter to Franny. Making it possible for them to write to each other, to meet, to love if the pattern was cut that way. It was his own consent to that potential design; he did not know about Franny. If she wrote, when she wrote, then he'd know that, too.

He passed all the familiar spots, the curve around the old, green-growing cemetery; the hill from which one had a blue-and-golden view of the sound.

He arrived at the village post office in plenty of time to rent the post-office box, to write its number in the blank he had left in his letter, and to mail it.

So that was that; it was done.

He drove home rather slowly; this time he stopped as he often did at the top of the hill to smoke and look at the view, which always pleased him.

He turned off the engine and got out cigarettes. His eyes followed the familiar line of curving blue water, and green and autumn-bronzed shore line below him. It was extremely tranquil; an evening mist was rising softly, changing the blue to gray; by the time he got home it would be full dusk. The letter he had dropped in the slot would already be on its way to Franny.

It would not be long now before he could start watching for mail in Box 63.

It was odd, he thought presently, how small and commonplace were acts that could be so tremendously important. Parking the car, entering the little red-brick post office, telling the post-office clerk that he wanted to rent a box.

"For three months, I suppose," the clerk had said.

"Right. Three months will be quite long enough," he'd replied.

Suddenly he sat up and stared, frowning down at the smoky, soft autumn mist below him.

Three months will be quite long enough!

He'd replied instantly, without hesitation, as if the words were waiting to be spoken.

After a long moment or two, unexpectedly, not knowing he was going to do it, he began to laugh.

So Simonetta *had* known!

And so had he, all along, deep in his subconscious.

He might as well be honest; he'd regret the loss of the quite real and lovely moment of emotion he and Franny had had. But it was only a moment. He hadn't wanted anything—any woman, any possible love—to last, except Simonetta.

Well.

The next time, he'd know that; the next time—as suddenly as he'd laughed, he sobered. Perhaps, everything considered, there'd better not be a next time. Just suppose the letter to Franny had gone!

But it had gone! Unless he stopped it.

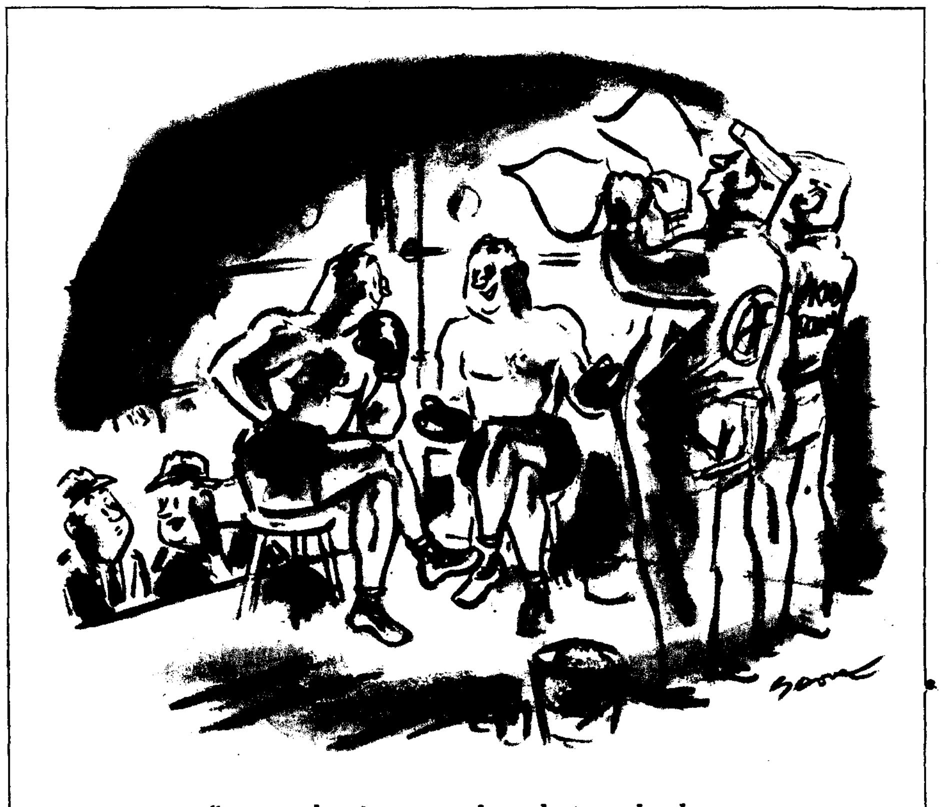
And suppose, he thought with a gasp of something very like sheer horror, Franny replied!

He turned on the engine and drove furiously back to the village, hurtling around the curves.

He knew the postmaster, and the postmaster knew him; he could get the letter out of the post and he did.

By the time he started home, the bright October afternoon had gone. But in his study at home, there would be the fire that Simonetta had lighted, and Simonetta herself, his wife, waiting for him.

THE END



COLLIER'S

"Funny, they just seemed to take to each other the moment the referee introduced them"

LEONARD DOVE

Take It Easy

Continued from page 32

Now, let's make a home portrait of Janie, aged 10. Younger children later, when you are more experienced at lighting. Cats and dogs last of all.

Set Janie on a stool or bench, *not* a chair with a back, and don't turn her full-face to the camera. Seat her sidewise, shoulder to the camera, and let her turn her head. Face and chest aimed the same direction are wrong, as a general rule.

Put that bench five to eight feet from a plain wall and light the background. Put a metal wastebasket (no fire hazards) behind Janie and right next to the wall. Lay a flood lamp across top of basket and let it shine up the wall, making it light below, shading up to grayer and grayer.

Next, set up your main light, your "sun." Think of Janie as sitting in the very center of a clock face drawn on your living-room floor. She sits where the hands are screwed on, your camera is at 6 o'clock, about five to eight feet from Janie, depending on your lens.

Your main light stands between 4 and 5 or between 7 and 8 on the clock face. Run it up high; stand it on a chair or table.

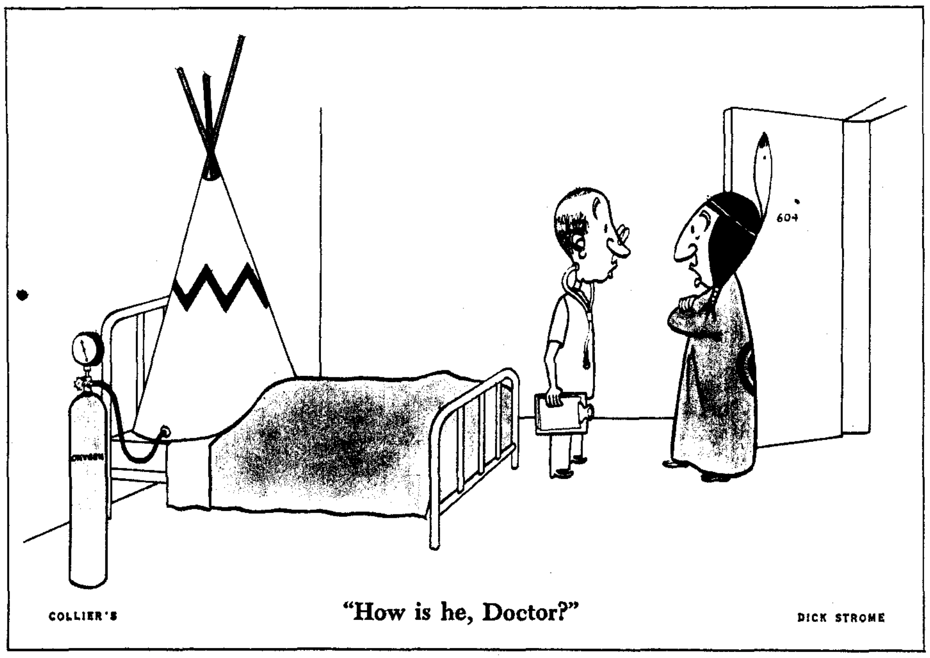
Imagine a line running from Janie's nose to the lamp, parallel to the floor. Imagine another line from her nose, making a 45-degree angle with the first one. That second line should go up and hit the main light. This setup is called the 45-degree light, and is an old, conservative, reliable portrait light.

Now put another lamp, a weaker one (photofloods come in No. 1 and No. 2 strengths) right beside the camera. This fills in the shadows and is called a fill-in light. You can, instead of using this light, put a white towel or a newspaper here, so it bounces light into the shadows, which photograph much darker than they look to the eye. These three lamps, with Janie's head turned so one side of the face is full-lighted and there is a triangular patch of light on the other cheek, just below the eye, will result in some good home portraits.

When you shoot flash, whether the lamp is synchronized with your shutter, or whether you hold a handflash up in the air and do an "open flash" (you open the shutter, shoot the flash, close shutter), the flash bulb should be in the position of the main light and NOT on or near the camera. News pictures often look flat and homely because the boys have to work with flash attached to camera and they must be speedy.

This was not written to shove you into photography by force if you don't feel the urge. It was just meant to show the want-to's that amateur photography is good fun, quite simple and inexpensive. If you take it easy.

THE END



"How is he, Doctor?"

Any Week

Continued from page 4

you?" But Lorna didn't reply. She sniffed a couple of times, scowled, slowly removed her fur coat and her brilliant hat. She sniffed again, didn't like what she smelled, then: "Git away from that stove. Git out of this kitchen." So Lorna's back.

ALSO Miss Eveline Beers of Denver, Colorado, bids everybody to keep calm. At the moment, she says, things are not any too encouraging but "it's merely because we Americans have been patriotic for almost four years and, being a free people, got pretty tired of it. Now the war is over we're back at our traditional fun of letting the country go to the dogs and making it pay."

OUR favorite newspaper, the Sturgis (Michigan) Journal advertises: "Jerry Nantkes, 9, and James Johnstonbaugh, 9, are proud to announce that their Western show will be held in the Nantkes basement on Saturday. A small admission fee will be charged. The show will move to more commodious quarters should the crowd exceed expectations."

HIGH among the depressing sights we've viewed recently is the postwar draftee. A troop of fourteen passed us recently on their way to uniforms and basic training. They'd just been inducted. Under their breath they were all chanting: "We wanna go home."

WHICH reminds us that a postcard has just arrived from Staff Sergeant Sam Wujacks in Tokyo that he will be "glad to take all the blame for brass-hat errors from Pearl Harbor to the Rapido and the Bulge in exchange for the privilege of being shot at home."

APPARENTLY this column contained something recently about a judge who wouldn't wear shoes. Mr. Theo Blodgett of Little Rock, Arkansas, scoffs. "Why we used to have a judge down here who never wore an outside shirt," says Mr. Blodgett. "As a young lawyer he was always losing his shirt in fights with opposing counsel. Just gave up wearing them. He even taught Sunday school in his undershirt. He always suspended sentence on a malefactor coming into his court shirtless. Any prisoner wearing a shirt didn't have much chance. When our judge died the undertaker put a shirt on him. That night the undertaker's place burned to the ground."...

W. D.

BOSTONIAN Setter Red

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Bostonians

FIT RIGHT · FEEL RIGHT THEY'RE WALK-FITTED

TEACH THE NEW DOG OLD TRICKS

BY A. L. SIMON

I KNEW a man who sang the praises of his pooch until he believed the pup was psychic. One day I went to his house and there was Buttercup, a sad-faced spaniel, who bit my trousers, obviously to say, "Hello."

I smiled and shook my leg. "Get down, Buttercup," ordered my friend. Buttercup bit the cloth more vigorously.

"Get down," he repeated. Buttercup didn't budge.

"Maybe he doesn't understand."

"Buttercup," said my friend, "understands everything."

I nodded and dragged my leg *and* Buttercup into the house.

If you have tried to make your four-legged pet obey, only to have him look at you with that bewildered "What-in-the-world-are-you-trying-to-say?" expression, then you are not the master of your home. If you have pleaded with your pooch to "Come here!" until you discovered that you had to go to him, then you have suffered embarrassment long enough.

No longer need your dog be the boss. You can master the mutt. Maybe your pooch will not become a movie star but you can teach him enough tricks to make your guests shout, "My, he's wonderful!"—meaning you as well as the dog.

Proof of the pudding is Lassie, M-G-M's remarkable collie star who will do practically anything you ask if it is within the realm of possibility. Lassie, among many other things, will bow, sneeze, wag or not wag, act downhearted, be gay, look exhausted, yawn, scratch fleas or just pose and look beautiful. Lassie's owner is Rudd Weatherwax,* popular Hollywood dog trainer, who has taught tricks to scores of movie hounds. Take it from Rudd, "A dog can be taught to do almost anything except read and write."

Age No Barrier in Training

Don't believe the old adage, "You can't teach an old dog new tricks." Weatherwax says you can, no matter what his age. It is best not to start training any pup, however, until he is eight months old.

With Weatherwax and Lassie to illustrate, training your dog is easy—and if you spend 15 minutes each evening at it, in two weeks Fido will amaze you.

All you need in the way of equipment is a training leash—which can be sash cord or rope about 10 feet long. This should be tied to the dog's collar.

The only other item you'll require is a pocket filled with tasty tidbits. These can be almost anything, from tiny balls of ground hamburger to dog biscuits or any of the available dog candies. The only trouble with hamburger is that it is greasy to handle. Weatherwax prefers to use a commercial dog biscuit which he breaks into small pieces.

Here are some hints from Lassie's trainer, and you are all set to begin:

1. Be prepared to spend 15 minutes every day at the job. The secret is regularity. If you are too tired to bother some day after beginning, you'll probably have to start from scratch again.
2. Do it in quiet surroundings. Evening is probably best. Don't try to rush the little fellow into a quick session because dinner is ready.
3. Don't smoke while training. Canines do not appreciate tobacco.
4. Save that highball for later. Doggies are teetotalers and they can't get the pleasure from a brandy aroma that you can.
5. After he accomplishes each trick, always reward him with a tidbit and heap praise on him. Dogs are hams at heart and love lavish attention.
6. Never work on your pooch when he is not feeling well.
7. Only one person at a time should train him. If you have taught Fido a trick, don't let Aunt Minnie, your wife and all the kids try it, too—not until you have finished the job. Otherwise they'll confuse the pup and undo all your good work.

Now you are ready to begin:

First, says Weatherwax, your dog must be taught the essentials of obedience. These include five simple lessons: to come when called, to heel, to sit down, to stay down and to lie down. After a dog has mastered these orders you can teach him any variety of parlor tricks.

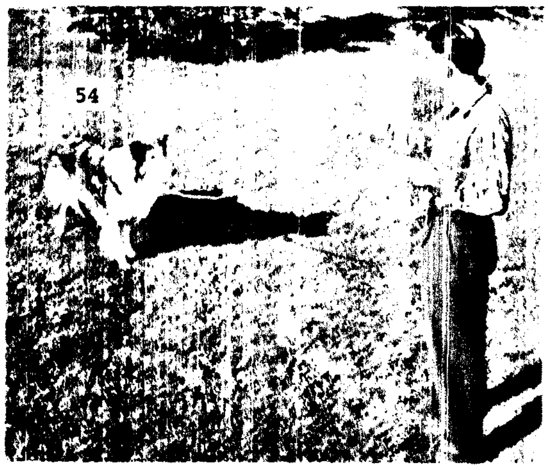
For all training lessons, voice is very important. Your dog doesn't immediately understand the actual words you use; what he does assimilate quickly is your tone. Therefore, to have him follow your orders, your voice must have an inflection that is firm.

If you want him to sit, don't suggest that he be seated in the same manner that you might tell a visiting guest. Command him to "Sit!" with authority. By the same token, when you praise him, do it with a milk-and-honey voice.

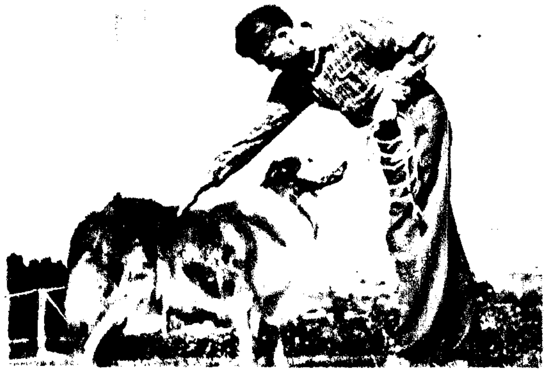
Don't worry about how to hold the *(Continued on page 80)*

**Rudd Weatherwax, whose instruction methods are contained in this article, is most famous for being Lassie's owner. His father used to train vaudeville animals. Rudd and two brothers now operate a dog training school in San Fernando Valley.*

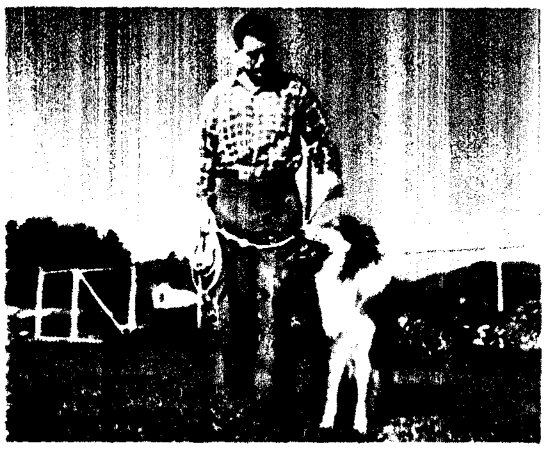
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING



Lassie and trainer, Rudd Weatherwax, posed for these. On a rope, he teaches her to "Come!" and tugs her to him



Hold him close, facing you, when you say "Sit!" The free hand pushes his rump down . . . holds it on the ground



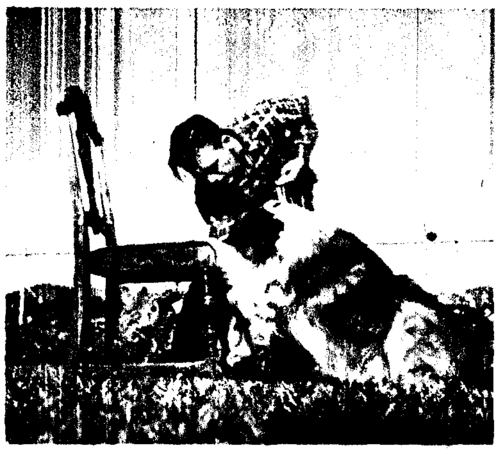
The art of "heeling." Shorten leash and keep dog close at your side. If he falls back or goes ahead, order him to "Heel!"

In teaching the dog to sit, it is also necessary to teach him to "Stay!" (You will find out why.) Lassie is staying

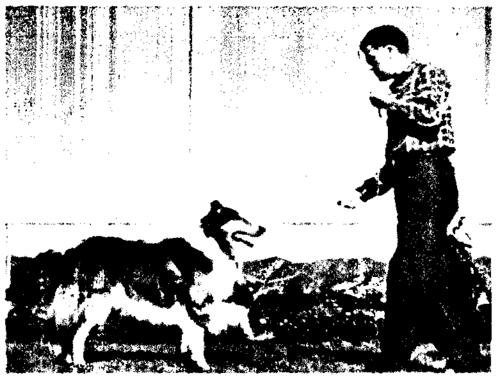
"Lie down!" isn't easy. The dog must be taught to sit first. Then say "Lie down!" and pull his paws toward you

"On your side!" requires a shoulder push together with a pull on the leash after commanding the dog to lie down

In "Roll over!" the trainer stands on a short leash and rolls the dog over Everyone but the dog will love this one



"Hide your eyes!" is done by teaching him to put his front paws on a chair, then bribing him with a tidbit held low



A slip-knot over a front paw will show him how to do the "Lame dog!" trick. Soon he will do it without the rope

Start him on this one by walking the dog through an inner tube. Raise it gradually; later substitute your arms

When a "wolf" gets in the fold...

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FRANK SINATRA

Wednesday Evenings CBS

and

MEET ME AT PARKY'S

Sunday Evenings NBC

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Cocktail Glasses from Georg Jensen Inc., N. Y.

Heublein's Club Cocktails belong on any collector's shelf—*because of what's inside the glass!*

Our Martinis, shown here, are made from genuine, pot-stilled Milshire Gin and a Dry Vermouth that's really *dry*.

Our Manhattans are made from our private stock of choice whiskies and a Sweet Vermouth that's really something!

Completely ready. Just add ice and serve.

HEUBLEIN'S
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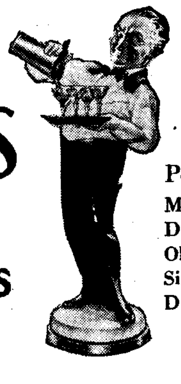
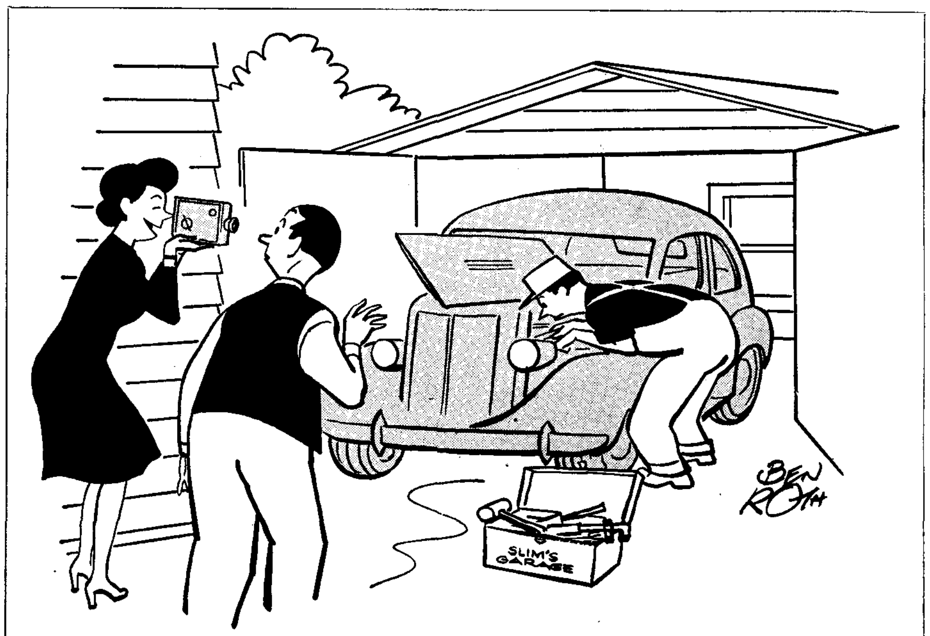
COCKTAILS



The Five Popular Varieties

- **Manhattan, *65 proof***
- **Dry Martini, *71 proof***
- **Old Fashioned, *80 proof***
- **Side Car, *60 proof***
- **Daiquiri, *70 proof***

Milshire Distilled London Dry Gin is 90 proof, distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Conn.



"Don't let on, Henry, the next time we can fix it ourselves!"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

Our Secret War in Scandinavia

Continued from page 15

on every field and what type, when they usually landed and took off and what bombers or transports went through Bergen or Oslo or any other important field.

I do not think that any underground in Europe was as carefully organized as that of Norway. We dropped men into Norway with definite tasks and they almost invariably did them well. I remember one boy who was dropped near Oslo, who lived in that city for four years and was never detected by the Germans. At one time he lived in the garage owned by a friend of mine. My friend was in a concentration camp, but his wife carried on.

One of the most important stations for a long time in Oslo was established in the maternity hospital for a year. We dropped the operator and his radio set on the outskirts of Oslo, and our friends there, some of whom were doctors, got him a job as electrician in the hospital. Being a bright lad it did not take him long to learn the duties of a hospital electrician, and while he was fussing around on the roof with wires he managed to set up his aerials in such a manner that they could not be detected.

He began his work in the spring of 1944, about the time the Americans and British were getting ready to land on the Normandy coast.

He had direct communication with London, having set up his apparatus in an attic on top of the hospital where he was reasonably safe from interruption. The Germans, of course, intercepted some of the code messages and by means of radio locators finally determined that the radio must be in the hospital. So one day they surrounded it with SS men, and also threw a cordon around the near-by blocks.

Our operator, having no idea that he had been discovered, was pounding away at his key when two Gestapo men walked in the door. He tried to get up a stairway to the roof, but found that blocked. So he came down, shot the two Germans who had found him and ran down to a ward. It was a maternity ward, full of babies in cribs, women and a few nurses. Suddenly at the door appeared this young man with a pistol, yelling, "Get out of the way." They did, in a hurry.

He ran down a stairway to a rear entrance, where he found two more SS men. He shot them. Just outside in the yard were two more. He shot them, also. Then he climbed over a wall, ran across a street and into a building, shed his working clothes, and went out on the farther street, with his pistol in his pocket and a civilian suit on, and appearing quite unconcerned. The odd thing about him was that he was usually nervous, but in this crisis he was as calm as could be.

When he reached a street a block from the hospital, he saw a German officer with two streetwalkers sauntering along. He went up to the group, said, "Hello," to one of the girls and took her arm. . . . Then he marched calmly behind the German officer. Two weeks later he was on his way to Stockholm.

Although this espionage work was always a big part of my duties, there was another fundamental idea at the back of our Swedish invasion, if you can call it that. There was always the possibility, even after Normandy, that the Germans would make a stand in Norway and that it might be necessary to dig them out.

That could not be done from the Norwegian side, for the only possible landing place there was at Stavanger, and behind the plain were mountains that were nearly impossible to penetrate. So the plans of SHAEF always considered the possibility of entering Norway by way of Sweden, probably by dropping airborne troops, after assurance that the Swedes would not only permit such action, but also assist us.

Getting Air Bases Established

I had the task of setting up a base as a precedent, and finding other landing fields suitable for such an attempt. We found two apartment houses near the field which we were permitted to use, and we set up our own radio receiving station. Our transmitting station was elsewhere. We got North Atlantic weather reports, and also had our own weather men. We were even permitted to have our own tower control officer in the Stockholm field air tower. I remember the Swedish Foreign Minister coming out one day and saying:

"What are you trying to do, run this field?"

But he did not object.

This was not entirely a one-way affair. The Swedes had long wanted an airline between their country and the United States, and they believed that if they helped us we would help them. They wanted to land in Iceland, where we already had a base. Some B-17s which had made forced landings in Sweden had been turned over to them, and they had rebuilt them into passenger ships.

They first started flying with lighted planes, as they were supposed to do under international law, just as neutral surface vessels travel with all lights in dangerous territory. But the Germans shot down two of these planes, and the Swedes stopped operations in 1943. But after we had blazed a new path for them over Norway and down to Scotland, they resumed operations in March, 1945, with unlighted planes, and continued their flights to Iceland.

During all this period I was meeting Swedish officials, men who were sympathetic to the Allied cause and who had great influence. It was easy at a luncheon or dinner, or over a drink, to tell what we wanted to accomplish and, without pressing the point, make it clear that it would not hurt the cause of Sweden to work with us. A word here and a word there added up to quite a bit in the end.

Sweden felt that the Germans were losing, and wanted to improve its position in post-war air commerce. Moreover, the Swedes feared desperately that the Germans might try to go through Sweden. It was the physical contact with American flying officers and the success of the operations that helped bring this feeling into focus. They felt closer to us because of our being there, and we linked them to the world they liked and understood, a world from which they were otherwise completely cut off.

It was for these reasons, probably, that they let us set up an American Air Transport ticket office in February, 1945, in the Hotel Stockholm. The British Overseas Airways had an office there also. We did business as openly as it is done in New York, for we were flying out internees and cadets, who had to make their arrangements somehow. The Germans did their air-ticket business through the Swedish airlines, which were flying to Berlin.

During all this time there had been conferences, if one can call them that, with the various ministries about uniforms. The British had been using civil airline uniforms, and so had the Norwegians. At first we came in without uniforms, then with overcoats over uniforms, and then there was the time in the fall of 1944, about the time our American troops reached the Rhine, when an American general arrived in full uniform, and nobody said anything about it.

By this time the Germans had been driven out of Finland, and the great question was whether Sweden would come into the war—on our side. We had sent Norwegian troops to Kirkenes, in northern Norway near Petsamo, by sea in November of 1944, and lost a lot of them through submarine action and by dive bombers based in Norway. It was decided to transport by air a company of police troops, and two hospital units, from northern Sweden to Kirkenes to participate in actions against Germans retreating from Finland.

This was a full military operation. The planes that were to fly them north came to Stockholm with United States military markings, and with invasion stripes on their fuselages and rudders. They landed at night, and it was intended to get them out as quickly as possible so that they would not be seen, because the crews were in full uniform. But the weather was bad, and it was impossible for them to leave the field. So I went to see Police Captain Olson, who was in charge of the field, and explained the difficulty.

"Why not give them internee certificates?" I said. "You can have them fingerprinted and photographed and everything."

"Fine," said Olson. "I will be down at eight o'clock in the morning."

We couldn't get hotel rooms for them, so we took them in busses to a staging station near Stockholm, called Saltsjobaden. I was a little upset because they didn't have civilian clothes, and called the Foreign Minister.

"They are all in uniform, and I don't know what to do," I said.

"Don't worry," he said. "It will be all right."

"You know," I reminded him, "they haven't seen a lighted town in a long time, and they all want to go in. How can I keep them?"

"Let them go," he said.

Then I had to call up the American Ministry. The men had no passports, no identification, no anything. The Ministry was very much disturbed and told me I would probably be court-martialed. But by this time the internee certificates were being stamped, the crews were all fingerprinted and photographed, and the only trouble was that they had no civilian clothes to wear into town. Clothes were scarce in Sweden then, but we got thousands of coupons from the Foreign Ministry, and I bought the boys clothing out of my elastic contingent fund.

Clothing Scarcity Creates Problem

When we got them to Kallax on the way to Kirkenes, there were a lot of Norwegians as well as Americans in the planes, and the problem of leave was worse. The Americans, who had some civilian clothes, could go into town, but the Norwegians could not. That did not seem fair. It happened that Söderman and Defense Minister Torp were at Kallax on an inspection trip, so I told them my troubles. Söderman called the Foreign Minister, and then told me to let them all go to Lulea, the nearest town, wearing their uniforms.

About this time Brigadier General Alfred A. Kessler, American Military Attaché at Stockholm, was sent to inspect our group. At Kallax there were eighty-seven Swedish planes and ten American planes. The general was invited to dinner at Lulea by the Swedes, after reviewing our unit. There he met Swedish officers, Norwegians in Norwegian uniforms, Norwegians in British uniforms, Americans in American uniforms, and Finnish officers in Finnish uniforms. He looked at this Alice in Wonderland setting, and said: "I am beginning to see daylight. This is something very different from what I expected. How the hell did it happen?"

By April we were all in uniform in Stockholm. And if we had gone into Norway the Swedes would have gone with us.

In the next and concluding installment, Colonel Balchen describes how the Americans supplied the Norwegian underground, and evacuated Norwegian cadets and interned Allied fliers.

COLLIER'S "Sa-ay! How about combining our ideas—" GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

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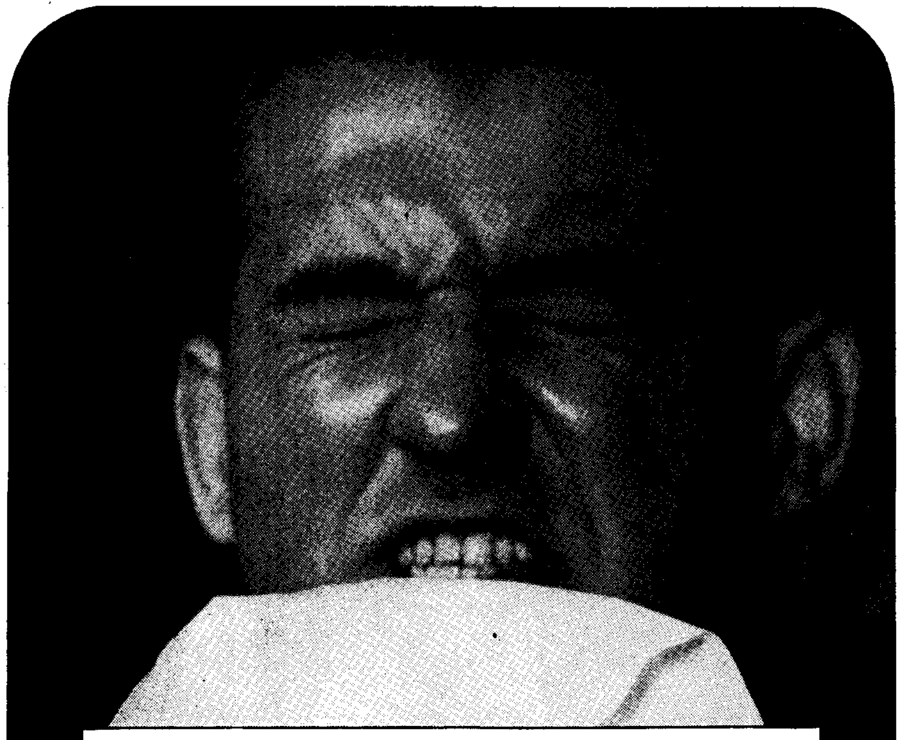


How to deal with COLDS

Physicians advise these 5 basic steps, in addition to temporary relief measures, to help your system *throw off a cold.* See how lemons help:

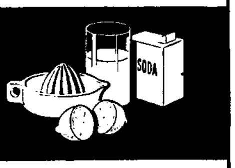
	5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1	**Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.**	Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue* and *fights infection.*
2	**Alkalinize your system.**	Lemon juice with water and baking soda forms *sodium citrate,* an excellent alkalinizer.
3	**Insure regular elimination.**	Lemon juice and water, with or without soda, is mildly laxative for most people.
4	**Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.**	Fresh lemon drinks are favorites.
5	**Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.**	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

TO GAIN FULL BENEFITS FROM LEMONS—FOLLOW THIS ROUTINE

At first sign of a cold drink a glass of lemon and soda. Take another every 3 or 4 hours.

To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Lemon and soda forms natural *sodium citrate.* Supplies vitamins and all other benefits of fresh lemon juice, plus an increased alkalinizing effect. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.



To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add – slowly – half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily. Juice of 1 lemon in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

California Sunkist Lemons

World Changer

Continued from page 17

miles deep, has brought them up short.

The Armstrong principle, however, was radically different from any which had preceded it. Studies of wave action reveal that the surface disturbances of the sea are just that—surface disturbances. So, instead of a flight deck built upon a barge or conventional type of floating vessel, he designed one which would rest upon vertical floats extending down a hundred or more feet through the disturbed surface waters to rest in what the deep-sea sailor refers to as "solid water." Thus the flight deck is undisturbed by surface waves and storms which pass between the vertical floats, much the same way as water passes between the piling of piers.

To celebrate the birth of his idea, Armstrong promptly resigned from Du Pont and started building models and conducting tests. He also organized the Seadrome Patents Co., Inc., to operate the seadromes on a toll basis for airlines. And at the outrageous prices asked in the dry middle twenties, he bought a bottle of bourbon which he set on his workroom shelf with the firm resolve that it would remain unopened until the first seadrome was an actuality.

The First Wave of Enthusiasm

The investment in bourbon at first seemed a short-term one. The press—fascinated with the idea—did itself proud with artists' garish conceptions of floating cities on man-made islands of steel. The movie colony took up Armstrong, lionized him. Gloria Swanson, Elinor Glyn gave parties in his honor. Letters of congratulation and encouragement poured in from people like Rudyard Kipling, Henry Field (of the Field Museum), Simon Lake (inventor of the submarine) and Sir John Biles, Britain's foremost ship designer, who offered to aid in the design of the dromes. Fellow engineers declared it was practical; industrial giants poured money into it, believing that, in addition to working, the seadrome would also pay.

This year, 1946—twenty-two years later, years packed with every trial and tribulation and individual heartbreak which ever plagued an inventor in story or real life—Armstrong is at last dusting the cobwebs off the bourbon preparatory to tapping it. It took a global war to blast the seadrome off the drawing board, but Air Transport Command—after extensive tests made by Army engineers and some redesigning to adapt it to modern aircraft—is interested in going ahead with the drome.

And to show how even the wildest predictions of the press can age with time into something quite respectable, ATC would like to have a drome over a mile long (actually about 6,000 feet), with four decks for hangar space, gasoline storage, living quarters, dining rooms, workshops, etc.

For the first time, too, a deep-water anchorage can be effected. Because of the Armstrong principle of flotation, there is no great pull on the cable, no resultant strain upon the seadrome itself. John A. Roebling's Sons Co., of Trenton, N. J., builders of the Brooklyn Bridge, have already perfected an anchorage they guarantee will work.

It may seem ironical that back in the twenties, when aircraft had a short range and such dromes were essential to cross-ocean flights, nothing was done about building them, while now, with plenty of aircraft capable of easily spanning the ocean, the first seadromes may be put into operation. However, the economics of air travel have not altered although aircraft have.

In the middle twenties, Armstrong's selling point to the airlines was simply: "It's better to carry pay load than gasoline." That made sense. It still does; and ATC's experience as the greatest globe-girdling airline for freight and passengers bears him out.

The development of new, far-ranging aircraft means simply that the load capacity of the planes has been boosted. It does not alter the basic fact that it is cheaper to carry more pay load in these larger planes than to carry gasoline. ATC's studies revealed, for example, that with one such drome stationed between San Francisco and Hawaii for refueling purposes, the pay load of an airliner could be upped more than 100 per cent.

The whole story of the seadrome's devel-

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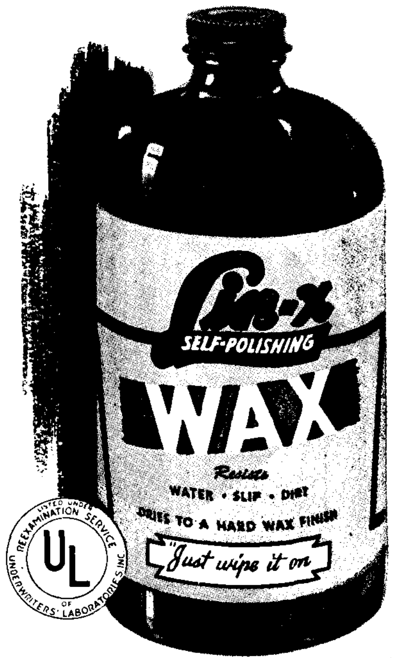
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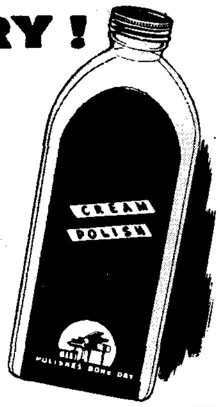

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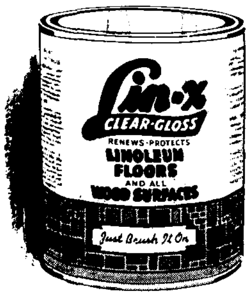

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opment to the present point—where one has been thoroughly tested by the latest scientific methods in model form, declared feasible by the Corps of Engineers—is in a way the story of invention and inventors in general except for one fact.

Usually the practical moneyed people of the world have no use for an invention because (a) they think it won't work or (b) they think it won't make money. Sometime, usually long after the death of the inventor, someone recognizes its potentialities and the inventor becomes a world benefactor.

With Armstrong it was different. Everyone agreed it would work, everyone agreed it would make money. But nothing ever got done about it. For example, in 1935, Louis Blériot, the famous French plane designer and an enthusiastic supporter of the Armstrong seadromes, arrived in the United States just as the Public Works Administration had approved a project for the construction of a one-fourth scale model for all-weather testing in the North Atlantic. Blériot mistakenly stated to the press that the dromes were already under construction and would be placed in the Pacific.

Newspapers carrying that story had hardly hit the streets when the Japanese ambassador called at the State Department and said that if such a project were undertaken, his government would consider it an unfriendly act. Wheels began to turn and, a short time later, PWA withdrew its approval of the seadrome project.

Then, one evening a year later, at President Roosevelt's request, Armstrong went to the White House for dinner, afterwards showed the President films of his seadrome model under test.

Three Who Voted Against

President Roosevelt was enthusiastic. Again PWA became interested. But after Armstrong had presented his case before a Congressional committee, airplane manufacturers, a large airline company engaged in transocean traffic, and Charles Lindbergh testified against it. None of them said that it was impracticable. The airplane manufacturer felt that to introduce the drome would limit the manufacture of long-range planes and impair his future business. Lindbergh's testimony—of a piece with that of the airlines company—was to the effect that future long-range planes would make the dromes obsolete.

An interesting sidelight on this testimony is that, a short time later, Lindbergh—asking for construction of additional landing fields between East and West coasts—pointed out that modern planes can make the cross-country hop without difficulty—BUT it is better to carry pay load than gasoline!

And the same airlines company which testified that new planes would soon make the Armstrong seadrome obsolete offered, a short time later, a cool million dollars for exclusive rights to the patents!

Armstrong, however, is a world changer with a conscience. Aside from the fact that he wants those who have backed him for twenty-two years to retrieve the money they have invested in the drome, he feels that to give any one company—or even any one nation—exclusive rights to the drome would be a violation of the gifts God gave him. There is, in his pursuit of a project which he feels has world-bettering potentialities, a saintly, long-suffering quality of character. He is not a religious man, but a deeply sincere one.

It was Pearl Harbor which revived the seadromes project, after Armstrong had written it off as lost motion. That dreary Sunday morning, a naval officer who watched the Jap planes whirl in to attack from the sea, had a horrible thought. "My God," he shouted to a companion, "do you think that fellow—what was his name?—who was trying to peddle a seadrome back in the twenties sold the gadget to the Japs?"

On the contrary, the moment Pearl Harbor occurred, Armstrong was back at his full-time job of trying to sell the idea. He is convinced that if such a system of dromes had been in existence in the Pacific, Pearl Harbor would not have occurred. The Japs would either have had to attack them first—thus giving warning—or patrol planes based upon them would have detected the Jap fleet before it was within striking distance. Regardless of what might have happened at Pearl Harbor, it is obvious that if we had had such a system of airdromes in the Atlantic and Pacific—and they are all but unsinkable by submarine and bomb action—we could have ferried to both the European and Pacific theaters hundreds of planes which, with no way stations, were transported by ship and occasionally landed at the bottom of the ocean.

Looking for a long war in the Pacific, ATC ordered the Corps of Engineers to investigate and test the idea thoroughly. The Corps of Engineers built a 280-foot model, a testing basin equipped with automatic wave makers and wind machines and gave the gadget a thorough going-over. Recently, the engineers have brought in a favorable report.

Despite the fact that the war was over, ATC decided to go ahead with construction of a full-sized quarter section of the drome. This was decided not alone on the value of the drome as such, but because the vertical flotation principle of the drome has a multitude of possibilities. The Coast Guard is interested in the stable platform afforded by the drome principles as a base for coastal lights. The Civil Aeronautics Administration is even more interested in such a platform as a base upon which to place weather stations which could then be anchored wherever desired. Commercial oil companies are interested in it because of the new oil discoveries in the Continental Shelf. At present they are able to drill only in water shallow enough to permit pile driving for a drilling platform. The Armstrong gadget will permit drilling anywhere.

Our Mid-Ocean Frontiers

But still another reason is the atomic bomb. Certain top-flight Army men visualize a ring of such dromes circling the country and its possessions, a floating ring of outer fortresses and airfields which, for military purposes, push our frontiers into the middle of either ocean.

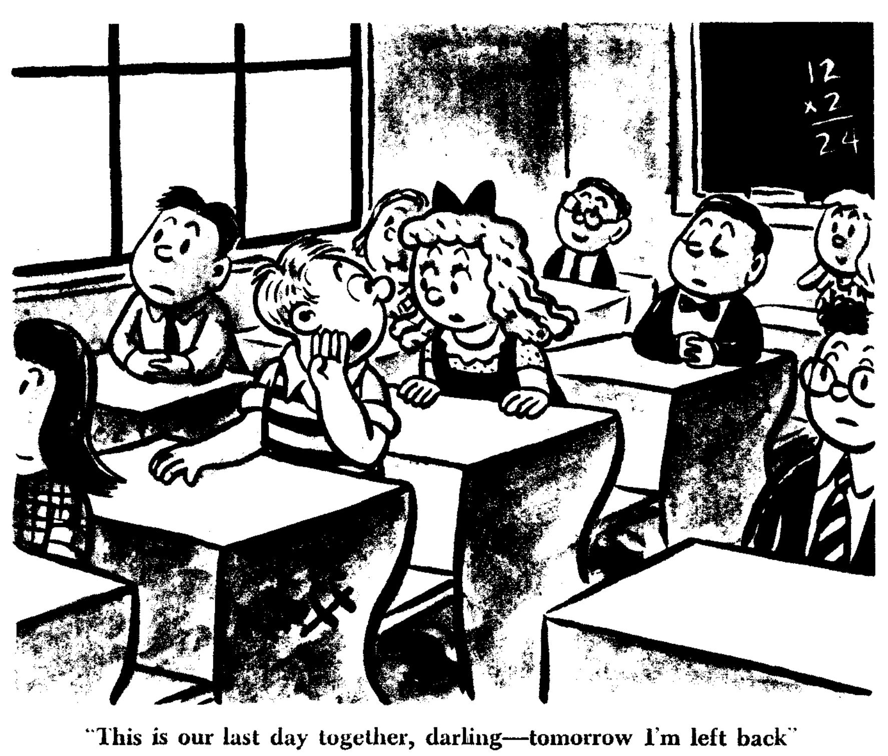
These authorities feel that, sooner or later, some defense will be found against the atomic bomb, some way of setting it off before delivery upon its target. If such a defense is found, we shall be able to use this defense weapon thousands of miles at sea instead of over our coastal cities. These dromes will provide an extended defense line at which enemy aircraft can be halted.

Armstrong still thinks of them as a means of placing transoceanic travel within reach, financially, of everyone. In the postwar settlements, he points out, it is difficult to foresee what way stations will be open to American airlines engaged in transoceanic travel but his portable bases would make such settlements almost a matter of indifference to us. At the peace table he feels that the knowledge that we have such dromes might well bring about favorable arrangements for use of land bases which, otherwise, might be denied us.

However, he goes on, this does not negate the value of actually being able to alter geographical effects. By siting a string of dromes five hundred miles south of the present air route to England—via Newfoundland and Ireland—the fogs, icebergs and dangerous weather prevailing around such land masses can be avoided.

But here this amazing world changer has still another answer to the problem. In 1936, after extensive research, he proposed to the Russian government—and people high in Washington are equally interested—a plan for changing the climate of Russia, of making a garden land of Siberia and, in so doing, bringing about an even more temperate clime here in the United States.

By use of a canvas-back net he has patented, buoyed on seadrome-type buoys, he proposes to alter the Japanese Current, swinging it north through the Bering Straits and thus melting the arctic icecap. Mrs. Armstrong, assisting him in the project and studies—monumental in their scope—went to the Barnes Foundation and studied geology for two years to prepare herself for such research.



"This is our last day together, darling—tomorrow I'm left back"

COLLIER'S SYDNEY HOFF

Together, they collected the scientific data of the Russian Ice Institute, studied the arctic currents, minutely scanned every report of exploration ever published for evidence of current drifts and the effect that altering their courses have had upon them. They have compiled one of the most complete and documented maps of arctic drifts ever put together.

By altering the Japanese Current—and it would require a net three hundred miles long, a thousand feet deep, constructed at a cost of a million dollars per mile—the storms and intemperate weather which now blanket our northern coasts would be eliminated.

If this seems fabulous and out-of-this-world to you, it is interesting to note that the Russians think otherwise. They have constructed to scale several test sections of such net in Russian rivers with entirely satisfactory results. High Russian officials have assured Mr. Armstrong that it is the Number One postwar project of the Soviets—whose scientists spend most of their efforts in trying to find ways for man to live in the arctic, but who had never considered changing Siberia's clime.

Today, Armstrong lives with his wife in an eighteen-room mansion in Overbrook, Philadelphia. They have to live in a large house because he has to have room in which to spread out. His workroom, huge in itself, is filled with books and blueprints. So is his bedroom. He has every biography of an inventor ever written and, before leaving Du Pont to spend his full time in development of the seadrome, he had made a scientific chart of the accomplishments and incomes of these inventors.

The study revealed that most of them had died poor, with hearts, if not broken, at least badly cracked. Despite this study, he went ahead with his projects.

He hasn't been disappointed. In 1941 he offered the British government a new radio sounding device he had been working upon. The British government already had it and it was called radar. But it shows how his mind works.

A Pioneer in Oil-Well Drilling

In 1902, as a young engineer fresh from Canada, he landed a job with the Mellon interests, was sent to Beaumont, Texas, to develop oil-well drilling machinery in the infancy of the oil business. In a large way, he was one of the fathers of modern oil-well drilling.

In 1909, in St. Louis, he set himself up as an automotive and aviation engineer. Cars were few and far between; it took an occult power to consider aviation seriously. But automotive jobs did come in. A paper manufacturer owned a four-cylinder car. He wanted it converted into a six-cylinder car. Armstrong made the conversion.

The sheriff there owned a Stanley Steamer, but was always discomfited by having the water run out just as he was about to overtake some horse-drawn lawbreaker, who would calmly thumb his nose and go on his way in his hay-burner. Armstrong built a larger boiler on the sheriff's car to the dismay of the erstwhile lawbreakers.

Because aviation business failed to materialize, Armstrong spent his spare time building a copy of the plane in which Louis Blériot had crossed the Channel, and learned to fly it. This was interesting later when Blériot, convinced of the seadrome's future, came to this country, looked up Armstrong, became the company's French director and representative.

"I heard," Blériot told Armstrong at that time, "that someone over here had copied my plane and was using it."

Armstrong maintained a discreet silence.

He went to Du Pont in 1916, first directing the construction of their huge guncotton plant at Hopewell, Va., then remaining to superintend its mechanical operation. Later, he was given all of the mechanical problems Du Pont's clients turned over for solution. He had to be on his toes.

In 1922, for example, when development of high-test gasolines required large quantities of bromine, the German government knowing that most bromine deposits were in Germany, boosted the price out of range of gas manufacturers. Armstrong developed a machine—at a half-million-dollars cost—for extracting it from the sea. The machine never had to be used. When the Germans learned that such a machine was in existence, they dropped the price of bromine back to normal.

By war's end, he had made so many innovations that Du Pont created its Mechanical Research Department with him as chief. In 1924 he resigned this post to pursue the seadrome project.

If you have dinner with the Armstrongs at Overbrook, they will laugh at your amazement when you thumb through the hundreds of pages of research they have accomplished in their arctic studies. Armstrong is a world changer with a sense of humor which has kept him young and vigorous and working twelve hours a day when younger men tire at eight, a world changer with endless patience. He is a visionary second, a cold, hard scientist first.

It was wintry cold on the day I went to visit him; ice was piled up in his yard. But his birdbath flowed freely. He'd run a hot-water line into it to keep it open.

"That simple little gadget is all right for the birds," he said, his eyes twinkling. "For man—arctic man—it will take a bit more doing."

THE END

Departure

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

Eileen was the last of the children to leave home. With her going to take a job in New York, her father came, for the first time, face to face with life—and terribly alone

SHE stood in the entry hall with two fitted cases at her feet, an alligator purse under her arm and a little package in her gloved hand. This was a present which he had told her not to open until she was on the train. On her face was a moment's indrawn soberness as she searched her mind for things possibly forgotten.

Andy Benson said, "You've got your ticket?"

"Yes."

"Money?"

She nodded.

"New York addresses?"

"Everything."

He looked at his wrist watch. "We'll have time for a nice dinner at Rummel's before the train."

She surveyed herself in the entry mirror before turning to present him with that fixed, smiling expression which he had observed so many times during her years of growing up. It was a reticence inherited from him, a screen which might cloak anything from deviltry to deepest emotion. She made a wonderful appearance; she was healthy and free and poised; she was what any man might hope his daughter would become. Maybe he could take a little credit for this product of twenty-four years; maybe, now that he was losing her, he might not need to reproach himself too much for things undone, as all parents did.

She said, "I forgot something," and went up to her room. But in a moment he heard her steps cross into his room and stop there, and he knew she hadn't forgotten anything. She was saying goodby, and probably thinking of her mother, who was dead. Then he heard her go on to the bedroom which both her brothers had lived in and from which each, in turn, had departed. Once this house had been full.

She came down the stairs quickly, skipping steps. He never had been able to break her of that risky habit. The fixed smile was on her lips when she turned her quick glance to him. "You know, you're a handsome fellow to be leaving alone."

"Haven't had any offers lately," he said.

"Don't give me that."

"If it gets too bad," he said, "I can always advertise for an amiable housekeeper."

He opened the door, then lifted her cases and took them out and put them in the back of the car. He got into the car and waited for her. She took her seat, but she looked back to the house door and he guessed she would be seeing the unsightly nail which, each Christmas season for as many years back as he could remember, had supported a holly wreath. Often they had discussed a way of hanging the wreath without scarring the door, but they'd never done anything about it. She would be remembering the holly wreaths. He started the engine and put the car down the driveway. It was dark, and heavy mist had begun to pack into the creases of these hills, to sparkle on the firs and to blend the town lights below them into a shapeless rose glow. She sat with her hands quiet on her lap and she looked through the windshield saying nothing.

"It'll be a week before your job really starts," he said. "Have Dolly show you around New York. You've got other friends there, too."

"I won't be too lonely."

"You won't be lonely at all," he said. "That town picks you up."

"Maybe I don't want to be picked up."

"Yes, you do. Picked up and carried higher than a weather balloon."

"They get lost sometimes."

"Part of the gamble."

"You're a philosopher, Pops."

"I've fed the stuff to you for years. This is my last chance."

They rode the remaining two miles into town without talk. He found a parking place and they went into Rummel's and got the eye of the hostess and were towed along to a table. He looked idly around the room, remembering that many important things had happened to him while in Rummel's. His oldest boy had first discussed the Naval Academy here, and here for so many Sundays after church they had all gathered for a pleasant meal; here, too, one night, he had noticed that his wife was not eating and, looking up to her face, he had seen in the half-hidden strain of her eyes the knowledge that she was soon to die.

He turned to Eileen and noticed that she had been carefully watching him; the smile returned to her quickly, but not quickly enough to dispel the darkness which had been there before. The waitress came along for their order. He asked for some sauterne and when it came he tipped his glass to Eileen. "A good trip."

(Continued on page 68)

Her father waited while she took care of her lipstick. Eileen's a nice girl, he thought; she wasn't too harsh or too quick in her judgments; she gave people a break

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The Unbowed Head

Continued from page 49

either through a sense of helplessness or from a feeling of admiration for Pendergast's success. He had started as a ward heeler in Kansas City and had gradually taken over the Democratic machine. During prohibition days Kansas City was a wide-open town, with gambling, prostitution and illegal drinking joints on every street. The money that rolled into the machine from these contacts made it so powerful that Pendergast extended his activities and eventually took over the state. He controlled the state government and his power reached down to the lowest county clerk and sheriff.

In business circles Pendergast exercised a reign of terror. Any attempt to buck his machine meant that the offender would be punished in a dozen ways. His tax assessments would be raised to a ruinous point; fire inspectors could declare his building a hazard; he would find that the bank had suddenly taken a stern line with his notes; subtle rumors could be spread that his products were adulterated or inferior.

Head's position was even more precarious because O'Malley, as insurance superintendent, had almost imperial control over the company and could hamstring it at will. Any attempt by him to expose O'Malley would merely mean that his business friends would desert him in droves out of fear of Pendergast's retaliation.

Pendergast went to jail eventually for income tax evasion arising out of failure to report moneys received from a group of fire insurance companies. O'Malley also received a jail sentence in the same case. But those developments were all in the future and no comfort to Head when he was approached. He was faced by their enmity at the peak of Pendergast's power.

Prepared to "Sweat It Out"

He knew that pressure was being put on his New York backers and he appreciated their nervousness over the fate of their investment, but he also refused to let that move him. He had been accused of being a do-gooder, he had promised the court that he would work out the Missouri State Life mess and he was prepared to stick to his guns. His education in bribery and extortion had been neglected and he had no desire to learn their virtues now. So, in the language of the late war, he sat where he was and "sweated it out."

But the continued pressure had told on the nerves of David M. Milton, Head's New York backer, and he was eager to get his money out. He sold his interests to the Southwestern Investors Corporation of Dallas, Texas, which in turn was controlled by the Southwestern Life Insurance Company. This made things very beautiful indeed because it happened that General American in its Missouri State Life account owned control of the Southwestern Life. In short, Southwestern Life owned General American, and General American owned Southwestern Life.

Naturally Mr. Head would have preferred to buy the Milton stock himself but was in a poor position to bring it off.

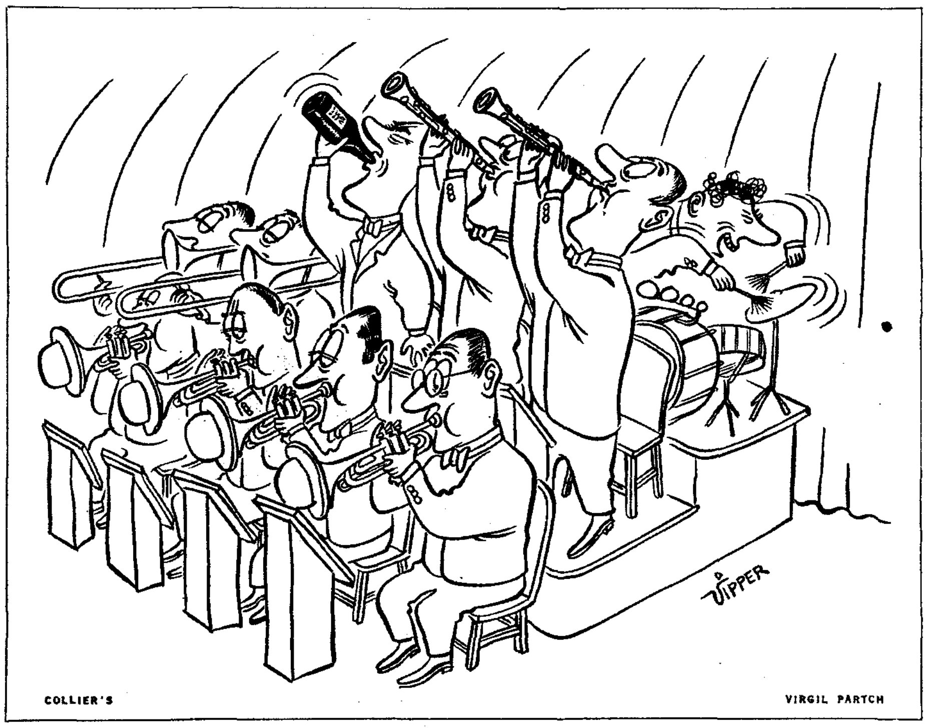
"If I had gone to the banks for a loan, they'd have been suspicious about Mr. Milton pulling out," he said. "If I'd told them about O'Malley it would have been worse. They would really have been frightened."

He was now in an almost insoluble dilemma. He was in danger of having his company controlled by other interests and he had the pressure of the Pendergast gang to face. He decided that mutualization of General American was the only hope and made the shift in 1936. This was a master stroke because it saved the company from outside control and it also thwarted Pendergast. Even a man as powerful as the Kansas City boss had to think twice before putting the screws on a company that had half a million owners, most of them in Missouri.

General American was safe and the old Missouri State Life policyholders were protected. The only loser was Mr. Head himself. His gesture cost him personally $1,800,000. His contract with Mr. Milton provided that Mr. Head would get 25 per cent of the profits of the new company after $120,000 had been set aside each year for interest on the General American Life stock. Mutualization of General American meant that he surrendered that claim. He did surrender it and everything has worked out very prettily. Mr. Head is not destitute but he definitely lacks the $1,800,000.

Coincidental with this move came an official letter from O'Malley as insurance superintendent, asking for the resignation of Mr. Head as president of General American Life. He was informed that his services had proved detrimental to the best interests of the company. Mr. Head ignored it on the ground that no charges had been filed and there was no reason for resigning.

He was next attacked by a Congressional committee headed by Representative Sabath of Chicago. This rose out of a series of newspaper stories hinting of shenanigans within General American. He bundled up the company records, great case-load lots of them, and proceeded to Chicago to face his accusers. He won this battle but almost got himself tried for contempt of the committees. At one point he said heatedly to a questioner: "I do not object to your questions and will answer anything you ask me, but I will not allow you to speak to me as if I were a crook."



There were repeated lawsuits and attacks by critics who accused him of bribery and inefficiency in office, but the crowning blow came when Governor Lloyd Stark called him to Jefferson City and demanded his resignation. This was too much.

"Why?" cried Mr. Head furiously.

Governor Stark merely looked at the notes he held in his hand and said nothing. Mr. Head turned to the attorney general.

"Why?" he demanded.

"We're not going to tell you till you give us your resignation," said the attorney general.

"You mean you're going to fire me first and tell me why afterward!" cried Mr. Head.

"That's just it," said the attorney general sagely.

Mr. Head discovered later that what Governor Stark had been holding was a résumé of the charges made in Chicago before the Sabath Committee, augmented by other accusations made in papers hostile to the company. Again Mr. Head refused to resign and defied them to prove anything against him or his company. He asked the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce to appoint an impartial committee to examine the company. A firm of outside accountants spent a year at the job at a cost to the company of $100,000. The only item questioned was one transaction of $800. Years later Governor Stark apologized for his part in the matter in a public speech in St. Louis, saying he had listened to bad advice.

The reason why the loss Mr. Head sustained in the mutualization of General American didn't break him is part of his personal story. It begins in a little town in northwest Missouri called De Kalb (pronounced De Cab in that region). He was superintendent of schools, an ardent church worker and civic leader. The old German who owned the only bank in town decided that young Head was exactly the man he needed to run the bank while he was on vacation. The bank had $10,000 capital, $300 surplus, $500 undivided profits and total deposits of $30,000.

Mr. Head was only slightly interested in the proposition because he had his farm to run, was head of the county teachers' association and in addition usually picked up a few extra kopecks lecturing at institutes. But the old banker insisted and they got down to the sordid matter of recompense for this important fiscal position.

"Oh, you don't get paid," said the banker. "You just get the experience. The town has to have a bank. You got a public duty."

Never quite knowing why he reacted so favorably to this fulsome offer, Head took the job for the summer and then went back to his school. Around Christmastime the banker's health failed and Head was faced with more duty. He was getting $1,000 a year as a school superintendent and the bank could pay only $40 a month, but he found himself back at his old post in the bank.

His success was so great that the American National of St. Joseph cast an eye on him. They said with some haughtiness that a position awaited him if he could prove he was worth it. Would he just sit down and write out the names of the people he knew in the county? Head wrote for a considerable time; the St. Joe banker took the list and then looked back at Head.

"Not the list of everybody who lives in the county," he said, "just the ones you know."

Mr. Head pointed out that he was an active Mason, a member of the Odd Fellows, and the Woodmen of the World, president of the county teachers association and an individual who would join any worthy organization at the drop of a hat. He has followed this practice through life and has added enough eleemosynary and fraternal pursuits to make him perhaps the most fully engaged man in America.

He clinched the St. Joe job at $50 a month and in due course went back to De Kalb to organize a bank in competition with the original institution and then finally engineered a merger of the two. He returned to St. Joe to run the American National and ended by becoming the majority stockholder. He kept his head above water in the early days by supplementing his bank income by what he could wring out of his farm. That meant

I know what makes an Adam
Bring out the Eve in me...
It's not his looks, his pocketbook,
It's not his family tree.
It's his clean-cut manly appearance
That plays the biggest part...
For his smooth face against my cheek
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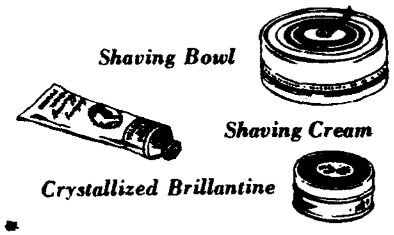

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getting up at four in the morning, tending to his stock, getting to the bank by horse and buggy, doing a full day's work there, and then getting home to look after the cows again and dabble in the civic and lodge field.

His success at St. Joe caught the eyes of Omaha financiers and he eventually went there as president of the Omaha National, in which he is still a large stockholder. He later became president of the American Bankers Association and made friends nationally who were helpful to him later. By that time he was worth millions and had never had a setback. However, he was headed for one and it turned out to be a dilly.

No Storm Warnings

He was talked into leaving Omaha for Chicago, where he bought into and took charge of the Foreman State National Bank, which was the result of a merger of the Foreman National and the State National. That was in 1929, the world was rosy and Mr. Head was unaware of certain arrangements made in the portfolios of the two banks which were later to embarrass him endlessly.

The depression struck Chicago and he realized immediately that if new financing was not forthcoming the Foreman State was in bad shape. His attempts to convince his directors of this were fruitless because they were still living in a haze of illusions based on the fact that Chicago was the best little old city in the world and everything would soon be okey-dokey. However, affairs finally came to a head and Foreman State National was taken over by the First National of Chicago without loss to its depositors. Mr. Head was a serious casualty, not only seeing his investment evaporate but also being loaded with a burden of debt. He left Chicago with a sense of disaster that has never quite left him.

He retreated to New York, where he became president of the Morris Plan banks and chief guide of bankers and principals in the mixed-up financial affairs of Barron Collier. He takes pride in having shared what is said to be the longest public telephone call on record. It was a three-way conversation lasting four hours, which ended with the closing of four Collier-owned Florida banks that were draining the rest of the organization.

The Missouri State Life people began approaching him then to become head of the company but after a thorough examination of its condition he politely begged off. He told them it would need twenty-nine million dollars of new capital to make the company safe and they said just as firmly that he was mistaken. Because both he and David Milton had become acquainted with Missouri State during these negotiations, they were in a position to bid for the company when the crash came. It has worked out that Mr. Head was correct about the company's needs.

"The policy liens amounted to twenty-nine millions," he says, "almost exactly what I predicted the company was short."

The struggle has taken a great deal out of him, but at sixty-five Mr. Head is still vigorous and active. He has kept his farm at De Kalb and puts in strenuous hours horseback riding and scything. He neither smokes nor drinks and has fired several good men who looked on the bowl too joyously. Being associated with him is no position for a lazy man, because the principals get down to work at eight and rarely get away before seven. His board of directors at General American have looked askance at his extramural activities without curbing them. He is proudest of his Boy Scout work, having been president of the national association for twenty years.

Here are a few of his present activities: Member Presbyterian Ministers Fund for Life Insurance; president St. Louis United Service Organizations Council; president St. Louis Grand Opera Association; vice-president National Committee for Boys and Girls Club Work; member Metropolitan Board Y.M.C.A.; member St. Louis Reconstruction Committee; director St. Louis Chamber of Commerce; trustee Hastings (Neb.) College, Grinnell (Ia.) College, Presbyterian Theological Seminary (Chicago), Westminster (Mo.) College; member American Geographic Society, Academy of Political Science, American Civic Association, American Peace Society, Pan-American Society; chairman War Bond Committee 8th Federal Reserve District; director Navy League of the United States; director Missouri War Chest; director Governmental Research Institute; member National Board, National Conference of Christians and Jews. Also he was a former member General Council of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church; former member National Council Y.M.C.A.; former head of commission to build Nebraska State Capitol.

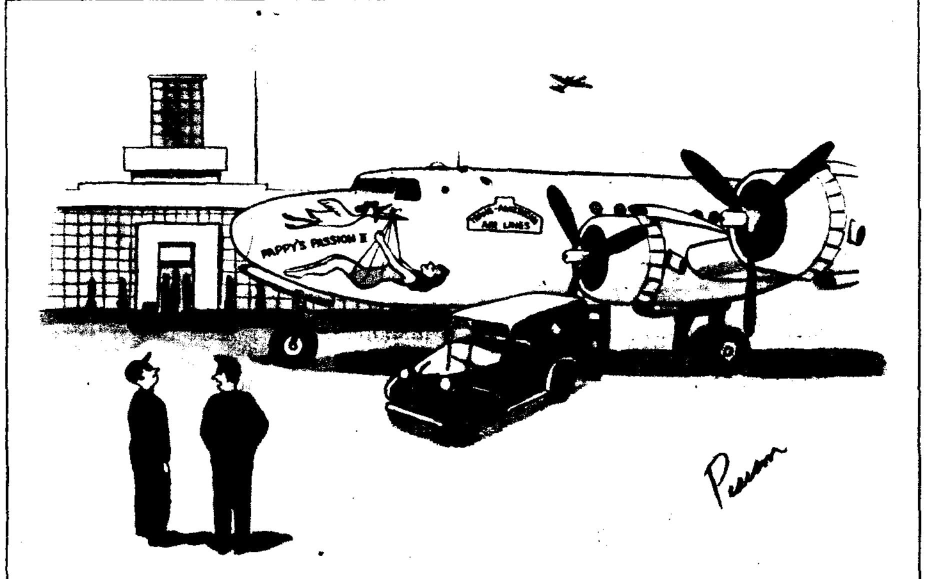
Big Plans for St. Louis

His most important job now, he thinks, is chairman of the Citizens Committee for Postwar Improvements and Employment in St. Louis. This is demanding and strenuous work in which his committee acts in an advisory capacity over a program to spend $63,000,000 for refurbishing St. Louis. The committee selects its own architects and engineers and, as chairman, Mr. Head is up to his ears in blueprints. He will also have to take the brickbats that will eventually come his way.

There are many people in St. Louis who find Brother Head a touch too unctuous for their taste, but they are not found among the former policyholders of the Missouri State Life Insurance Company. The latter consider Mr. Head a champion. In his more reflective moments he himself must sometimes wonder if he wouldn't have been happier teaching school and operating his farm, but there is really only one thing that continues to haunt him.

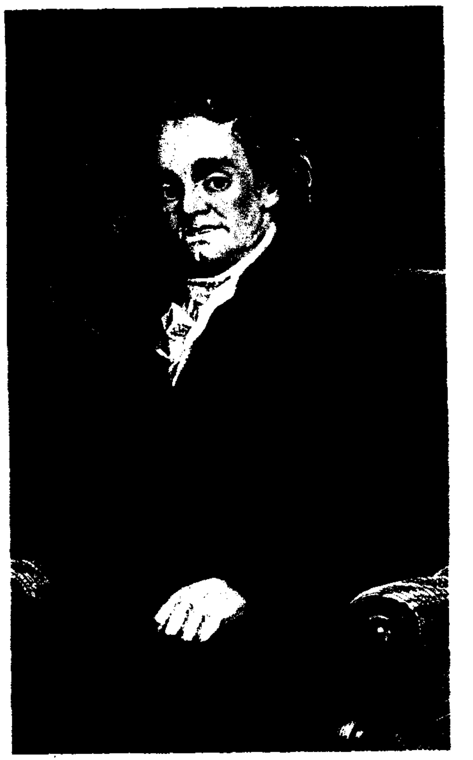
"One thing I know for sure," he says. "I could very easily have got along without that Chicago experience."

THE END



"A pilot just out of an Army bomb group is flying that one"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON



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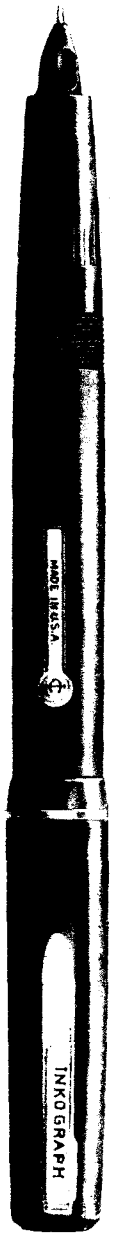

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Tony looked at Little Pat and what he saw in her face hurt him. "I'll ride," he said, smiling. "But this is the last time. Win or lose—the last time"

Money Rider

BY TODHUNTER BALLARD

Tony was tough, the road back to fame was tough, and the girl only made things tougher

COMING off the stretch turn, the big bay started to dog. Tony Hill went to work with the bat. "Come on, horse, come on." He'd learned long ago to talk to his mount. It relieved some of the strain, the bad feeling of being alone in a crowd.

The big bay was hammerheaded, hard to move, but he was moving now. They began to gain on the field in the harrowed levelness of the stretch, and a great roar swelled up and filled the afternoon.

Tony wasn't conscious of the crowd as he went into the drive for the wire, of their tight, intent, gambler faces, of the shrieks and yells as he passed the favorite and flashed out to win by a comfortable head. He was only conscious of the pain in his leg and the fact that he was very, very tired.

I'm not what I used to be, he thought, as he weighed out and left the jockey room.

The crowd was close, breathing on his neck. Someone shouted, "Good work, Tony," and he heard a boy say to his girl, "That's Tony Hill. The best of them all. A money rider."

Outside the jockey room, Tony collared his agent. "Why didn't you tell me the bay would dog?" he said. "I almost had to pick him up and carry him the last seventy yards."

"You won, didn't you? Your first ride in three years." Jepson had been a rider himself, and then a jockey agent. He'd been around a long time—a little man, wizened and dried, with thin sandy hair and a screwed-up face. "What am I supposed to do, dig up Man o' War every time you ride?"

Tony laughed.

"How's the leg?" Jepson asked.

"Not so good. That Army surgeon really fixed me. He—"

"I've got one for you in the seventh," Jepson said hurriedly. "Powell's sick and old man Oran was looking for a rider . . ."

"I want to ride the big ones, remember? I'm a money rider, pal. I want the stake horses, and the live ones."

"Ah, Tony," Jepson said unhappily. "You been away a long time, pal, and things are not the same. When you go away, you can pick and choose, because the trainers know that Tony Hill on a horse gives them a two-length break. But they have been hearing things. They hear that you got a gimmick in the leg from some Jap gunner, and they are not sure."

"I rode all right this afternoon."

"Sure," said Jepson. "But one ride is not enough. You gotta sell them, pal. You gotta show you're the same old Tony after three years, the boy with the clock in his head."

"Okay," said Tony Hill. "I'll show 'em."

"Do that," said Jepson. "But you are going to find that it ain't all peaches with cream. There are a lot of good boys, and most of the characters with good horses have contract riders. I could maybe get you back with Sorenson. They have a lot of horses and McKabe can't ride them all."

"Okay. See what you can do."

"The trouble is," said Jepson, "you are a hard man to do business with, Tony. You are at the top and you pick and choose. You don't ride unless you have a live one under you. You tell owners that, and you tell trainers. You know more about their horses than they do, and some do not like to be told. A lot are going to laugh at Tony Hill coming back. They are going to laugh."

But the press didn't laugh. The press had made a big story of Tony's return. He changed clothes and went up to see the boys. Coming down with Bob Kelly and Willard Mullin, he stopped when he saw the girl in the club-house door.

She was small, and her eyes were very blue and her hair was very brown. Three years had made a lot of difference in her, a lot of improvement. It was hard to remember her as a stringy kid with too-long legs and odd-jointed arms, a kid who tagged him around the barns and could sit a horse as well as he could.

"You ought to stay away from here, Little Pat," he said. "It's no racket for a girl. Old Pat knew that. He fixed it for you to be a lady. He scratched hard to get that ten grand to leave you."

"I haven't got it now," she said. "I closed that deal with Morris. I own a stable now."

He stopped and looked at her and all the frustration of the afternoon rushed up inside him. "A bunch of plugs," he said. "A group of spavined platers that Pat McClaren wouldn't have in his barn. I'm ashamed of you."

"You can't start with the best," she said.

(Continued on page 72)

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

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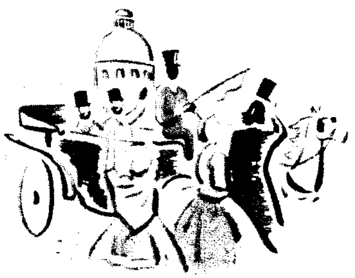

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Departure

Continued from page 62

She said, "You're a free man now, Pops."

"No," he said. "You're free. I'm not."

"I don't see that," she said. "Tonight you cut the last string that binds you."

"The strings always stay."

He saw Jack Doerffler coming up. Jack stopped a moment and paid his respects and pointed to Eileen's corsage. "Party?"

"She's going East tonight," said Andy Benson. "To an art job on a magazine."

"I meant to ask," said Doerffler. "Where's the boys?"

"Ben's got shore duty at Annapolis. Rodney's in Florida with Pan American."

"Scattered," said Doerffler.

"Well," said Andy Benson, "I get a lot of nice picture post cards from everywhere."

DOERFFLER smiled and went away. Their meal came and they ate with a little idle talk to leaven it. He had no desire to send her away depressed and he knew her well enough to realize she would never tell him what she really felt. She could be poker-faced; she had a self-discipline that went away back to the time she had broken her leg on the ski run. He recalled the misery lying like gray wool in her eyes when she murmured to him, "It's not so bad, Pops." He recalled, too, the casual way she had said, "Oh, he's got another girl," when he had asked why Bob Chitwood no longer came to the house; not until a year later had he discovered what that episode had meant to her.

She said, "Pops, it's a big house for you to rattle around alone in. Shouldn't you sell it?"

"I wouldn't *like* that."

"Well, it's nice to know it'll be there."

"That's it," he said. "It'll be there whenever you come back. Even though you never come back, it would still be a nice thought."

She bent forward slightly. "Should I go?"

"I'd be disappointed if you didn't. Mother always thought you could do something. So do I. You'll do something. Or, you'll get married."

"Oh," she said, with that soft assurance which so delighted him, "I'll eventually get married—and I'll bring the baby back to see you."

"That's why I'm keeping the house," he said.

She tipped her head slightly aside, watching him with her smile. "I knew it."

He looked at his watch and picked up the check, waiting for her to take care of her lipstick. She was a nice girl, he thought; she was as nice as anybody could wish. He tried to think of her critically. She wasn't too harsh or too quick in her judgments of people; she gave them a break. She wouldn't stampede, she wouldn't let her emotions tear her to pieces, she wasn't the sort to yearn for some sort of colossal vitamin pill which would guarantee her a daily reaction of excitement and happiness. She had a pretty fair set of defenses against the common disappointments of living. He knew that much about her, but not much more.

He had always worried over her more than he had worried over his sons; and worry freshened in him as he paid the check and went out to the car with her. They drove to Sixth and took that drab street toward the Union Station; it was a strange thing, he thought, that almost every American depot was reached by just such a miserable street as this one. He pulled in at the station's curb long enough to permit a redcap to extract the two fitted cases, then continued to a parking area half a block away.

They walked back to the station, took care of the two pieces of luggage and went into the station to stand in the line of people waiting to have their reservations validated. There was so little to say that could be properly said. All around him people made their farewells, desperately seeking to put the things of their heart into grubby little words that would not shine or ring; people couldn't talk right at times like this, and words were not good. He bought a paper from a boy and rolled it and shoved it into his pocket. These times of parting brought up, in their short moments, everything that was confused and sad and inexpressible in life. It was better to slip quietly away, without words, than to stand here and strain for phrases which might explain what this night meant. The phrases never came, for nobody knew what a parting meant. Nobody ever knew. He stepped aside and waited for her to finish her business at the validating counter. She came over to him. The smile—the same fixed smile—was on her face, and excitement brightened her eyes, and he knew how evenly balanced within her was the goodness of going and the sorrow of leaving.

He said, "That roomette will be very comfortable. Want me to get you some magazines?"

"I've some sketches to finish. They'll keep me busy."

He nodded toward a man in the waiting line. "There's George Metcalfe. He'll probably buy you a meal along the way."

"Metcalfe? You know so many people, Pops. Which Metcalfe?"

"The logging Metcalfe. You knew his son at the university."

"Oh," she said. "Emory Metcalfe. Of course."

He looked at her quite closely for a moment, and her eyes met his glance and her smile wavered. She turned a little and saw something beyond him; she stood still, watching whatever lay over there—but not actually watching it. He thought: I'll see her again someday but she'll be changed. She won't look like this the next time. I'm saying goodby to the Benson family as it was for twenty-five years. What he wanted to do was fix in his mind the way she was at this moment. He wanted this precise portrait to add to the portraits of Ben and Rodney as they had appeared to him in this same station, each on his night of departure; and to the portrait of his wife as he best remembered her.

"Well—if it isn't Miss America of 1957!"

HE KNEW it was no good, for even now the preciseness of those images was blurred in his mind, and soon enough Eileen's would be. No acid of life or pain could etch the elusive lines of their personalities upon his inner vision with sufficient depth to prevent time's eventual wearing away of them. He could remember, but he could never remember enough. Time was the brutal thing.

The loud-speaker sent a hollow, gritty announcement throughout the station hall and people began to move toward the gate. He took Eileen's arm and walked through the archway with her. A line formed at the gate and passengers were passing through it. She stopped before reaching the line and turned to him.

"You might as well get aboard," he said.

"Yes." He thought that perhaps she too wanted a picture of him, and that she too felt the irresistible force of time pulling them apart. Her smile tightened as she watched him.

He said, "I always wondered about Bob Chitwood. Isn't he in New York?"

"Yes," she said. "I had a letter from him not long ago."

"I hadn't known that," he said.

"In fact," she said, "he offered to take me to my first New York night club."

He said, "Anything definite?"

"No," she said. "Nothing definite yet."

"But it's one of the reasons for your going?"

"Yes," she said.

SHE had told him none of this, and by that secrecy he realized that she was not certain of the ending; she had always been a girl to keep trouble from him. But for an unguarded moment a fresh and lovely expression moved across her face and suddenly he remembered that this was the expression he had more than once seen on her when, poised at the edge of a sharp ski slope, she looked down the slope with her uncertainty and her excitement.

"But," she said, with that soft understatement which always pleased him, "it may be all right."

People streamed through the gate, and time was a wedge splitting him from Eileen, and his worry returned and he foresaw the moments of misery she would undergo, and the chance agonies and the cheapness and dirtiness, and the swift decisions which would turn her unknowingly, and the fine youthful dreams which would die—and all this came to him and hurt him in advance more than it would ever hurt her, and he thought to himself: I wish I had been more with her when she was young. I wish I had talked to her more.

"Good luck, Eileen," he said. "Take care of yourself."

She looked straight into his eyes, and he saw very briefly that unreserved childhood self-revelation which had been denied him since her adolescence; and she put her arms around him and laid her cheek against his cheek, and he felt the quick trembling of sorrow in her.

He had not kissed her on the mouth for many years, but he did so now, and then she said, "So long, Pops," and turned through the gate.

His hat had been pushed back on his head. He drew it into proper place and watched her walk swiftly toward a farther track. He admired the way she walked and the manner in which she carried her shoulders. Somebody pushed by him and unsteadied him and blocked his view of her; he stepped aside and found her again. Her body grew smaller in the distance, smaller and dimmer until he had the terrible feeling that she was no longer his daughter, and then, never looking back, she passed behind a line of cars.

He turned and walked through the station to the street, and stopped to find his pipe. He searched all his pockets for his tobacco, and filled the pipe and lighted it. A newsboy put a paper before him and he searched his pockets again for a nickel. He rolled the paper as he walked beyond the station's marquee into the dismal lane of Sixth Street, and he tried to put the paper in his pocket, and looked down and saw that he already had bought a paper. He threw the second copy away. He looked at his watch and saw it to be eight-thirty, and he thought of going home, but the thought brought up a complete revulsion; he could not face that empty house, he could not endure the thought of the hollowness of it.

He went along Sixth, past the dim walk-up stairways of cheap lodging houses, past the dead windows of unrented stores, past late-open shops dealing in flimsy suitcases and flimsier clothes. The rancid odors of miserable restaurants puffed against him and he looked through a dirty plate glass into the dim lobby of a third-rate hotel and saw old men half asleep in angular chairs.

He looked at his watch again and he thought: She'll be going back to the club car about now.

Sixth Street came out upon a cross-town artery serving this rough side of the city. There was an all-night drugstore on the corner, and next to it a movie whose arcade was solidly plastered with teasing posters of disheveled girls lying half nude on beds. A sign said the picture was Women of Love. The art work was elementally intended and crudely done, and yet, in a moment of gray candor, he recognized that in spite of himself it produced a faint stir of interest within him. He paused long enough to watch the overstuffed blonde in the box office jadedly count out silver into piles; then he moved to the corner and became aware of the people moving past him.

Loneliness is a powerful thing. It sharpened his perceptions, so that he saw in the slow straying of men along the street the need of warmth which drove them. They stood on corners, as he was now standing, and they looked about them and were undecided as he was.

HE HEARD a slight sound behind him and he swung his head and saw a woman standing by the window of the drugstore, looking through the glass. She seemed intent on what she saw inside, but her head turned a little and she looked at him.

He said, "Mind having a cup of coffee with me?"

"Sure," she said.

She stepped beside him and they went back into Sixth, past the drugstore and the movie to a restaurant in the middle of the block. The room had the width and the length of a boxcar, with a counter close by one wall and two or three tables at the far end. Naked light globes hung down from long drop cords and shed harsh light on a wallpaper so coated with grease and dust that it appeared to have a woolly nap.

His usual courtesy made him say, "Care to have something with the coffee?"

"No, I've eaten."

He ordered the coffee and sat back, realizing that if any of his friends saw him here he would be more than embarrassed. But the people he knew were in their own houses on the far side of the city. They had their companionship, their wives, their children; in all the town tonight this woman was the only companionship at hand for him. She was neither pretty nor unpretty. Whatever her personality might have been in youth, it was now something neutral, stilled and unimaginative. Her lips were large and not too well formed, her eyes were a rather dull blue. Her complexion was pale and clear and showed small freckles. She had taste enough to dress decently and she wore very little make-up. As she sat before him she made no attempt to play up to him, nor did she display any liveliness; yet he understood that she had some wonder concerning him. She

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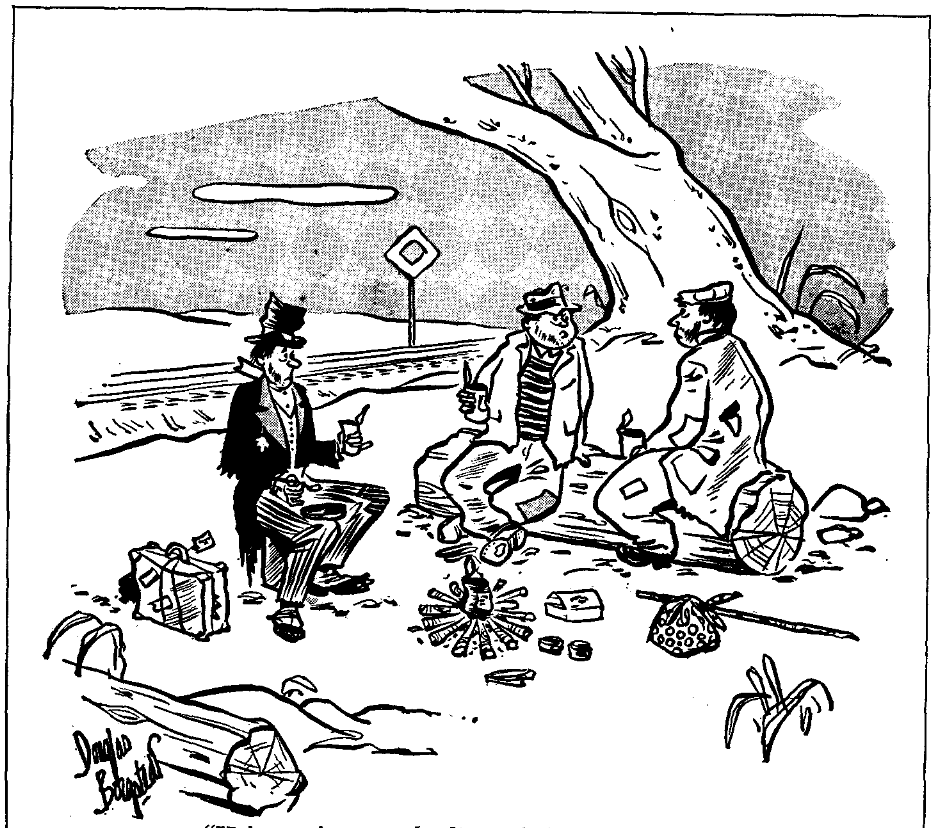


COLLIER'S "He's men's-apparel editor of the Hobo News" DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

showed it by the calm, incurious way she watched him.

The coffee came in a heavy white cup without a saucer. He tried it and found it undrinkable and put it aside.

"You didn't want that," she said. "What's the trouble?"

"I put my daughter on the train tonight. That's the last of my family."

"And now you're on the loose."

"No," he said. "That's not it."

She shrugged her shoulders, saying, "All right, but you want to talk, don't you?"

"Yes," he said, "I guess I do."

"Sure you do. They all want to talk. My God, I've heard so much talk from men—the same old talk, over and over."

"Well," he said, "why do we talk?"

She shrugged her shoulders again and it occurred to him that this vague, unclear motion was the only gesture she used. "Oh, I guess men get lonely, or think they do."

"Maybe some men are," he said. "Maybe they have nothing."

"Most people have nothing," she said.

"I see that," he said.

"A stiff jolt makes people see a lot of things. It's funny how little they see until they get the jolt. That's the trouble with us."

He tried the coffee again but put it down with the taste of lye and burnt matches in his mouth. He took out his billfold, found two ten-dollar bills, and laid them on her side of the table. She studied them a moment and put her hand over them and lifted her eyes to show him a small increase of liveliness. "Sympathy, I suppose. You're nice, but I do better than you think."

"If a man comes to me for advice," he said, "I charge a fee. That's your fee."

She stared at him a moment and then folded the money and put it into her purse. She left the purse open, looking down at the money, and he identified a softer expression on her face. She said, "How old are you?"

"Forty-eight."

She found a cigarette and searched for matches. He brought out his lighter, holding it over the table for her. Her eyes remained on him, searching him with more than usual directness. "You're foot-loose," she said. "Some woman could take you pretty easy right now. Maybe you'd like that—maybe you've got ideas about playing around. Want me to tell you something about that?"

"Yes," he said.

"Playing around is no good for any man."

"How do you know?" he said.

"You think I don't know? I do. It works the other way, too. A woman wants only one man." Her glance left him and lifted; she looked beyond him, her lids tightening. "If it could be the right man," she added. "That's the catch. Sounds funny, from me, doesn't it?"

"No," he said. "Not funny. But what are we talking about women for?"

"No man can get along without them. . . . Did you have a nice family?"

"Yes," he said. "A wonderful family."

"You're pretty blue. I can tell you about that, too. Don't look back. It won't help. It just hurts. Don't carry it with you. Get rid of it. You had it, but now you haven't got it. You knew your children would walk out someday. Well, they walked out. Is your wife dead?"

"Yes."

"You knew that might happen. Everything happens. You're trying to hang on, but you can't. Nobody can. You've got to let go. Just open your hands and let go."

He said, "How do you let go?"

THE remark threw her off guard, touched something within her. She dropped her glance and she began to squash her cigarette against the table with short, nervous pushes of her fingers; all the weight of her face seemed to collect around her mouth, making it large and unlovely. "I don't know," she said. "But we've got to go along. We've got to do that."

"There's no use forgetting something that was good," he said.

"You think so?" she asked, and stared at him with a full, harsh interest. "What's good about it, if it keeps hurting you?"

"Would you take him back?"

"Who back?"

"The man you started with in the beginning—whoever he was."

"Oh," she said, "he was no good." Then her shoulders lifted and fell. "Yes," she said, "I'd take him back."

"We're all alike," he said. He got up, waiting for her to rise. "I'm glad I talked with you."

"I don't know why," she said.

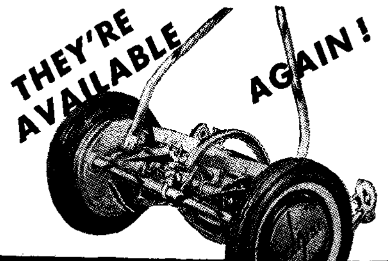
He walked to the street with her, suddenly remembering he had left his car back at the station. It had been out of his mind until this moment.

She was watching him; she was puzzled by him and somehow interested in him. "I hope I've done you good," she said. She wanted to tell him something and he saw it, and waited for her. She said, "You had a lot, didn't you?"

"Yes," he said. "Nobody had any more than I had."

"That's it," she said. "You had it. You got the breaks. Most people never get any. Why are you crying? If you never get another break, you've still had more than your share. You can take that, can't you?"

"Yes," he said. Then he added, "I wish you good luck." It was a remark he wished in-



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stantly he had not made; a sudden, uncontrollable embarrassment came to him.

She saw it and touched his arm with her hand. "That's all right," she said. "And thanks for not asking me about myself." She looked away from him, toward the corner, and then she gave him one more glance and he got the impression that she had liked being with him and regretted leaving. She left him quickly and went down Sixth, turned the corner and was out of his sight.

He retraced his way along Sixth to the depot's parking area and got in his car. He switched on the lights and kicked over the engine and threw in the gear shift. He thought of going home, but the thought brought back the same cold, full letdown he had earlier felt, and he held his foot on the clutch and reached an absolute dead center of will. Walking out of that station had been bad enough, but this delayed reaction was worse. This feeling of being alone was a terrifying and brutal thing that struck away whatever value his life had held; it wiped out thirty years and left him with nothing. He was not the kind to jump off bridges, but he understood perfectly how it was that some poor unbalanced soul, overwhelmed by this feeling, could climb upon a railing and make the leap. The fear of loneliness was greater than the fear of death. Aloneness was the greatest tragedy; people were not meant for it and could not bear it, yet the world, for want of human decency, was full of it.

He drove up Sixth as far as his office building and left the car at the curb. The nightman on the elevator said, "Workin' late, Mr. Benson?"

"No," said Benson. "I just put my daughter on the train."

The night man was well beyond sixty and for at least ten years Andy Benson had said "Good evening," or "Good night," to him on this elevator and had thought nothing about him; he was one of those shadow figures daily moving around the edges of the average man's life, seen but unregarded. Yet the night man said, "Oh," and in his voice was a sympathy which sent Benson out of the elevator with a sudden gratefulness for this unexpected human warmth.

He let himself into his suite. He walked through the anteroom with its cloaked typewriters, through the library and down the corridor to his own office; he snapped on the lights and he sat before his desk. It was some comfort to be here, but not much comfort. He got up and he plunged his hands into his pockets, staring over the room to the individual pictures of his family on the side table. He was dead center again. What had once furnished the power to drive him was not the desire to be a top-rank lawyer in this town; what drove him was those four people on the wall—and that power was gone and he had nothing.

He thought of the woman on Sixth Street in whose eyes lay as much loneliness as one pair of eyes could contain, and it occurred to him that probably, for all the flaws in her character, she had more wisdom than he had. He had felt it over the restaurant table, and he felt it now, and he said to himself: *What are you crying about? You had the best of everything.*

Actually, it was better than it seemed. Somewhere around the United States were three pieces of him; they could never wholly escape him, for in their laughter would be some of his humor and in their adventures would be some of his hope. He might have done better with them, but it was something to know he had done as well as he could. He thought: I couldn't sell the house. They'd like to know it's still there. Once in a while they'll come back—they and their children.

THE phone rang and though he didn't want to answer it, years of obedience to its peremptory summons caused him to lift the receiver.

"Andy," said Jack Doerffler, "Mac and Eliot and I are at the University Club and we need a fourth for bridge. Come on up."

It wasn't the customary night for that, Andy Benson realized. Jack had understood, and Jack had rustled up a party. This was one more unexpected kindness coming out of an unknown place to touch him. "All right," he said. "I'll be up. In ten minutes."

He put on his hat and he stood in the leaden silence of the room and looked at the portraits of his family, knowing that the aloneness would never entirely leave him. He had been a part of that wonderful group too long not to feel an everlasting regret that so much goodness had to go. But it was just as the woman on Sixth Street had said. He'd had it, which was more than most men could say; and he could hope, too, that some day there would be reunion.

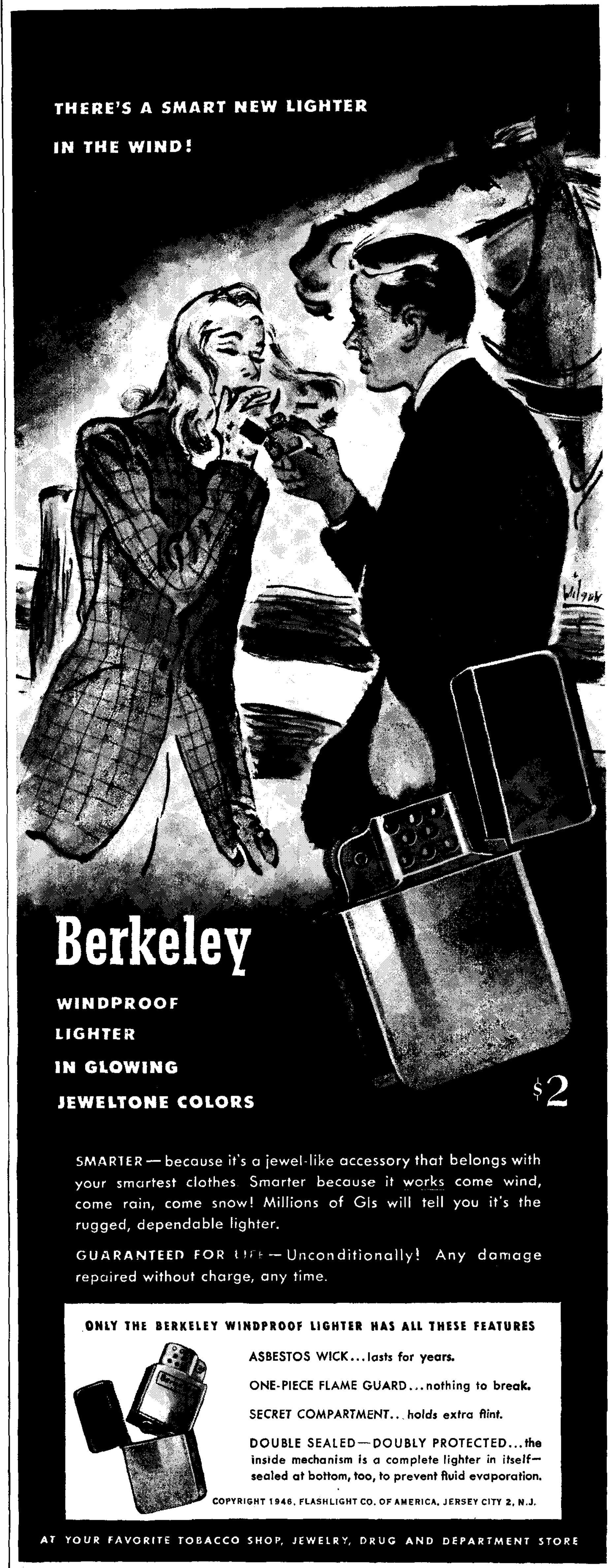
Switching out the lights, he thought of the woman, and of the elevator man, and of Jack Doerffler. There was never enough kindness, yet it was surprising how much of it there really was, and in what quiet unbidden ways it came out to soften the miseries of living. There ought to be more, and quite suddenly, thinking of his daughter, he had an emotion so powerful that it was a prayer. *I hope she'll be kind—I hope kindness comes to her. There's not much else.*

Walking down the hall to the elevator he said to himself: *They'll come back sometime. Nothing ends as completely as it seems to me now. I'll see them and I'll see their children.* He knew he was picking up the little odds and ends of hope and trying to make a pattern of them; he was grasping at the last little things, as all people did. Yet he felt better for it.

He touched the elevator button and heard the night bell clanging far below him.

THE END

COLLIER'S "Please, fellows, let me take care of this one!" IRWIN CAPLAN



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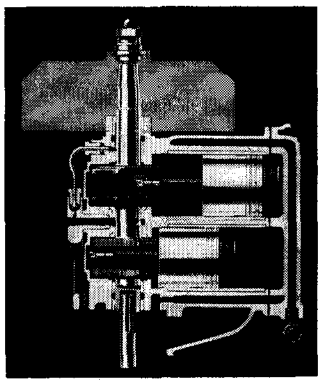

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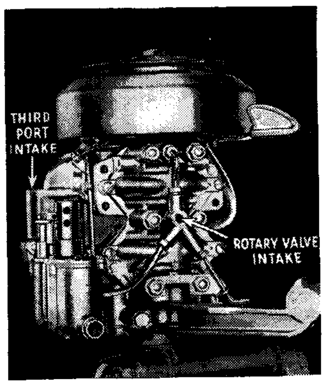

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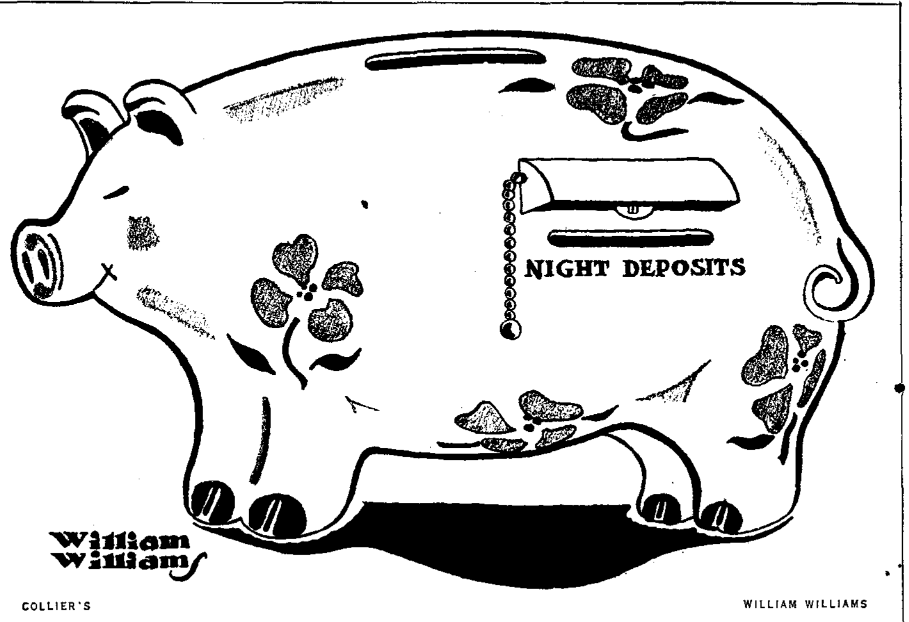


COLLIER'S WILLIAM WILLIAMS

Money Rider

Continued from page 66

"You don't have to start with the worst either," he told her angrily. "No decent man will train those horses for you, and a plug will outeat a decent thoroughbred by three to one. I suppose you gave that shyster Morris the full works?"

She nodded guiltily. "All but three hundred dollars."

He was trying to think fast. Was there a chance to make Morris give her the money back? He thought not, and he thought of his own slim roll, and knew it wasn't enough. He had to get dough somewhere. She'd have to race the flea bags until she could peddle them.

"You won't run them at Belmont," he said. "They'd be laughed off the track. The only place you stand a chance is on the leaky-roof circuit. Hit Charlestown or maybe Beulah Park."

"That takes shipping money," she said.

"I'll take care of that," he promised, without having the vaguest idea how he would do it.

They went up to Forty-eighth and into Leone's. It was good to sit again at a table along the rail and look down on the well of the bar beyond. A lot of people stopped to speak to him, and he had a good feeling of coming home. From there they went around the corner to the Garden and watched two lackadaisical heavyweights play tag with each other.

Between bouts she asked, "What are you going to do?"

He shrugged. "Ride, if I can find anything worth riding. Or rather, if Jepson can find me anything."

"I like Jepson," she told him. "He's fond of you, Tony."

"Maybe so. But I wish he'd find me a horse."

"You're sour," she said. "I've noticed it ever since you came back. Is it your leg, Tony?"

It wasn't the leg. It wasn't anything you could put your finger on. It was the war, and coming home, and wanting a lot of things he wasn't getting. He said, "Don't worry about me, Little Pat. I'm just griping to hear myself gripe, I guess."

"But what do you plan to do? You can't ride forever. You were talking about quitting before the war."

Sure, he'd talked about quitting. You quit this racket for one of three reasons: because you couldn't make weight, because you were too old to take the necessary chances, or because you were dead. No, there was another reason. Some of the boys had socked it away, some were well heeled. But Tony wasn't one of them. It had come easy, and gone just as fast. He'd been a sucker for a touch. He'd spent a lot and he'd bet more. The commissions and the Jockey Club frowned on betting jockeys, but he'd usually ridden with a few tickets in his boot.

He considered the future and didn't like the possibilities. Three years before he might have stepped into a nice berth, training for one of the money stables. He'd been hot then. He'd been the country's leading stake rider. He'd had a clock in his head. But now. . . . Bleakly he knew that Jepson hadn't been lying that afternoon.

"I'll get by," he said, knowing it was a weak answer. "But I'll tell you one thing. I'll get out of the racket entirely before I grab a couple of platers and turn into a gyp trainer. That's slow death, and I played the leaky-roof circuit for the last time when I was coming up. I won't go back to riding the bush tracks and I won't race cheap horses."

She didn't answer. And she had very little to say in the cab which carried them across town to her apartment. At the door she turned.

"You're sweet," she said. "But you're still stubborn. Dad used to say that you were stubborner than any horse he'd ever owned." She turned then and put her hands on his shoulders, and kissed him hard on the mouth. He was too surprised to say anything. She was gone before he recovered. He hadn't kissed her since her sixth birthday and somewhere, somehow a lot had happened since then. The kiss was a lot different. This kiss meant something.

JEPSON was surprised the next morning when Tony Hill walked up to him and said, "Get me something to ride this afternoon."

The little agent's face screwed up into a tight mask. "No stake today."

"Stop being funny," Tony Hill told him. "I can read the entries as well as you. All I want is a hide. If there's still some blood in it, so much the better. It isn't so apt to fall down under me."

"I don't get it," said Jepson. "If it's coffee money you're looking for, I might spare a dime."

"You don't have to get it," said Hill. "All you have to get is a mount, or two, or eight."

Jepson got him a mount in the fourth, and one in the sixth—cheap horses, without an honest chance. He managed to drive one into third. The next day there were four. He rode hard, without much thought or concentration. His leg hurt, and after his last race for the day he was so tired that he could hardly change into street clothes.

It won't work, he thought, heading painfully for the door. I'm not a kid any more. I can't take the pounding, race after race, day after day. A week of this, two weeks and I won't even be able to sit on a horse. I'm through, washed up and I don't know it. But I've got to have dough. The kid bought her stable, and the least I can do is help her get a good start.

Jepson was no fool. He waited for Tony to appear, and walked with him out to the gate. "Look, Tony, when I said you should ride, I didn't mean you should crawl on a merry-go-round. A mount a day, maybe every other day, just to sharpen you, just to let the bums see that you're the old Tony Hill. You can't take this pounding. You ain't in shape."

"So now you're my doctor. You get the

horses, I'll ride—and try and throw in a half-warm one once in a while. I'm so tired of seeing my name opposite the last horse that I'm all ready to quit reading the Form."

He got a warm one on Saturday, a hot one. Jepson came to him twenty minutes before the feature. "How'd you like to ride Zippo?" he said.

"Stop kidding," Tony Hill told him. "Carson's riding Zippo, and you couldn't get him off with dynamite."

"Carson's got chills with fever," said Jepson. "I see Thorndyke in the paddock a minute ago. He's near crazy. He figured the purse is in his pocket and his girl friend had it half spent. I tell him you're free, and he almost kisses me. He says that if you're still half as good as you were, you're better than any other boy he can get."

Tony Hill thought fast. The purse was twenty-five thousand added. If he could win this, if he could get his ten per cent of the purse—twenty-five hundred berries. That should buy a lot of hay for Little Pat's horses, and pay for a lot of shipping. "Tell him I'll win," he said. "Tell him I'll win if I have to carry the horse home in my pocket."

Coming out of the gate, he knew that he had a lot of horse under him, a better horse than any he had ridden in a long time. Zippo wanted to run. All the way up the backstretch he fought for his head as the leaders pulled away from him. But the old clock inside Tony Hill's brain was working today. The pace was too fast. Horses of this class couldn't run a quarter that fast and go on for a mile and an eighth.

He held Zippo off the pace; and at the head of the stretch a hole opened between the faltering leaders, and he sent his mount through on the inside.

There wasn't much room. The hole closed almost as soon as it had opened but the timing was perfect. They squirted through like icing from a pastry bag and broke into the clear, pounding down the stretch with the favorite in vain pursuit.

The papers gave him a big play. They called it a masterful ride, a Tony Hill ride. He laid off the following week, turning down the engagements which Jepson offered. But there was no great rush by owners to engage his services. There were too many good boys around the metropolitan tracks, there was too much competition. Finally he pulled out and went to New England. He got more mounts at Rockingham, but not the ones he wanted, and he moved on to Chicago.

He didn't hear from Little Pat very often. Occasionally he read her name in the notes from some bush-league track. Occasionally he had word from her. Things weren't too good. Feed bills piled up. She'd bought a couple of horses. The letters seemed always to arrive when he had money.

He didn't mind at first. He hardly noticed it. All through his life he had shelled out. Money hadn't meant much, and it had come easy. But it wasn't coming easy now. He stripped himself again and again to meet her requests, borrowing sometimes from Jepson and making it up with a daily grind.

He knew that this could not go on. Through luck he had the winner of the Stars and Stripes, and flew to California to ride a movie horse in the Hollywood Stakes. The horse finished a bad fourth, and the owner, knowing little about racing, blamed him loudly.

ON THE plane heading East he took out his disgust on Jepson. "It's a lousy racket for an old man with a gimpy leg," he said. "If you were half the agent you pretend to be, you'd get me a job training."

"Could be done," said Jepson. "I know several small stables that would jump at the chance."

"Why small stables?" Tony demanded. "Why not one of the big boys? They know who I am."

"They do," said Jepson in a tired voice. "They know you altogether too well. They know you as a jock with ice water in his veins, a clock in his head and a parsnip for a heart. You're a sucker for a touch, my friend, but when you do business you wring out the last drop of blood.

"They're afraid that you'd act the same way training, that if you got a sour horse you wouldn't work him over, you'd toss him aside. They've got you tabbed as a guy who only likes sure shots, who won't take the bad with the good."

"What's wrong with that?"

"Look," said Jepson. "You know racing history as well as me, better maybe. You know that a lot of hides which were strictly no bargains at peanut prices developed into great runners. It takes patience to train. A guy has to be an optimist. You can't win all the time. In any ten-horse race there's gotta be nine horses which don't come in first."

"Sure," said Tony Hill. "But let some other jerk run them."

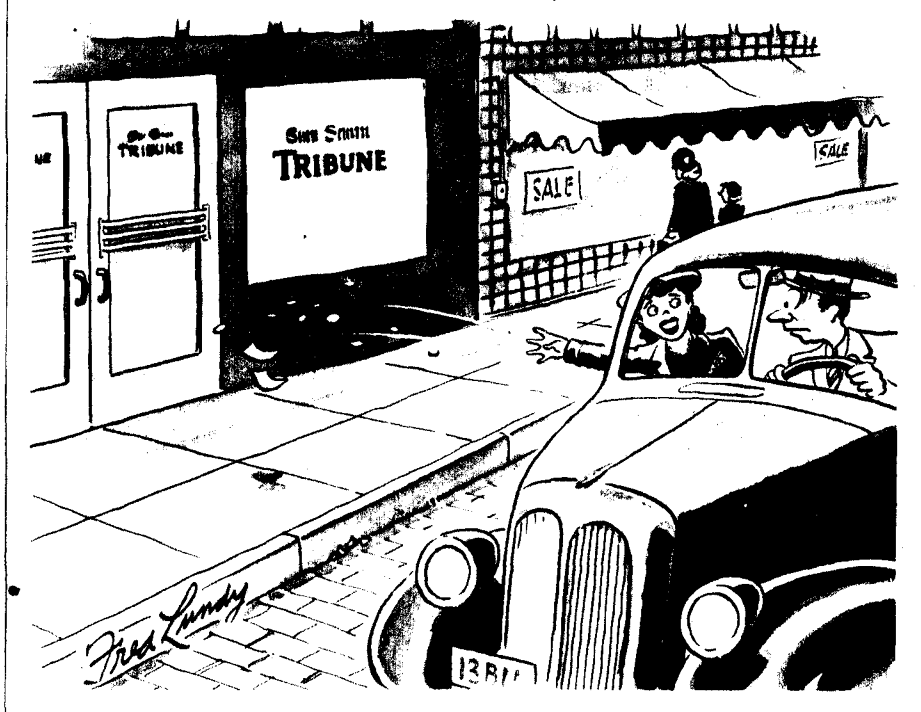
"That's what I'm trying to tell you." Jepson's voice had taken on a hopeless note. "It is one blind spot which you got, and which you never lose. All the time you gotta win. If you don't win, you don't want to play."

"That's all right. Everyone loves a winner."

"All but the losers," Jepson told him.

Tony Hill thought about Jepson's words that afternoon as he rode Marcus to a three-length win at Chicago. He thought about them four weeks later when he was badly beaten on a cheap plater at Churchill.

He'd always loved Kentucky in the fall, full of bright colors in the long mornings; but it wasn't the same this year. Nothing was the same. If it weren't for Little Pat's increasing demands for money, he'd have thrown the



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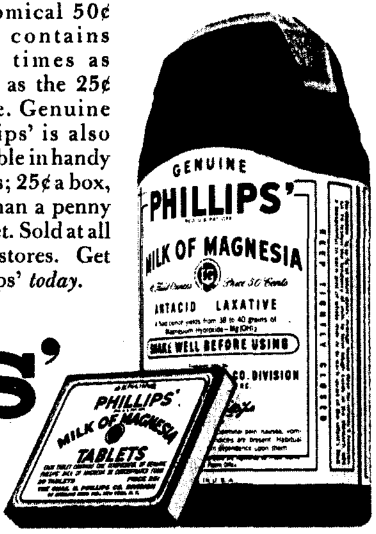

PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA
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whole thing up long ago. He thought of the old sports saying: *They never come back.* He'd always known that it was true.

But it had never seemed to apply to him. He had a talk with Jepson in a little restaurant down below the barns.

"Look," he said. "I can't take this grind. I've proved that I can still ride. I've won with horses that wouldn't make good dog meat. The few live ones you've handed me have dropped down the slot. What more do these guys want? What do I have to do to land back in my old spot?"

"We can try the Coast this winter," Jepson said. "The big boys will mostly head for Florida. The competition out there won't be so tough, and the purses will be good, the biggest in the business."

"We go to Florida," said Hill. "I'm tired of running away. I tried it last summer and it didn't help. You can't run away forever. We'll go to Florida. We'll grab every horse in sight. We'll run the apprentices off the track. I'll prove I can still beat them, weight or age or anything. I've got to ride," he added, angrily. "I've got to have the dough, and more and more. That Little Pat, she spends it faster than the Treasury. Please remind me sometime that I'm the prize sucker of them all."

"Why send it?" Jepson said. "Are you her stepfather or something that you should be responsible?"

"I could tell you," said Tony Hill, "but you wouldn't understand. For one thing, it's my fault that she's in this. I should have watched her closer. Her old man told me in his will to watch out for her. I was around when she bought those Morris horses. I should have stopped her then. I should have turned her over my knee. But no, I let her go ahead and do it."

They went to Florida. Miami was swollen, crowded, the track was jammed. The horses Tony rode were little better than he'd been having.

"It's a living," he said in January, "but it sometimes makes you wonder if this living business is necessary."

"I've got a horse for you," Jepson told him, with enthusiasm. "A live one this time, a three-year-old."

"Give it a name," Hill said, "or is it the nameless wonder?"

"Black Master," the small agent said. "You've never heard him. Black Master's never raced."

"A maiden," Hill said with disgust; "and you say it's a hot one."

"A hot one, yes," Jepson went on. "A Bijan colt out of Arious by Man o' War. He was worth thirty thousand at the yearling sales, but a quarter crack threw him out of training. This colt is ready now. They saved him for the Santa Anita Derby, and they want a rider."

"There are riders on the Coast," Tony reminded the agent.

"No Tony Hills. They wired me direct. They want you."

"No dice."

"Look," said Jepson angrily. "For years I put up with you. The last nine months have not been fun for me. I have taken the beefs and gripes, but I'm through."

Tony looked at him for a long time; and when he finally spoke, his eyes avoided Jepson's. "I'm sorry, pal," he said. "Of course we'll ride this horse. What's one horse more or less, or even a thousand? I'm a bum, Jepson, but there's no need acting like one. Go send your wire. Tell them we're on our way. Say, California, here we come."

TONY HILL ran a practiced eye over the black colt, noting his points and liking them. The horse was big and there was power in him.

The old swipe said, "Ah never see such a horse, Mr. Hill. He run like a rabbit and he clean his oats good. Powerful lot of horse there."

"Trainer around?" said Tony Hill.

"No suh. Ain't seen hide nor hair of nobody."

"A fine thing." Tony opened the stall's half door and stepped in. The horse nuzzled him, searching for sugar.

Been spoiled, he thought. That's the trouble with these small stables. They get a good horse and ruin him with attention. "Get a saddle on him, grandpaw."

"Yes, suh."

Tony rode out onto the main track. The morning air was clear and cold. The mountains to the north showed a fringe of snow. A fine setup, he thought. I fly three thousand miles, and the trainer doesn't even show. Next I'll be training the horse myself.

And then he saw the girl, standing beside Jepson, and he understood. "So this is your stable?" he said.

She caught the bitter inflection in his voice. "I'm sorry, Tony, but Jepson said you wouldn't come if you knew the truth."

"He was right," said Tony Hill. "I don't ride patched-up cripples and cheap horses."

"He isn't a cheap horse," she snapped. "He's the best and he's ready. I brought him up myself. He'll win."

"Not with me," said Tony. "Even if he *were* good, you've ruined him. He's spoiled, he's a pet. I don't want any part of him, or any other nag. I'm through. I was through before I came back, and didn't have sense enough to know it. I learned it fast, but I was stuck. I figured you needed money, so I stayed. I thought all you wanted was a chance to get out without a loss. But no. You never meant to get out. You used my money to buy cripples——"

HER eyes were dry and blue and blazing. At least the McClarens never cried. "Go on," she said. "Go on, take it out on me. Maybe I deserve it, but the horse doesn't."

"What do you mean, the *horse* doesn't?"

"He's a good horse, Tony. He had bad luck, that's all. The quarter crack wasn't his fault, but his stable didn't care. They were like you: they only wanted to play with winners. They weren't willing to work with him. They marked him off as a loss, the same way you're marking him off."

"I'm marking myself off," said Tony Hill. "I'm through with racing once and for all. There was a lieutenant in my outfit whose family owns a wholesale plumbing supply business. He liked me. I'm heading for Des Moines."

"You? Leave racing?" Surprise killed the last flash of her anger. "You can't do that. You'd never be happy."

He knew that she was right. "You're quitting," she said, and her tone showed she couldn't believe her own words. "Go ahead and quit, but I have one favor to ask. Ride the colt. He deserves his chance. He's earned it, and people have let him down so many times. I promised him a ride by Tony Hill, and you'll ride if I have to stand over you with a whip."

He'd known people who had gone soft over certain horses, the way some men went soft over women. But *he* had never felt that way. A horse was something you rode. You studied them, as you studied a machine with which you worked, but you loved them no more than you would love a machine. He started to tell Little Pat she was nuts, and then stopped as the black horse nuzzled his hand.

He looked at the girl, and what he saw in her face hurt him. Suddenly he knew how lonely he'd been, and that it would be even lonelier in Des Moines. And he wanted the break with Little Pat to be a clean break. He didn't want anyone to be hurt.

"I'll ride," he said, smiling. "But this is the last time. Win or lose. Remember, the last ride for Tony Hill."

He thought about the words as the horses paraded slowly before the crowded stands; at least his last ride had a good audience. He glanced the other way, toward the lighted odds board. Black Master was thirty to one. A first-time starter, the odds should have been at least fifty. There were good horses in this race.

Maybe his presence had shortened the odds. There were many in this crowd who remembered him, recalled the rider with the clock in his head, the wonder boy of the stake races.

The field moved on toward the distant gate. The black horse acted like a well-schooled veteran, and Tony was aware of the surge of power that the feel of a good mount under him always gave.

The colt had a burst of early speed. Tony

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had discovered this in two workout rides, and that speed had decided him. He meant to try to steal the race. It was a forlorn hope at best, but they might hold on. If not, if the solid horses closed up on them, they might at least hold on for third.

The girl had said, "Rate him, Tony. Keep off the pace until the time and then send him in."

Good words, sound advice with a solid horse, but with the black. . . . He had speed, yes, but did he have the heart?

Tony didn't know. He meant to play it the other way. A part of the purse would be better than nothing at all. The field was big, fifteen, crowded into the stalls. The assistant starters swore and sweated. The horses backed and reared and crashed through.

"Steady," he whispered as the black quivered. "Steady, boy, steady . . . go!"

THE gate sprang open, and the colt began to move from the pressure of Tony's knees. They were out in front by a length, two, three, and he cut for the rail. "Go, go." The horse wanted to run. The clock in Tony's head was clicking out its warning. The pace was much too fast, a burning pace. No horse could run the quarter at that pace and last the distance.

The sprinters were coming after them, but he took a wrap, checking the black slightly. He wasn't afraid of the sprinters. They were in there to make the pace, but today *he* was making it. Even with the check, the black forged ahead. They were out four clean lengths going into the turn, but now the black no longer fought for his head. He labored a little, and now the test would come.

They swung into the stretch, still with a good lead. He was helping the horse all he could, urging him on with everything he had, but he did not go to bat.

He'd intended to. He'd intended to drive the horse the last two hundred yards, to force him ahead in spite of his faltering strength, but there was no need. The black was still running, slower now, struggling, inclined to veer, but running on nerve and heart, mostly heart.

Hill was tired. His leg ached. He hurt all over. His head sang, and through the singing his ear caught the pound as the favorite crept forward, to his stirrup, hung there for an instant, then moved relentlessly on.

Another horse appeared, moving up on the favorite, and they all came down to the wire, three of them, running like a team. But in the last twenty yards the others surged ahead. The black just didn't have it in him.

TONY HILL was facing the girl while the old swipe led the blanketed colt round and round before the barn, cooling him out. "I'm sorry," Tony said. "I wouldn't listen to you. He hung on for third, and it's my fault he didn't win. He can beat those horses any day he tries. He's the best I ever rode, and I gave him the worst ride possible."

"Everyone makes mistakes," she said. The McClarens didn't cry, but her eyes were bright with tears.

"I'd like one more chance," he told her. "I owe it to you."

"Not to me," she said. "The horse belongs to you. He always has. He was bought with your money."

"No," he said. "I couldn't take him. He's yours. You're the one who made him, trained him. He's a good horse—a winner. I couldn't take a gift like that."

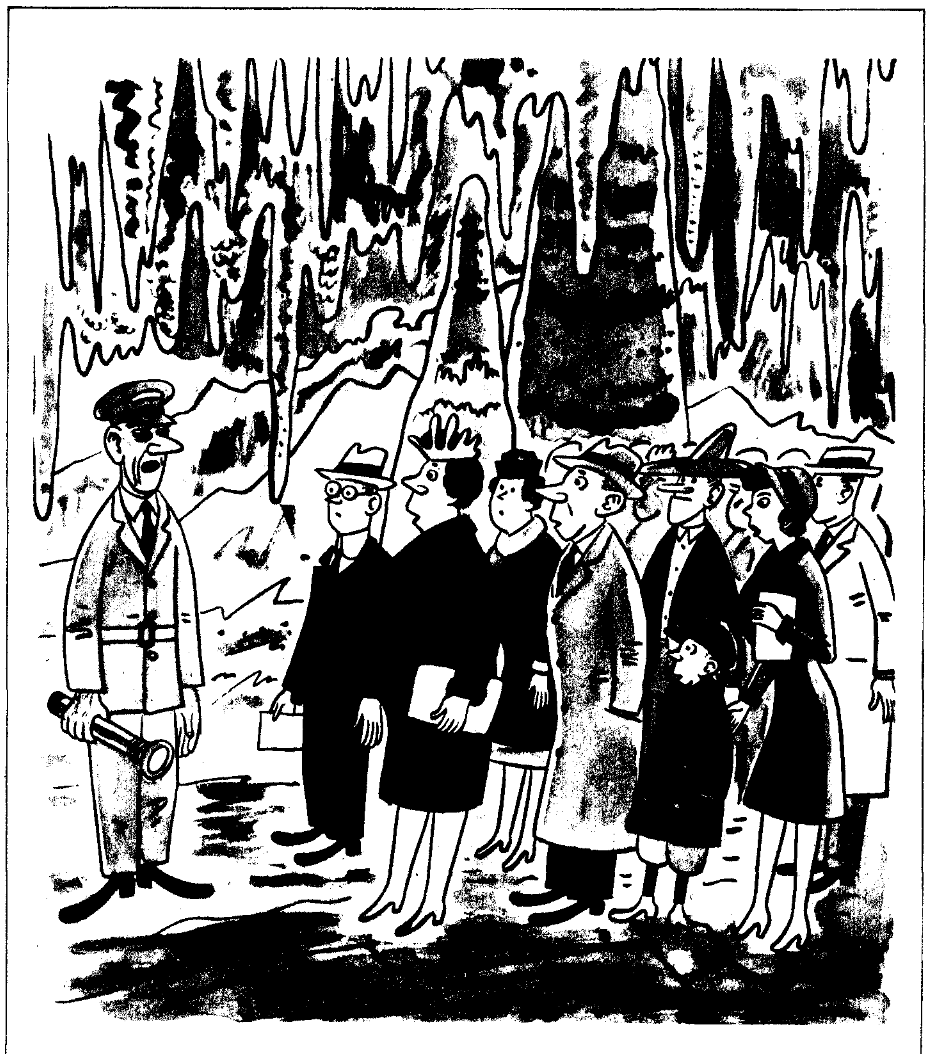
"The idea isn't even mine," she said. "It was Jepson's from the start. We knew you'd never come back as a jockey, but we knew you'd never admit it. You were so stubborn. You wouldn't listen. You expected everything to be just what it was when you went away.

"We had to make you do something in spite of yourself. We made you build a stable because you thought it was mine and you thought I was in a jam. You were always ready to help a friend, but never to help yourself."

He looked at her, then turned and looked at Jepson, and the agent squirmed.

"Wise guys," Tony Hill said, and he was laughing. "Know something?" he asked the girl. "It isn't the same as it was before I went away. It's better, a thousand times better." Then he kissed her. "That's better, too," he said quietly.

THE END



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Greater Love Hath No Man

BY ERNEST LEHMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

"Sit here, Miss Worth!" Gregory Poole commanded. "You're having lunch with me." He picked up the phone. "Send two sandwiches, two coffees . . ."

GREGORY POOLE opened one reluctant eye, groped for the telephone next to his bed and finally succeeded in bringing the instrument under the covers with him.

"Operator," he groaned, "I'm *much* too sleepy to see the dial. Be a good girl and give me Regent eight—one two five oh."

The operator rose to the occasion with dead-panned decorum, and after a few brrrrs the telephone said brightly: "Gregory Poole's office."

"What time is it, Miss Worth?" he yawned.

"Good morning, Mr. Poole. It's ten after nine."

Her voice was so lovely, there under the covers.

"Lovely," he murmured to the pillow.

"What was that?" said Miss Worth.

"I said is there any mail?"

"Only a letter from that Lydia Lysander. From Chicago."

"Read it to me."

"I can't, Mr. Poole. She can't spell."

"Why, Miss Worth. You're jealous!"

Miss Worth read the letter, promptly and icily. Its contents were ungrammatical and highly censorable.

"Do you think it will rain today, Miss Worth?"

"No," said Miss Worth.

"Do you think it's cold enough out for my heavy coat?"

"No," said Miss Worth.

"Will you marry me, Miss Worth?"

"Absolutely not," said Miss Worth.

"Please, Miss Worth."

"No!"

"Why not?"

"Walter Havelock," said Miss Worth.

"Walter Havelock is not a good enough reason!" Gregory Poole shouted so loudly that he almost woke himself up. "In fact, Walter Havelock is not a good enough *anything!*"

"I can't marry any man unless I'm sure of his love for me," Miss Worth announced dramatically. "About you, I am only sure that you love yourself and your wonderful apartment and your wonderful knickknacks and your—"

"Miss Worth, if you don't say 'yes' immediately, I'm going to do away with myself. I swear I will. This can't go on." He waited. And waited. And said: "My window is open. I'm going to jump. Goodby, Miss Worth. Goodby!"

"Wait a minute, Mr. Poole."

"Yes?"

"What time shall I expect you in today?"

"About quarter to twelve," Gregory Poole growled, and flung the telephone to the floor with a clatter. He pulled the covers over his head and went back to sleep, hoping he'd meet a nightmare and frighten the daylights out of it.

AT FOUR minutes past noon, he stalked into the office wearing a gray flannel suit, blue Oxford shirt, knitted black wool tie and dark, ugly frown. Miss Worth was at her typewriter, looking indecently radiant. There was, however, a flaw in her radiance which Gregory Poole's discerning eye was quick to detect.

"Miss Worth," he announced, striding into his inner sanctum, "you have been weeping again."

Miss Worth did not reply, except to hit the space bar several times as though she were trying to break it or her thumb.

"Your *Mister* Walter Havelock, of the fine, upstanding, noble Havelocks, has done something to make you cry again."

He waited with leering face for some response from the next room, but there was only the sound of a good typewriter being mistreated. Then the telephone bell rang, ending the round.

"Gregory Poole's office," said Miss Worth. "Oh, hel*lo*, Walter. . . . Yes, Walter. . . . I know you didn't mean it, dear. . . . Of course, dear. . . . I *know* I'm too impatient, dear. . . . I know we will eventually, dear. . . . But *when*, dear? . . . When? . . . WHEN?"

Miss Worth's voice rose dangerously, and for a moment Gregory Poole toyed with the idea of listening in on his extension, but he decided that that would not be proper. Besides, she always caught him.

"But if you really loved me you couldn't *wait* that long. You . . . all right, I can meet you at the Sandwich Shop in about three quarters of an hour and—but, dear, I don't feel like eating chow mein today. . . . I know you do, but I'd much rather have a sandwich. . . . I know but I don't feel—yes, dear . . . all right, dear . . . in three quarters of an hour . . . at Lum Chong's."

She hung up.

"Miss Worth," Gregory Poole called. "Bring your notebook in, please."

MISS WORTH walked in with her blond head held high. She sank gracefully into the chair beside the great oak desk, crossed her legs inconspicuously, and was completely ignored by Gregory Poole's eyes, in much the same manner as a plate of sliced chicken is ignored by the eyes of a starving man.

"Take a letter, Miss Worth," he commanded. "To Mr. Walter Havelock."

Miss Worth jumped to her feet. "Mr. Poole!"

"Sit down, Miss Worth." Miss Worth sat down. " 'Dear Mr. Havelock: It has been brought to my attention that you will not marry Miss Winifred Worth, who is my assistant, because you are unwilling to bring a wife home to live with you in your one-room apartment which is quote cramped, unimpressive and not the kind of setting in which a Havelock is accustomed to beginning a marriage unquote, and because you are unable to secure larger quarters as a result of the housing shortage' . . . Will you marry me, Miss Worth?"

"No."

" '. . . as a result of the housing shortage. Period. Inasmuch as your hesitancy is causing Miss Worth much grievance, impairing the efficiency of my office and in other more subtle ways causing unrest and emotional discord, and inasmuch as I, Gregory Poole, do have under long-term lease a three-room apartment which I occupy all by myself, I am herewith advising you that, upon your marriage to said Miss Worth, I shall transfer to you the aforementioned three-room apartment and'—Oh, for heaven's sakes, *now* what?"

"I can't help it," Miss Worth sobbed, as large tears splashed all over her shorthand symbols. "If . . . if he really loved me he would have asked me to m-m-m-marry him even if he were living on the sidewalk. . . ."

"Will you marry me, Miss Worth?" Gregory Poole handed her a handkerchief.

". . . and you would g-g-g-give up your lovely three rooms just so that I . . . any man who would g-g-g-give up his apartment . . . Walter could never love me the way . . . the way you d-d-d-do . . . oh, Mr. Poooooole!" she wailed happily.

"Miss Worth," Gregory Poole commanded. "Blow your nose."

Miss Worth obeyed.

"Come over here," he ordered, indicating his lap.

Miss Worth obeyed.

"Kiss me," he said.

Miss Worth obeyed twice.

"Will you marry me, Miss Worth?"

"I . . . I think I will," she sniffled, restoring the handkerchief to his breast pocket. "Yes, Mr. Poole," she said.

"Will you have lunch with me today?"

"Yes, Mr. Poole."

He kissed her on the lips, reached over her shoulder, picked up the phone, dialed it and said, "Send two sandwiches and two coffees up to seven nineteen, please. . . . What *kind* of sandwiches? . . . Any kind of sandwiches. . . ."

Miss Worth's smile was a rainbow through her tears.

"Mr. Poole," she said softly, "there's something I haven't told you. A few days ago, I found an enormous four-room apartment and put a deposit on it but I didn't tell anyone because I wanted to see if Walter . . . I wanted to see if you . . . I—"

"Miss Worth, there's something I haven't told you," he said. "I love you very much."

Miss Worth got to her feet and she was flawlessly radiant now. "Will there be anything else, Mr. Poole?" she said.

"Not now," said Gregory Poole. "Later."

"Yes, Mr. Poole," said Miss Worth.

a short short story complete on this page

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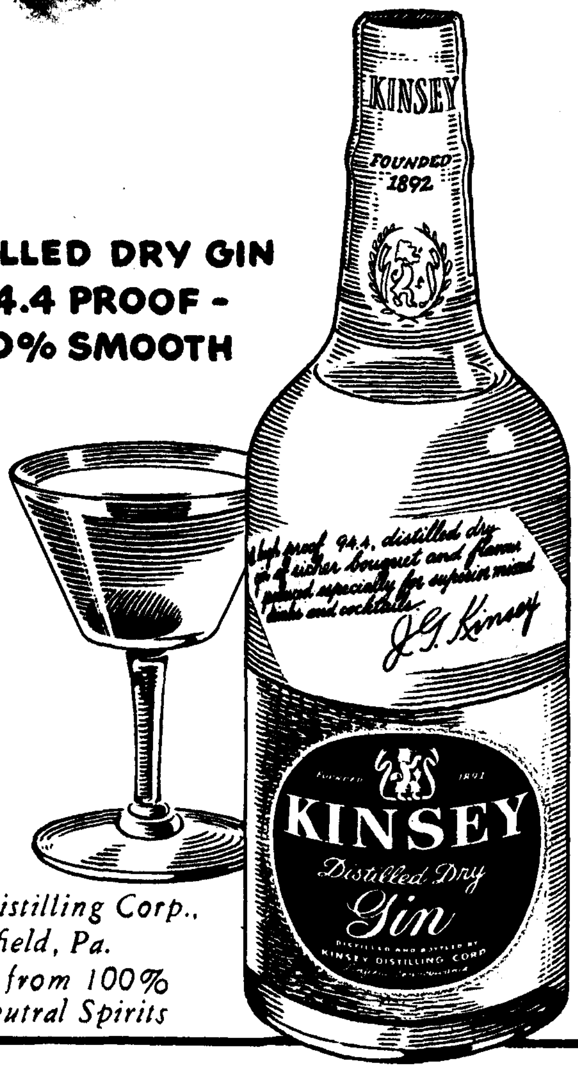

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JERIS ANTISEPTIC HAIR TONIC

G.I. Family at Yale

Continued from page 21

The next departure from regular habits were cigarettes and beverages. "It's better for our health . . . you'll have to improve your wind for the gymnasium . . . you shouldn't smoke with a baby coming . . ." It sounded swell, but it was hard to stick to.

Amusements were next stricken out. "You'll have to spend your evenings studying and working anyway. . . . you should stay more at home in your condition . . . besides, we ought to get in trim for those stay-up-all-night sessions." Entertaining friends was restricted to teas or after-dinner visits.

No Shoeshines in the Budget

Laundry wasn't a problem. I do my own socks and underwear (I learned how in the Army) and my wife does hers. Shirts and linen go to the family laundry every time we save up 17 pounds, which come back damp for 90 cents if I deliver and call for the bundle. I've discontinued that Army-acquired practice of using the huck towels as shoe rags. There was no more outside shoeshining either.

Walking to class saves 16 cents a day in carfare and "There's nothing like a brisk walk before class," I never said until now.

Food, however, is one item we won't skimp on, through fear of poor health and doctor bills. While my college fees include medical attention, we have no coverage for my wife, so lots of prevention is needed.

Alice shops carefully in the supermarkets; we have many fish and dairy dishes. Our diet is not a normal one, but several friends studying dietetics tell me that from a health standpoint it is not only complete but superior to that of a more expensively set table.

Experience has shown that with current high food prices, two people need $15 weekly for food which includes a quart of milk for each of us each day.

The next item is the family. This, of course, varies with the individual. One former Navy lieutenant who has two children told me that he expects to dip into his savings at the rate of over $60 a month for the two years he needs for an engineering degree—roughly between $800 to $1,000 a year—despite his part-time earnings of $40 monthly.

His case is typical and points up the most serious shortcoming of the G.I. Bill of Rights, which makes no added provision for children and which doesn't consider the current scale of rent or food costs.

The recent revision of the bill raised the allowance for single men from $50 to $65 monthly and for married men from $75 to $90, but this has been received with mingled feelings by ex-servicemen students. There is appreciation for the needed extra $15, but fear that even this increase will be inadequate. It fails to consider that the wife of a childless student can work and balance the budget with a salary of only $100 monthly. The ideal figure would be $100 monthly for married couples with $25 extra for a child.

We expect our baby before this appears in print. Doctor and hospital bills will exhaust our cash savings. After that, like many students, we will be off the budget—not through mismanagement but through necessity.

But the picture isn't all black. Friends and relatives turn over outgrown infants' wear and usable furniture. A few stray dollars in the secondhand shops, plus a few dabs of paint, fill in a lot of gaps. The proceeds from this article will take up some slack.

Working Toward a Goal

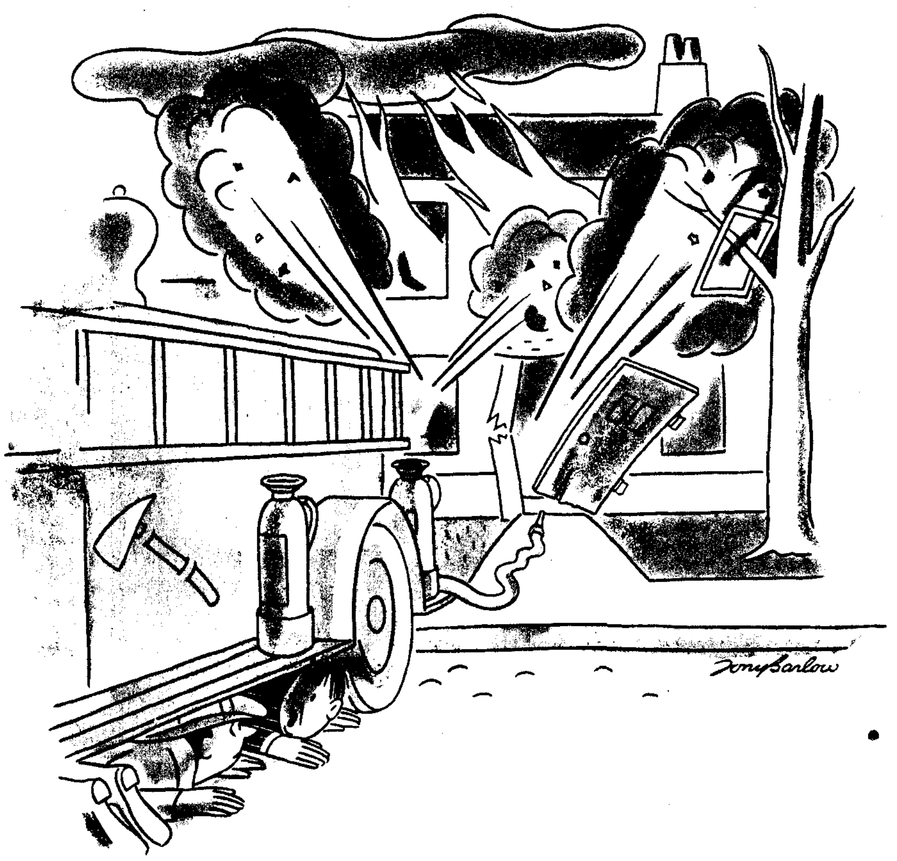
Considering everything, we both have a tremendous feeling of accomplishment and pride in what we're doing and in the progress we've made. Our inventory of good things includes the fact that we are together (all ex-servicemen value that). We have our home and privacy (even more important). We are working toward a goal and we are not alone in this venture.

We believe that any of the millions of people in underprivileged and devastated areas would gladly change places with us.

Veterans are grateful for the G.I. Bill, which, for many, means an education that might otherwise have been impossible. The fact that they see the bill's inadequacies, however, doesn't mean they want a soft life at school.

Of course, the mainspring of the whole enterprise is the little woman. While I am out learning and earning (mostly learning), she, in her own quiet way, is earning her own private degree in home economics or rather home economies. Any ex-serviceman whose wife is genuinely a partner in the enterprise of a life together can make a go of college.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Boy, wait until the 155-mm. table lamp goes off!" TONY BARLOW

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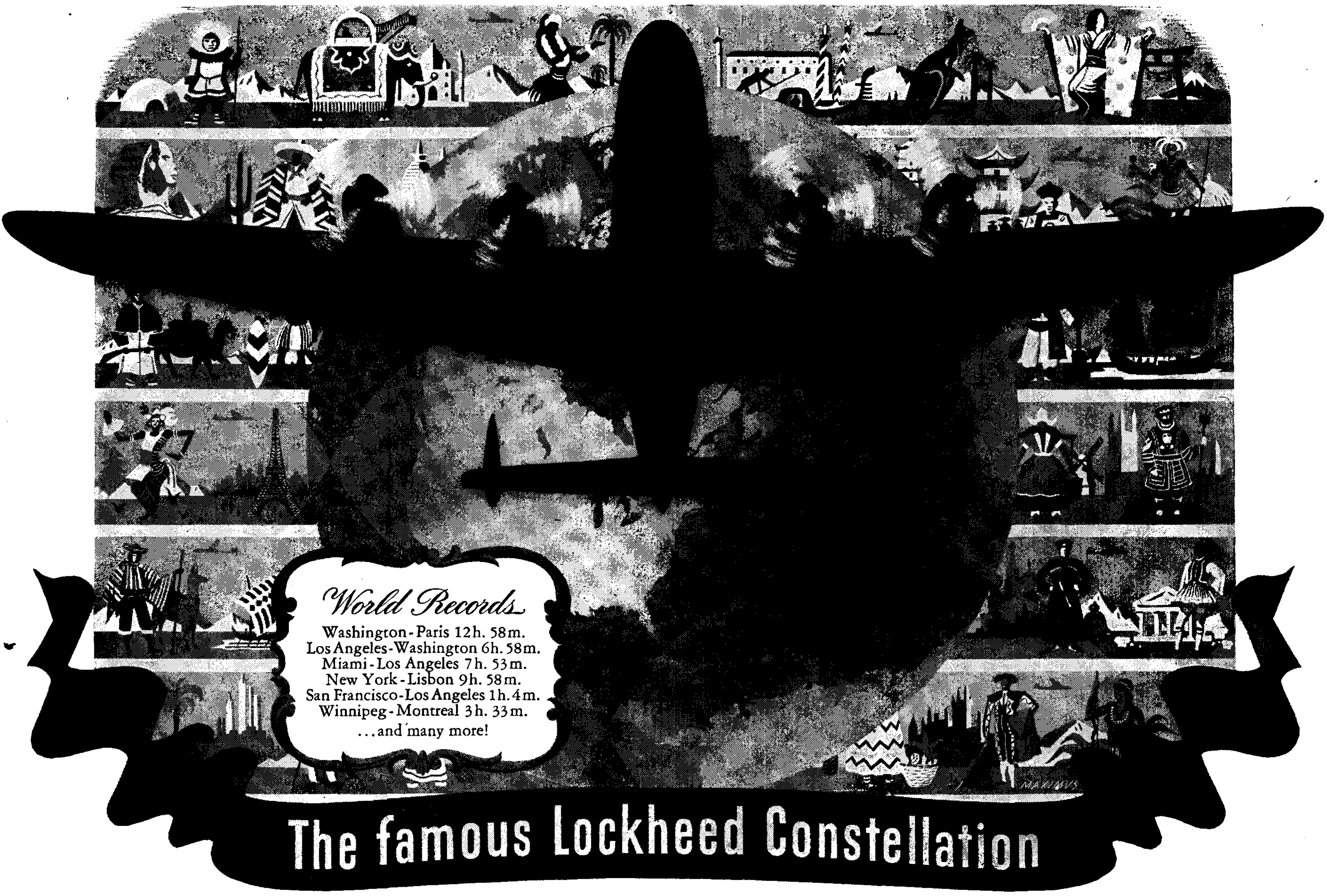

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Teach the New Dog Old Tricks

Continued from page 54

leash. Any way is all right and you can hold it in either hand. After your pup has mastered all your orders while on the leash, *and only then,* remove the leash and have him repeat his feats without it.

To come when called. Put on his collar and tie the training leash to it. Let your pooch wander around the room, then suddenly call him by name and say, "Come!" at the same time tugging the leash. The slight jerk will not hurt him. If the tug doesn't bring him toward you, keep shortening the leash, all the time repeating, "Come!" so that he will understand the association. When he gets to your side, pet him, sing his praises and feed him a tidbit. Try this again and again and don't forget to reward him each time he gets to you.

If you have difficulty in getting him over, don't abuse him when he finally makes it, or he will decide to stay away if he associates disagreeable punishment with coming to your side.

To heel. Every dog should be taught to walk or remain at his master's side, never strolling ahead or falling behind. In canine language, this command is known as "Heel!" Shorten your leash and walk with your dog in the forced position of being at your side. Either side is all right—whichever is more comfortable. Most people prefer the left. If he walks ahead of you, pull him back with the command, "Heel!" If he falls back, pull him forward with the same order.

Each time your dog seems to understand, feed him a tidbit. This order will be mastered by your dog easily after a little practice of walking with you. Eventually he'll associate the command, "Heel!" with remaining close to your side.

To sit down. The dog should be facing you. Hold the leash in one hand just a couple of inches above his collar. With your other hand, push down his hind quarters, and say, "Sit!" Keep his head slightly tilted up by lifting the leash. When you remove your hand from his back, your dog will have a tendency to get up. Push him back to his original sitting position each time he tries to rise, always commanding, "Sit!"

To stay. With each lesson, the dog must be taught to remain in the position you command. Now is your chance to teach him the meaning of the word, "Stay!" Back away one or two feet and if he tries to get up, be firm in repeating, "Stay!" If he does get up, always push him back with the command, "Sit!" As you back away, order him to "Stay!" He'll get the meaning of both.

Bowing to the Master

To lie down. Fix the leash this time so that it is *under* his neck, as illustrated. Order your dog to "Lie down!" from the sitting position. As you command, pull the leash downward toward the floor with one hand, at the same time pulling both front legs forward with your other hand. This will force him down.

When you do this for the first time, your dog will be frightened, afraid that something will happen to him. Once you get him down, hold him down with the leash, always reassuring him that life is still beautiful, even in that position. After a short while, he will get over his terrified feeling. It is important that you pet him and feed him each time he goes down. You should practice this trick until your dog drops on command.

Once your dog understands these obedience fundamentals, he can do almost anything you have the patience to teach him. He is now ready for the show-off tricks.

"Don't believe that a dog must be taught a trick at a time," says Lassie's trainer. "He can assimilate more, and if you wish to combine a couple at a time, it can be done."

To get on his side. Command your dog to lie down in front of you. Hold your leash taut in the direction that you wish him to fall. Then place your free hand on the dog's shoulder. With the order, "On your side!" push him over at the same time pulling on the leash. These movements force the dog to fall on his side. If he struggles a little, just pet him and feed him a tidbit. Your dog will master this after very little practice.

To roll over. Put your dog into position on his side. Then place the leash on the floor and step on it about 15 inches from his collar. You can thus control him from running away and still have the use of both hands. Bend down in front of your pet and place one hand on his shoulder, and, with your free hand, lift the dog's two front legs. As you issue the command, "Roll over!" push on his shoulder and at the same time, pull his legs up and over in the direction of the roll. Just as he turns, step off the leash to give your pup more room to move when he gets up on his feet again.

A Trick to Be Proud Of

To hide his eyes. This is not only a cute trick but one that will make you very proud of your pup. It involves teaching him two stunts. Place your dog in the sitting position in front of any chair. You should be at his side. Now, hold the leash above his neck and pull on it to encourage him to rest his two front paws on the chair. You will find that your dog will do this without much hesitation if you pull up on the leash. Always give him a little morsel and make certain that he understands what he is to do when you tell him to put his feet on a chair.

After he has mastered this trick, get him into position with his front paws on the chair. Then hold a tidbit below his raised legs and between them, as Weatherwax is doing with Lassie. In an effort to get the tasty morsel, your dog will lower his head between his legs. Each time he does so, order him to "Hide your eyes!" After sufficient repetition, your dog will understand and at the command, "Hide your eyes!" he will go to the nearest available chair and place his head between his front paws.

To act as a lame dog. Take the loose end of your training leash, make a slipknot and put it on one of your pet's front paws. You now control your dog almost as you would with a pair of reins. Hold his paw up with one end of the leash and as you walk backward, pull him forward slowly. As he walks toward you on three feet, keep repeating, "Lame dog, lame dog!" After a few paces, stop to feed and pet him, and then start again. Eventually, he'll get the association and walk that way on command without the leash.

To jump through your arms. This is a combination of two tricks in one, since the dog must first be taught how to jump through a hoop. You can make one from an old piece of garden hose and it should be constructed of rubber so that the dog cannot hurt himself. Hold it low—almost on the ground, and pull your leash through so that your dog will get used to going through the hoop. The objective in this case is to banish any fear your pup may have about putting his body through the hoop.

After he has learned to walk through with perfect confidence, raise the hoop, a little at a time, so that eventually he has to jump. To do this, put the leash through, tug on it or pull on it, if necessary, and say, "Jump!" or "Jump through!" Now, place the hoop under your arm and repeat the jumping trick. Repetition of this stunt will get your dog used to seeing your arm around the hoop.

For the final lesson, discard the rubber hose and make a hoop of your arms. When you do this, hold the leash in both hands and leave all the slack you can to give your dog enough room after he jumps so that he does not injure himself. A word of warning: Don't stick your head down to peek through your arms to see if your pooch is coming. He'll come all right. At your order to "Jump!" he'll glide right through your arms—just as he did with the hoop. And don't forget to give him the tidbit—every time.

If you have had the patience to go this far, you are entitled to consider yourself a competent dog trainer.

THE END

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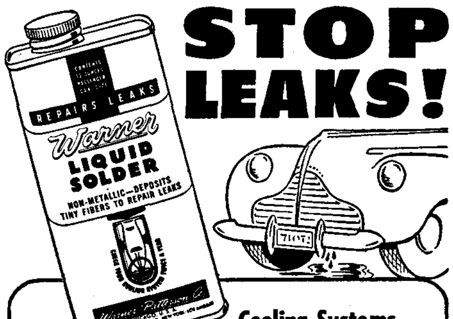
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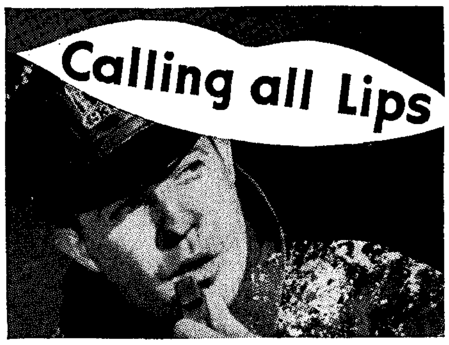

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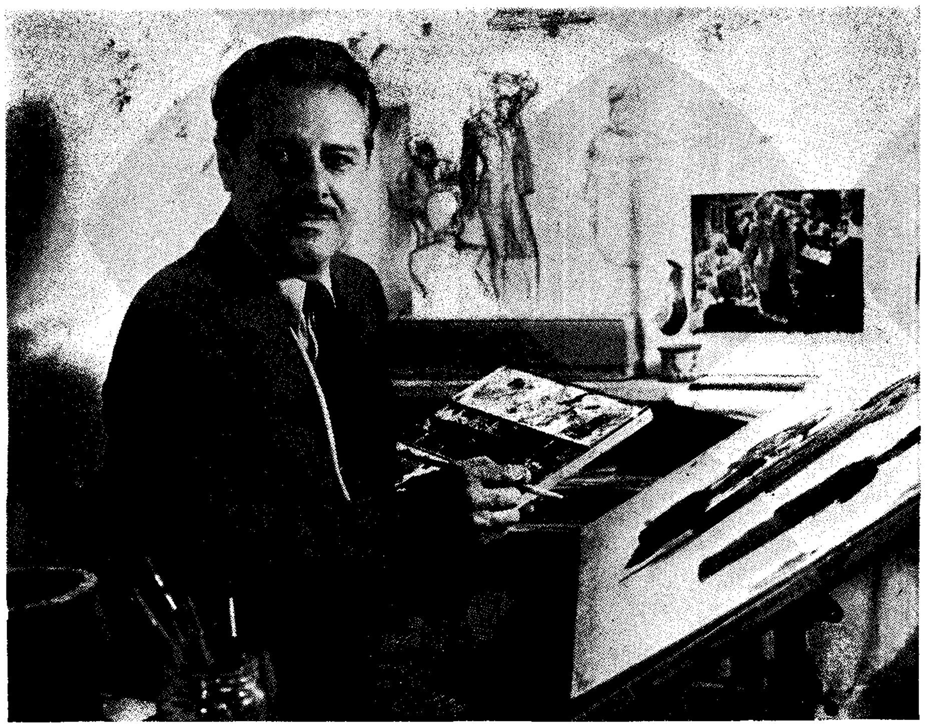

Warren Baumgartner

The Week's Work

LET other men have their medals and stripes and Oak Leaves. Francis Chase, Jr., is satisfied with what he got out of the war; he got a letter from General Patton—a humdinger of a letter.

The way it came about was, they told Chase he was too old for the Army, but Chase thought the Army Engineers ought to be able to use him somehow.

He had had experience as a military engineer during the building of the Panama Canal; then, hoping for more excitement, he had gone to India and joined up with the Royal Engineers. World War I obligingly came along, and Chase served for the duration under Great Britain's famed General Allenby.

With peace, Chase shifted from engineering to writing, working first on the London Morning Post, then all over the world as correspondent for Reuter's, AP, UP.

So when the Army turned him down this time, he had varied experience to back up the argument he gave them. He persuaded them to let him be civilian historian for the Army Combat Engineers in the European Theater. That could mean almost anything, but for Chase it meant action. He was in the fighting from the Normandy invasion, through France and across the Rhine.

Heading for Paris with the Third Army, Chase had shoe trouble. His civilian oxfords were worn out, exposing his toes. General Patton noticed, and advised him to buy boots. But the commissary said they couldn't sell boots to any but combat soldiers. Whereupon Patton dashed off the letter of which Chase is so fond: "This is to certify that Francis Chase, Jr., is the best goddam combat soldier in the Third Army."

"I'll have it framed and hang it up in our house, if we ever have a house," Chase says.

He has a wife and three young sons. He is still in Washington winding up war obligations, and writing the official history of the Combat Engineers. He's doing an unofficial history as well, to be published by Harpers. The tentative title for his book is They Have Hairy Ears.

Chase's article, World Changer, p. 17, evolved from a trip he made to Chester, Pa., to see tests on a model of a new seadrome. He met its inventor, Edward R. Armstrong, and was amazed to hear how he had tried for twenty-one years to interest somebody in his invention.

ARTIST WARREN BAUMGARTNER has a habit of winning prizes. His latest is the Hans A. Obst award, won at the annual competitive exhibition of the American Water Color Society for his house-and-landscape painting entitled Connecticut Snow. (Turn to page 66 to see what Baumgartner can do with a girl and a jockey and a horse.)

Baumgartner uses Connecticut backgrounds for almost everything he does, commercial art, illustrating, fine arts, finding it unnecessary to go far afield for exotic settings. "I use home-town models, too," he says, "like the girl in this jockey-story painting. She's a neighbor in Woodstock, and better for the purpose somehow than a professional model."

The jockey model was another neighbor, Ray Hannon, who fortunately used to be a jockey for the Vanderbilts and the Whitneys, and could help Baumgartner out on technical points about racing.

THE photographic authority, Mabel Scacheri, who wrote Take It Easy, p. 32, says photography is ready for a tremendous boom. Veterans who filled out a questionnaire on what courses they would like to study, placed accounting first, out of a long list, and photography second. But there aren't enough schools of photography to go around. The ones in New York are accepting no more enrollments.

"Veterans write to me asking where they can study, and I suggest they stick to amateur photography for a while. You can learn more than you think that way, and find out for sure whether you want to take it up professionally."

Comparatively few women go in for photography. They seem to have a resistance to it. Mrs. Scacheri did, too, once. When her husband bought her a German twin reflex camera and a light meter she protested, "I could have had a fur coat, almost, for what this cost." Her husband promised if she didn't enjoy taking pictures, she'd get the coat anyway. She did enjoy it.

She and her husband were working as a team then, on illustrated newspaper columns, articles and books. She did the writing and he did the photography. After he died, five years ago, she found her double skill a great advantage. She now writes and illustrates a daily photography column in the New York World Telegram, does articles, and has another book under way.

This week's cover: If you haven't as yet been the victim of the guess-who gag shown on the cover, you probably will be soon. Artist Jon Whitcomb received one of these photographic picture puzzles in the mail, and immediately thought "A cover." What you do is have your own photograph made into a jigsaw puzzle to send to your friends—if your mind works that way. . . . A. P.

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THE CHOICE IS OURS

THE Committee for Economic Development, set up shortly after Pearl Harbor by Paul G. Hoffman and several others with a view to pushing preparations for the postwar period, recently reported results of a nation-wide survey on how reconversion was coming along.

Briefly, reconversion was found to be about 90 per cent completed when the report was issued. About 52,000,000 persons had jobs. Only about 2,000,000 were unemployed. Hundreds of thousands of jobs were yelling for takers. Production was at a record peacetime rate. Predictions of a stupendous sag in mass buying power after the war simply had not come true. The only dark spots in the picture—and these were not black spots by any means—were in Detroit, in the Cleveland area and in the Pacific Northwest.

All this is most encouraging, except to a bevy of prophets of doom who a year or so ago were giving us salvos of statistics to prove that a postwar flop of colossal proportions was inevitable. The confounding of these prophets by the facts argues that the Administration's reconversion policies up to now have been just about right. Those policies, broadly, have been to remove government wartime controls of industry as fast as possible, while keeping a measure of price and rent control as the chief means of combating inflation.

How about the rest of the reconversion period? Far be it from us to dogmatize, especially in view of what happened to the prophets of doom. But some things do seem self-evident.

For one, we want at virtually all costs to avoid a short, furious boom followed by a terrific bust. We had enough of that in 1919-20 (boom), 1921 (bust), 1925-29 (boom), and 1929-40 (bust).

The sensible thing to do, therefore, seems to be to keep some price controls, and by all means rent controls, for quite a while, despite protests of those who want the lids blown off right away. The OPA, for all its mistakes, looks well-nigh indispensable for the next year or so—though it should on no account be allowed to perpetuate itself.

Another thing which seems self-evident is that in our economic system, high production and high wages are the best formula yet worked out for a continuing and reasonably stable prosperity. Therefore, anything in the line of tax, labor, monopoly, patent and minimum wage legislation that will tend to encourage production and the paying of good wages should be tried out. Conversely, anything that may increase the *inflation that is already with us to a degree should be* avoided.

Miraculously enough, the most gigantic and destructive war in history has bequeathed the American people a legacy of at least temporary prosperity, plus a greatly expanded industrial apparatus. Which do we do—treat that legacy with respect and try to conserve and increase it, or fritter it away? The choice is up to us.

OFFICERS AND MEN

VARIOUS war-bred G.I. resentments against the so-called officer caste are getting publicity as the postwar era bobbles along.

For one example, 500 U.S. soldiers in Paris recently adopted a set of resolutions demanding an end to most distinctions between officers and men, in the fashion tried by the Red Army until the Finns in the Winter War of 1939-40 taught Josef Stalin that it wouldn't work.

For another example, the 36th Infantry Division, a Texas outfit, at a recent reunion passed a resolution including this remarkable talk:

> Be it resolved, that the men of the 36th Division Association petition the Congress of the United States to investigate the Rapido River fiasco *(Italian campaign, January 20-21, 1944—Ed.)* and take the necessary steps to correct a military system that will permit an inefficient and inexperienced officer, such as General Mark W. Clark, in a high command, to destroy the young manhood of this country and to prevent future soldiers being sacrificed wastefully and uselessly.

No doubt the brass, big and little, made plenty of mistakes in the war, and dealt out the usual quota of injustices and tyrannies. Boners and mistakes committed during the war should of course be aired now that the war is won—though due regard should be paid to the fact that hindsight is always more reliable than the swift judgment of the man on the hot spot.

But after all, we didn't lose the war. We licked the Japs almost singlehanded, and delivered the major Allied effort in western Europe against the Germans. We couldn't have done that with generally bad and inept officers. Our World War II achievement argues strongly that the great majority of our officers must have been pretty good.

We'll get nowhere toward improving officer-and-man relations by indulging in the type of smearing, conclusion-loaded, unsubstantiated talk which the 36th Division used in the resolution quoted above. That kind of chatter can only hurt morale in our existing armed forces, and cause our late allies and late enemies alike to snicker at us.

Nor should we ever forget that armies have to have officers, and the officers have to have authority.

Lose sight of that fact, and we'll shortly thereafter have something that will be called an army but won't be one.

OUR GREAT VISITOR

CALL it hero worship or Anglophilia or anything else you please, but we can't resist the temptation to raise yet another cheer for the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, now vacationing in the United States. It is an honor to this country to have Mr. Churchill here.

The temptation is likewise irresistible to do some speculating on the great British leader's eventual place in world history.

Well, since the Battle of Hastings in 1066, Britain has never been in such peril as it found itself after Hitler knocked France out of the war in June, 1940. The British expeditionary force was driven off the Continent at Dunkerque, and Britain was alone and almost defenseless.

During the ensuing year, the voice of Churchill thundered speech after speech which must ring through British history, we think, for hundreds of years to come. In the person of this one indomitable man was summed up all the stubborn courage of the British people, and all their inability to imagine that they could ever be conquered by a foreign power.

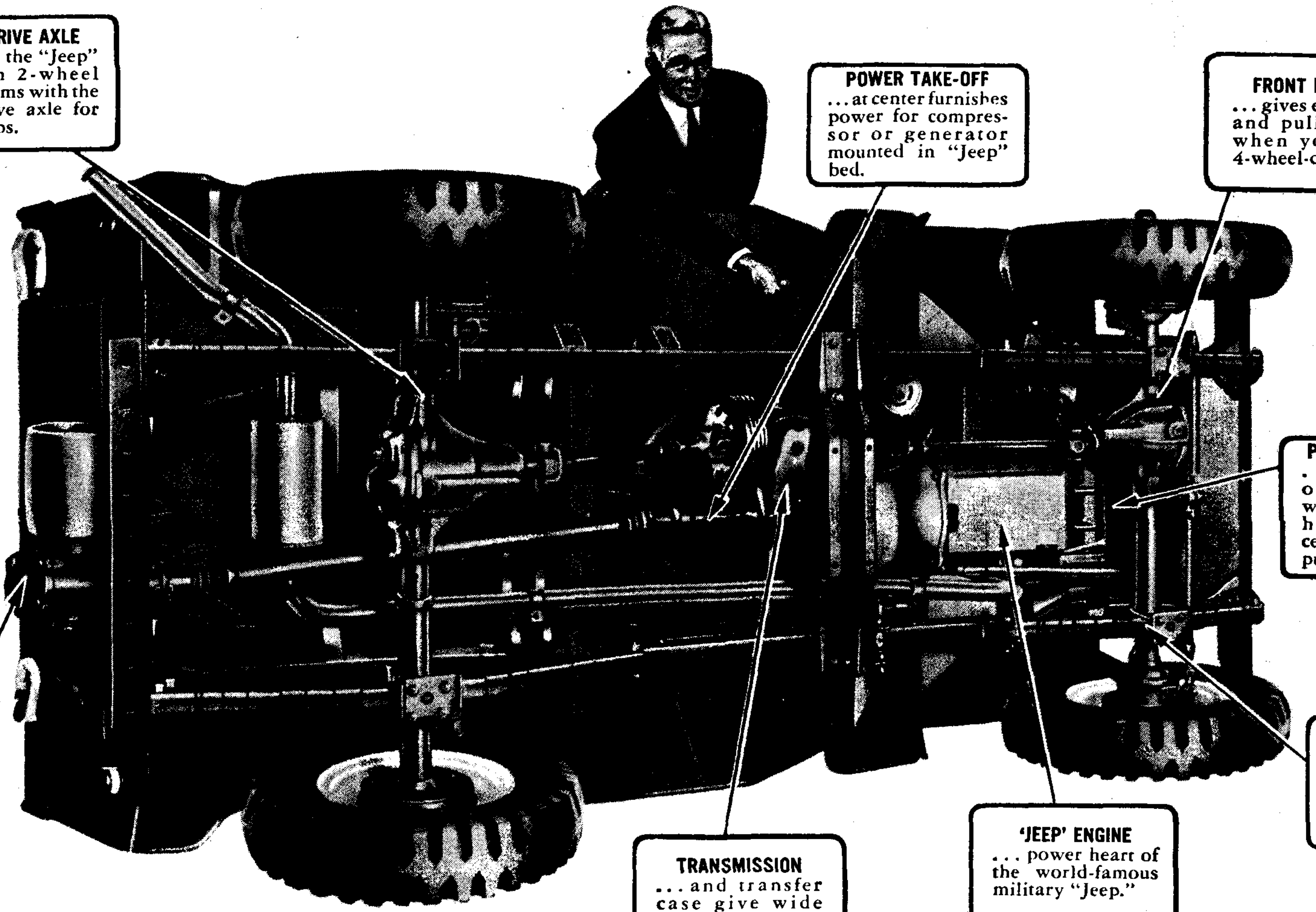
For that achievement alone, Churchill would deserve the undying gratitude of his country. But that was only the beginning. It is unnecessary to list his war services in detail.

Taken altogether, they were the work of a great, a fearless and a wholly admirable statesman, patriot and inspirer of mass courage.

History will write the final word on Mr. Churchill 20 or more years hence; but our guess at this short-time perspective is that he will rank as certainly one of the greatest half-dozen Englishmen that ever lived, and may shape up as the greatest of them all.

Willys TURNS THE 'JEEP' UPSIDE DOWN

so you can see what makes it "tick"



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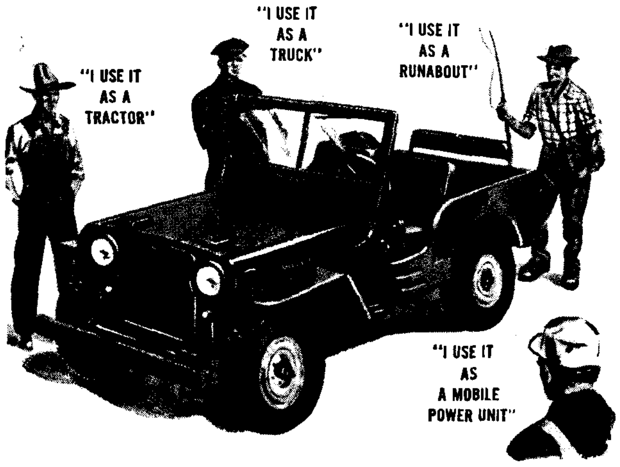
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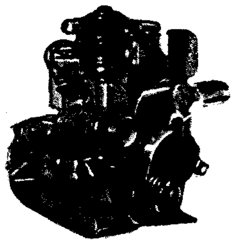

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